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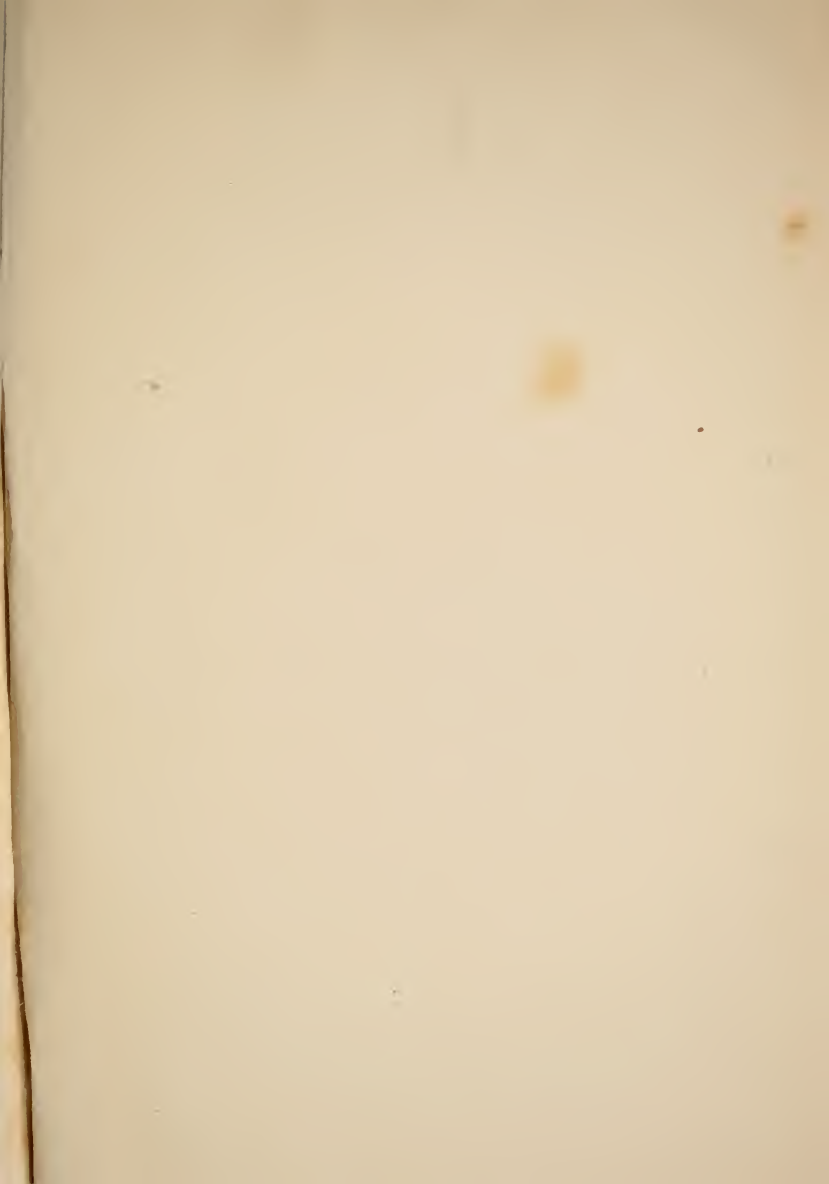
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LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

•The  Co. •

1st ed. 1895; repr. '95 with

add. notes

LETTERS

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(July) 1901. with no

change of Text, but with

add. notes. - Smart

MATTHEW ARNOLD [cf. verso.]

1848-1888

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL

“O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty.”

New York

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A757LX

TO
HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D.
MASTER OF TRINITY
WITH GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION
OF FRIENDSHIPS FORMED AT HARROW
1867-1872

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE congenial task of collecting and arranging these Letters was undertaken in obedience to the wish of Mrs. Matthew Arnold, and of her sisters-in-law Mrs. Forster and Miss Arnold of Fox How.

It was Matthew Arnold's express wish that he might not be made the subject of a Biography. His family, however, felt that a selection from his Letters was not prohibited; and that such a selection might reveal aspects of his character — his tenderness and playfulness and filial affection — which could be only imperfectly apprehended through the more formal medium of his published works. He maintained a constant correspondence with his nearest relations, and from that correspondence most of these Letters have been taken. It will be seen that they are essentially familiar and domestic, and were evidently written without a thought that they would ever be read beyond the circle of his family. Several additions, of great interest and value, have been made by the kindness of friends, who have also helped the Editor in fixing dates and interpreting allusions.

> For those who knew Matthew Arnold, the peculiar charm of his letters lies in their perfect naturalness. They are, in a word, *himself*; and there can be no higher praise. A more genuinely amiable man never lived. Nature had given him a sunny temper, quick sympathy, and inexhaustible fun. But something more than nature must have gone to make his constant unselfishness, his manly endurance of adverse fate, his buoyancy in breasting difficulties, his unremitting solicitude for the welfare and enjoyment of those who stood nearest > to his heart. Self-denial was the law of his life, yet the word never crossed his lips. He revelled in doing kindness, never more than when the recipient was a little child, or an overworked schoolmistress, or a struggling author. He taxed his ingenuity to find words of encouragement and praise for the most immature and unpromising efforts. He was even passionately loyal to old association, and to have helped or cared for those who were dear to him was a sure passport to his affection. The magnificent serenity of his demeanour concealed from the outside world, but never from his friends, his boyish appreciation of kindness, of admiration, of courteous attention.

His faculty of enjoyment was peculiarly keen, and there were few departments of life which it did not touch. Before all else, he was a worshipper of Nature, watching all her changing aspects with a loverlike assiduity, and never happy in a long-continued separation from her. Then his manifold culture and fine taste enabled him to appreciate at

its proper value all that is good in high civilization; and yet the unspoilt naturalness of his character found a zest in the most commonplace pleasures of daily existence. Probably Art, whether in music or in painting, affected him less than most men of equal cultivation; but there never lived a human being to whom Literature and Society — books and people — taking each word in its most comprehensive sense, yielded a livelier or a more constant joy.

As we think of him, endearing traits of character come crowding on the memory — his merry interest in his friends' concerns; his love of children; his kindness to animals; his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancour, and envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty and cleverness; his frank enjoyment of light and colour, of a happy phrase, an apt quotation, a pretty room, a well-arranged dinner, a fine vintage; his childlike pleasure in his own performances — “Did I say that? How good that was!”

But all these trifling touches of character-painting tend to overlay and perhaps to obscure the true portraiture of Matthew Arnold. He was pre-eminently a good man; gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend.

Qualified by nature and training for the highest honours and successes which the world can give, he spent his life in a long round of unremunerative drudgery, working even beyond the limits of his strength for those whom he loved, and never by word or sign betraying even a consciousness of that

dull indifference to his gifts and services which stirred the fruitless indignation of his friends. His theology, once the subject of some just criticism, seems now a matter of comparatively little moment; for, indeed, his nature was essentially religious. He was loyal to truth as he knew it, loved the light and sought it earnestly, and by his daily and hourly practice gave sweet and winning illustration of his own doctrine that conduct is three-fourths of human life.

One personal reminiscence may not unfitly close this sketch.

In 1868 Matthew Arnold lost his eldest son, a schoolboy at Harrow. I was with the bereaved father on the morning after the boy's death, and the author with whom he was consoling himself was Marcus Aurelius. Readers of the *Essays in Criticism* will remember the beautiful eulogy on that great Seeker after God, and will, perhaps, feel that, in describing him, the friend who speaks to us in the following pages half-unconsciously described himself.—“We see him wise, just, self-governed, tender, thankful, blameless, yet with all this agitated, stretching out his arms for something beyond — *tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.*”

My anxious desire has been that no handiwork of mine should impertinently obtrude itself between the writer and his readers, or obscure the effect of his unique and fascinating character. I have therefore added nothing beyond such notes as were necessary to make the allusions intelli-

gible, and the narrative coherent. In this connexion I must specially acknowledge the help which I have obtained from Mr. Thomas Burnett Smart, and his excellent *Bibliography of Matthew Arnold*. Here and there, I have been constrained, by deference to living susceptibilities, to make some slight excisions; but, with regard to the bulk of the Letters, this process had been performed before the manuscript came into my hands.

G. W. E. R.

Michaelmas 1895.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

VOL. I.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was born on Christmas Eve, 1822, the eldest son of Thomas Arnold and his wife Mary Penrose. His birthplace was Laleham, in the valley of the Thames, where his father took pupils till he was elected to the Head-Mastership of Rugby in 1828. In 1830 Matthew Arnold returned from Rugby to Laleham, as a pupil of his uncle, the Rev. John Buckland; and in August 1836 he entered "Commoners" at Winchester, under Dr. Moberly, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Dr. Arnold, himself a Wykehamist, wished that his son should receive the full benefit of that austere system which was then in its heyday at Winchester. But the clever little boy took so good a place in the school that he was beyond the reach of fagging; and Dr. Arnold removed his son from Winchester at the end of a year. Matthew Arnold entered Rugby School in August 1837, living under his father's roof at the School-House. In 1840 he won a school-prize with his first published poem, "Alaric at Rome," and in the same year he was elected to an open Classical Scholarship at Balliol. In June 1841 he won a School-Exhibition, and left Rugby; and he went up to Oxford in the following October.

In 1842 he won the Hertford Scholarship. In 1843 he won the Newdigate Prize with his poem on "Cromwell." In 1844 he obtained a Second Class in the Final Classical Schools; and he was elected a Fellow of Oriel on March 28, 1845. For a short time he took classical work in the Fifth Form at Rugby, and in 1847 he was appointed Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then Lord President of the Council.

From this point the Letters may be left to tell their own tale.

To his Mother.

LONDON, January 2, 1848.

act 25 +
 MY DEAREST MOTHER—I write this in my stage between Laleham and Bowood¹ to say that I hope to come home in about a week from this time; to-morrow week perhaps. I go to Bowood by the 2 P.M. train to-morrow, to arrive by dinner-time. I do not expect I shall know a soul there. Last Monday I went to Laleham. I found Aunt² in her room, and looking very feverish and unwell, but she improved every day I was there. It was nearly dark when I left the Weybridge Station, but I could make out the wide sheet of the gray Thames gleaming through the general dusk as I came out on Chertsey Bridge. I never go along that shelving gravelly road up towards Laleham without interest, from Chertsey Lock to the turn where the drunken man lay. To-day, after morning church, I went up to Pentonhook, and found the stream with

¹ Lord Lansdowne's house in Wiltshire. ² Mrs. Buckland.

the old volume, width, shine, rapid fulness, "kempshott,"¹ and swans, unchanged and unequalled, to my partial and remembering eyes at least. On the Hook itself they have been draining and cutting a little; but the old paved part of the barge road on the Laleham side of the Lock-house is all as it was, and the campanulas, they told me, grow as much as ever there in summer. Yesterday I was at Chertsey, the poetic town of our childhood as opposed to the practical, historical Staines: it is *across* the river, reached by no bridges and roads, but by the primitive ferry; the meadow path, the Abbey river with its wooden bridge and the narrow lane by the old wall; and, itself the stillest of country towns backed by St. Ann's, leads nowhere, but to the heaths and pines of Surrey. How unlike the journey to Staines, and the great road through the flat, drained Middlesex plain, with its single standing pollarded elms! I was yesterday at the old house and under the cedars and by the old pink acacia. I went to see Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Nokes, the first of whom, at eighty, recalls her charwoman days, and her puff paste which did not give satisfaction because Mr. Buckland preferred short paste — and thanks the dear Lord that she can still do for herself. The second is in extreme feebleness, but she, too, remembered the Whitmonday on which that nice man, Mr. Arnold, when no one came from Staines, took the duty himself, etc., etc. I must stop; good-night, with love to all, ever your affectionate

M. ARNOLD.

¹ A landing-stage.

To the Same.

Tuesday (March 7, 1848).

DEAR MAMMA—You need not return the *National*; I send you the *Examiner* with an article¹ of Carlyle's. How deeply restful it comes upon one, amidst the hot dizzy trash one reads about these changes everywhere. I send Price's² letter. I think I thought much the same about the decisive point of ruin to the King's³ affairs. As for his conscience, I incline to think he was only old and nervous. Certainly, taken individually, the French people, no more than one's own, are up to the measure of the ideal citizen they seem to propose to themselves; this thought constantly presses on me, but the question to be tried is whether the proclamation of this ideal city and public recognition of it may not bring a nation nearer to that measure than the professedly unbelieving Governments hitherto for some time in force everywhere. The source of repose in Carlyle's article is that he alone puts aside the din and whirl and brutality which envelop a movement of the masses, to fix his thoughts on its ideal invisible character. I was in the great mob in Trafalgar Square⁴ yesterday, whereof the papers will instruct you; but they did not seem dangerous, and the

¹ On "Louis Philippe." *The Examiner*, March 4, 1848.

² Bonamy Price, afterwards Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.

³ Louis Philippe, King of the French, dethroned by the Revolution of 1848.

⁴ Riots in Trafalgar Square, March 6 and 7, 1848.

police are always, I think, needlessly rough in manner. English officials too often are. It will be *rioting* here, only; still the hour of the hereditary peerage and eldest sonship and immense properties has, I am convinced, as Lamartine would say, struck. You know I think papa would by this time have been a kind of Saint Martin—the writer, not the Saint proper. But I do not think England will be liveable-in just yet. I see a wave of more than American *vulgarity*, moral, intellectual, and social, preparing to break over us. In a few years people will understand better why the French are the most civilised of European peoples, when they see how fictitious our manners and civility have been, how little inbred in the race.—Ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

To his Eldest Sister, afterwards Mrs. Forster.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE, *Friday, March 10, 1848.*

MY DEAREST K.¹—My excuse for not answering you, dear child, must be that not having been privately disposed lately, it mattered little, I thought, to whom my public general chronicles or remarks were addressed. Would that I were coming home. It is so hard to sequester oneself here from the rush of public changes and talk, and yet so unprofitable to attend to it. I was myself tempted to attempt some political writing the other day, but in the watches of the night I seemed to feel that in that direction I had some enthusiasm of the head per-

¹ A pet name, dating from the nursery.

haps, but no profound stirring. So I desisted, and have only poured forth a little to Clough,¹ we two agreeing like two lambs in a world of wolves. I think you would have liked to see the correspondence.

x
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What agitates me is this, if the new state of things succeeds in France, social changes are *inevitable* here and elsewhere, for no one looks on seeing his neighbour mending without asking himself if he cannot mend in the same way; but, without waiting for the result, the spectacle of France is likely to breed great agitation here, and such is the state of our masses that their movements now *can* only be brutal plundering and destroying. And if they wait, there is no one, as far as one sees, to train them to conquer, by their attitude and superior conviction; the deep ignorance of the middle and upper classes, and their feebleness of vision becoming, if possible, daily more apparent. You must by this time begin to see what people mean by placing France *politically* in the van of Europe; it is the *intelligence* of their *idea-moved masses* which makes them, politically, as far superior to the *insensible masses* of England as to the Russian serfs, and at the same time they do not threaten the educated world with the intolerable *laideur* of the well-fed American masses, so deeply anti-pathetic to continental Europe. Remark this to Miss Martineau² cursorily.

¹ Arthur Hugh Clough, commemorated by Matthew Arnold in *Thyrsis*.

² Harriet Martineau was a neighbour of the Arnolds at Fox How, their home in Westmorland.

But I do not say that these people in France have much dreamed of the deepest wants of man, or are likely to enlighten the world much on the subject, and I do not wonder at Guizot, who is an austere serious man, rather despising them. Indeed, I believe he had got, with the spectacle of corruption and meanness round him, to despise the whole human race pretty roundly; and as, though he never took bribes, he let his creatures bribe others, so, though he would have never lied to his own soul, he passed on a lie from the king to others now and then with a sardonic indifference. This is all he is accused of in the Spanish affair; the king lied to him at first, and when he found it out, instead of leaving office, he brazened out the affair. You know he must have despised such an ineffectual set as Lord Normanby¹ and the English Government men, who, between them all, never had a thought in their lives. He lives quite retired here, they say, not even seeing the king. I cannot help thinking of Lucan's famous line, *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni*. Be kind to the neighbours, "this is all we can." — Ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

Wednesday (April 1848).

DEAR MAMMA — Don't trouble yourself to send me papers. I see all papers at clubs, and so forth. To say the truth, the responsibility of sending back a paper weighs on my mind. The *National* of yes-

¹ Our Ambassador at Paris.

terday reports that London was *en pleine insurrection*.¹ Do you wish for the *National* always, or only when I think it interesting? I saw Emerson the other day, and had a very pleasant interview. I did not think him just to Wordsworth. He had a very just appreciation of Miss Martineau, which indeed no man of a certain delicacy of intellectual organisation can fail to have. He said Carlyle was much agitated by the course of things; he had known, he said, a European revolution was inevitable, but had expected the old state of things to last out his time. He gives our institutions, as they are called, aristocracy, Church, etc., five years, I heard last night; long enough, certainly, for patience, already at death's door, to have to die in. I was at the Chartist convention² the other night, and was much struck with the ability of the speakers. However, I should be sorry to live under their government — nor do I intend to — though Nemesis would rejoice at their triumph. The ridiculous terror of people here is beyond belief, and yet it is not likely, I fear, to lead to any good results. Tell Miss Martineau it is said here that Monckton Milnes³ refused to be sworn in a special constable that he might be free to assume the post of President of the Republic at a moment's notice. — Ever yours, M. ARNOLD.

¹ A great gathering of Chartists assembled on Kennington Common, April 10, 1848.

² A National Convention of Chartist Delegates sat in London, April and May 1848.

³ Afterwards Lord Houghton.

*To his Eldest Sister.*LANSDOWNE HOUSE, *Tuesday (May 1848).*

MY OWN DEAREST K. — I am writing here (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ P.M.), till Lord L. comes back from the House; but if he does not arrive by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ he begged me to go. I have not opened my great table to write to you, but I have set my paper on an account of Seinde, and hold this on my knee. It is beginning to grow dusk, but it has been a sweet day, with sun and a playing wind and a softly broken sky. The crocusses, which have long starred the lawn in front of the windows, growing like daisies out of the turf, have nearly vanished—but the lilacs that border the court are thrusting their leaves out to make amends.

“The clouds of sickness cast no stain upon
Her vallies and blue hills:
The Doubt, that assails all things, never won
This faithful impulse of unfaithful wills.”

It gets more and more gray and indistinct, and the musical clock behind me is quickening its pace in preparation for its half-hour peal—I shut this up and go.

*To the Same.**Wednesday (May 1848).*

After all my dressing, when I arrived at the Bunsens last night pursuant to invitation, the servant told me they had put off their parties, the Prince of Prussia¹ having just arrived; so back I

¹ William, Prince of Prussia, and afterwards German Emperor, had taken refuge in London from the mob of Berlin, and was living with the Chevalier Bunsen at the Prussian Embassy.

trundled, walked the streets a little while, tried to read a grammar, even a novel, found myself too feverish, and actually went to bed at $10\frac{1}{4}$, slept like a top till $9\frac{1}{2}$, and am better to-day, so I avoid all medicine.

How plain it is now, though an attention to the comparative literatures for the last fifty years might have instructed any one of it, that England is in a certain sense *far behind* the Continent. In conversation, in the newspapers, one is so struck with the fact of the utter insensibility, one may say, of people to the number of ideas and schemes now ventilated on the Continent—not because they have judged them or seen beyond them, but from sheer habitual want of wide reading and thinking: like a child's intellectual attitude *vis-à-vis* of the proposition that Saturn's apparent diameter subtends an angle of about 18° . Our practical virtues never certainly revealed more clearly their isolation. I am not sure but I agree in Lamartine's prophecy that 100 years hence the Continent will be a great united Federal Republic, and England, all her colonies gone, in a dull steady decay. M. A.

To his Mother.

LONDON, *May* 7 (1848).

MY DEAREST MAMMA—Though I believe the balance of correspondence is in my favour at present, I will write to you a few lines instead of sitting idle till Lord L. summons me. I have just finished a German book I brought with me here: a

mixture of poems and travelling journal by Heinrich Heine, the most famous of the young German literary set. He has a good deal of power, though more trick; however, he has thoroughly disgusted me. The Byronism of a German, of a man trying to be gloomy, cynical, impassioned, *moqueur*, etc., all *à la fois*, with their honest bonhommistic language and total want of experience of the kind that Lord Byron, an English peer with access everywhere, possessed, is the most ridiculous thing in the world. Goethe wisely said the Germans could not have a national comedy because they had no social life; he meant the social life of highly civilised corrupt communities like Athens, Paris, or London; and for the same reason they cannot have a Byronic-poetry. I see the French call this Heine a "Voltaire au clair de lune," which is very happy.

I have been returning to Goethe's Life, and think higher of him than ever. His thorough sincerity — writing about nothing that he had not experienced — is in modern literature almost unrivalled. Wordsworth resembles him in this respect; but the difference between the range of their two experiences is immense, and not in the Englishman's favour. I have also been again reading Las Cases, and been penetrated with admiration for Napoleon, though his southern recklessness of assertion is sometimes staggering. But the astonishing clearness and width of his views on almost all subjects, and when he comes to practice his energy and precision in arranging details, never struck me so much as now. His contest

with England is in the highest degree tragic. The inability of the English of that time in any way to comprehend him, and yet their triumph over him — and the sense of this contrast in his own mind — there lies the point of the tragedy. The number of ideas in his head which “were not dreamed of in their philosophy,” on government and the *future of Europe*, and yet their crushing him, really *with the best intentions*, but a total ignorance of him — what a subject! But it is too near at hand to be treated, I am afraid. To one who knew the English, his fate must have seemed inevitable; and therefore his plans must have seemed imperfect; but what foreigner could divine the union of invincibility and speculative dulness in England? — Ever yours,

M. A.

To the Same.

LONDON, Sunday, July 29, 1849.

MY DEAREST MAMMA — I have been out very little the last week, as nearly every one I know is out of town. There was a sonnet of mine in last week's *Examiner* — “To the Hungarian Nation,” but as it was not worth much I don't send it.¹ Tell dearest K. I shall not forget her on Wednesday. I give her the new 1 vol. edition of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, but it must wait for Edward² or me to bring it, as it is too big a book for the new postal arrangements. What a book — what a man! I have read a good deal of biography lately —

¹ This sonnet was never reprinted.² His brother, Edward Penrose Arnold.

Byron, Scott, Napoleon, Goethe, Burns. The 29th of August this year is the centenary of Goethe's birth. Let me add that I have finished the *Iliad*, going straight through it, that is. I have within this year read through all Homer's works, and all those ascribed to him. But I have done little, though more than most years, though I am getting more of a distinct feeling as to what I want to read; however, this, though a great step, is not enough without strong command over oneself to make oneself follow one's rule; conviction, as the Westminster divines say, must precede conversion, but does not imply it. — Yours, a thousand times,

M. A.

To his Youngest Sister.

LONDON, Wednesday (1849).

MY DEAREST FAN — Thank you for your letter. When you come to Rugby I shall try and get there to see you for a day. On Sunday afternoon I went to Laleham, which you have never seen. In the afternoon I went to Pentonhook with Uncle Buckland, Fan and Martha, and all the school following behind, just as I used to follow along the same river bank eighteen years ago. It changes less than any place I ever go to. I should like to go there with your sister Jane. Tell her the horse-chestnuts on the lawn before the Hartwells looking to the river and Chertsey were just going out of bloom. On Monday morning I got up at half-past six, and bathed with Hughes¹ in the Thames, having a

¹ Thomas Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

header off the "kempshott" where the lane from the village comes down on the river, and at seven I was swimming in the Thames with the swans looking at me.

Bournemouth on the Sea is a very stupid place; a great moorland covered with furze and low pine woods comes down to the sea-shore, and breaks down towards it in a long sweep of cliff, half sand, half mud. There are no little bays and ins and outs as in the Isle of Man, but to the right and left you see one immense, gradually-curving line till the coast ends in two ordinary headlands at great distances on each side of you. A little brook runs into the sea here, and my great amusement was to hang upon the bridge and watch two little girls who had laid a plank across the stream below me, almost touching the water, the banks being on a level with it, and kept running across it by turns, splashing themselves by the jiggling of the plank. Seeing me watch them always made them go faster and faster, till at last they were nearly wet through, and went home to change. — Yours, M. A.

*To Wyndham Slade.*¹

(1850).

DEAR SLADE — I forgot to say last night that you must breakfast here to-morrow, Sunday, at 10 *pas plus tôt*, because John Blackett² is coming, who wishes to meet you. Ridiculous as such a

¹ Afterwards a Police Magistrate in London.

² John F. B. Blackett, M.P. for Newcastle 1852-1856.

desire is, it is too unimportant for me to refuse to gratify it. — Your faithful servant,

Le Samedi matin.

M. ARNOLD.

To Miss Wightman.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
Thursday Night (December 1850).

We left town in pouring rain — came into light snow at Blisworth — deep snow at Tamworth — thaw at Whitmore — storm of wind at Warrington, and hard frost at Preston. This last continues. I drove over from Windermere here — 6 miles — in the early morning — along the lake, and arrived like an icicle. . . . Only my mother and my youngest sister are at home. I heard family letters read — talked a little — read a Greek book — lunched — read Bacon's *Essays* — wrote.

To the Same.

Fox How, *December 21, 1850.*

At seven came Miss Martineau and Miss Bronté (Jane Eyre); talked to Miss Martineau (who blasphemes frightfully) about the prospects of the Church of England, and, wretched man that I am, promised to go and see her cow-keeping miracles¹ to-morrow — I, who hardly know a cow from a sheep. I talked to Miss Bronté (past thirty and plain, with expressive gray eyes, though) of her curates, of French novels, and her education in a

¹ Some experiments on a farm of two acres.

school at Brussels, and sent the lions roaring to their dens at half-past nine, and came to talk to you.

Lingen,¹ who is Education Secretary, and was once my tutor at Oxford, and a genius of good counsel to me ever since, says he means to write me a letter of advice about inspectorships, applying to Lord Lansdowne, etc. Shall I send it on to you?

*To Mrs. W. E. Förster.*²

LONDON, *January 25, 1851.*

MY DEAREST K. — Since you do not write to me I must be the first. So long as I was at Fox How I heard your letters, but in town, unless we write to each other, I shall almost lose sight of you, which must not be.

x How strong the tendency is, though, as characters take their bent, and lives their separate course, to submit oneself gradually to the silent influence that attaches us more and more to those whose characters are like ours, and whose lives are running the same way with our own, and that detaches us from everything besides, as if we could only acquire any solidity of shape and power of acting by narrowing and narrowing our sphere, and diminishing the number of affections and interests which continually distract us while young, and hold us unfixed and without energy to mark our place in the world; which we thus succeed in marking

¹ Afterwards Lord Lingen.

² Jane Arnold was married to W. E. Forster 1850.

only by making it a very confined and joyless one. The aimless and unsettled, but also open and liberal state of our youth we *must* perhaps all leave and take refuge in our morality and character; but with most of us it is a melancholy passage from which we emerge shorn of so many beams that we are almost tempted to quarrel with the law of nature which imposes it on us.

I feel this in my own case, and in no respect more strongly than in my relations to all of you. I am by nature so very different from you, the worldly element enters so much more largely into my composition, that as I become *formed* there seems to grow a gulf between us, which tends to widen till we can hardly hold any intercourse across it. But as Thomas à Kempis recommended, *frequentur tibi ipsi violentiam fac*, and as some philosopher advised to consort with our enemies because by them we were most surely apprised of our faults, so I intend not to give myself the rein in following my natural tendency, but to make war against it till it ceases to isolate me from you, and leaves me with the power to discern and adopt the good which you have, and I have not.

This is a general preface to saying that I mean to write about the end of every month, as I can at the time, and I hope you, my dearest K., will do the same.

I have not now left room for more than to say I was grieved to hear of you at the water cure. Kindest regards to William. — Ever, dearest K., your most affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*LONDON, *Friday (January 1851).*

MY DEAR K. — I hope you have got the Tasso by this time; I forget if you have the Poems of Shakespeare I promised you; if not, they are still somewhere in my room.

I have just read Goethe to Lavater — with more pleasure, I daresay, than you did. They, with the letters to Mdme. von Stein, belong to his impulsive youthful time, before he had quite finished building the Chinese Wall round his *inneres* which he speaks of in later life. Those to Mdme. von Stolberg, or many of them, belong to the same time, I believe, and I must get them.

x I read his letters, Bacon, Pindar, Sophocles, Milton, Th. à Kempis, and Ecclesiasticus, and retire more and more from the modern world and modern literature, which is all only what has been before and what will be again, and not bracing or edifying in the least. I have not looked at the newspapers for months, and when I hear of some new dispute or rage that has arisen, it sounds quite historical; as if it was only the smiths at Ephesus being alarmed again for their trade, when the Bishops remonstrate against Cardinal Wiseman's appearance¹; or Pompey blundering away his chances, when I hear of the King of Prussia, with such an army, getting himself and his country more shackled and *déconsidéré* every day. — Yours,
M. A.

¹ A Roman Hierarchy for England, under Cardinal Wiseman, decreed by the Pope, September 24, 1850.

*To Miss Wightman.*LONDON, *February 21, 1851.*

Ministers¹ have managed to get beaten by forty-eight to-night by the Radicals on a motion for enlarging the franchise. Though such a vote cannot drive them out, it makes their weakness fearfully apparent.

February 22. — I went, to Laleham and came back to town at six, and drove straight to Lansdowne House. There I found that Lord John had postponed the Budget till Monday and that Lord Lansdowne was not coming back to town till to-morrow. To-morrow afternoon they will hold a Cabinet, and settle whether to resign, remodel themselves, try a little longer, or dissolve.

February 24. — I have just heard the statement in the House of Lords, and that Lord John has undertaken to reconstruct a Government. It is quite uncertain who will come in again with him of the old lot. Lord Lansdowne is very much disinclined to remain. The old set of Whigs can never come in again; but a good many of them may come in in a fresh combination, and very likely Lord Lansdowne himself. People speculate on a Clarendon Ministry. If Lord Clarendon comes in Sugden² will be Chancellor — not else; he is far too much committed on the Papal Aggression question to come in with a Whig or Peelite Ministry — but why do you ask?

¹ Lord John Russell's first Administration, 1846-1852.

² Afterwards Lord St. Leonards.

In 1851 Matthew Arnold was appointed by Lord Lansdowne to an Inspectorship of Schools, and on June 10 in that year he married Frances Lucy, daughter of Sir William Wightman, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

To his Wife.

OLDHAM ROAD LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL,
MANCHESTER, *October 15, 1851.*

I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time; their effects on the children are so immense, and their future effects in civilising the next generation of the lower classes, who, as things are going, will have most of the political power of the country in their hands, may be so important. It is really a fine sight in Manchester to see the anxiety felt about them, and the time and money the heads of their cotton-manufacturing population are willing to give to them. In arithmetic, geography, and history the excellence of the schools I have seen is quite wonderful, and almost all the children have an equal amount of information; it is not confined, as in schools of the richer classes, to the one or two cleverest boys. We shall certainly have a good deal of moving about; but we both like that well enough, and we can always look forward to retiring to Italy on £200 a year. I intend seriously to see what I can do in such a case in the literary way that might increase our income. But for the next three or four years I think we shall both like it well enough.

To the Same.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, BIRMINGHAM,
December 2, 1851.

I have had a hard day. Thirty pupil teachers to examine in an inconvenient room and nothing to eat except a biscuit, which a charitable lady gave me. I was asked to dinner, this time at five, but excused myself on the ground of work. However, one's only difficulty will be not to know the whole of schismatical Birmingham. The schools are mostly in the hands of very intelligent wealthy Unitarians, who abound here, and belong to the class of what we call ladies and gentlemen. This is next to Liverpool the finest of the manufacturing towns: the situation high and good, the principal street capital, the shops good, cabs splendid, and the Music Hall unequalled by any Greek building in England that I have seen.

To Wyndham Slade.

38 EATON PLACE (July 1852).

MY DEAR WYNDHAM— I called at your lodgings last Saturday, and found that Walrond¹ would not be up, but that the trio at breakfast would be myself, you, and Captain "Apollyon" Slade.² I then resolved to absent myself, as I do not like the taste of brimstone in my tea.

With respect to the Salisbury election³ it may be as you say, but it is reported here that on the polling

¹ Theodore Walrond, afterwards one of the Civil Service Commissioners.

² Afterwards General Slade.

³ The General Election took place July 1852.

day Baring Wall, looking very nice, was closeted for some hours with your brother's¹ committee, and that afterwards all Slade's men voted for Wall.

I have been in North Lincolnshire, where there is a sharp contest, and been much amused by talking to the farmers, and seeing how absolutely necessary all the electioneering humbug of shaking hands, clapping on the back, kissing wives and children, etc., still is with these people. I think Lord Derby will have a gain of from ten to twenty votes in the new Parliament, but what that will do for him remains to be seen.

The baby² is now squalling upstairs. . . .

Your brother is now willing to go to Stockholm, he told me. Will this change your plans? Let me have a line when you can. Shall you not return to town at all? — Ever yours from the heart,

M. A.

To his Mother.

HAMPTON, August 19, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Clough has been with me for the last few days in Wales; he is likely to go to America in the autumn to try his fortune there as a tutor. You will receive this, my dearest mother, on the morning of your birthday. Accept every loving and grateful wish from a son to whom you have for nearly thirty years been such a mother as few sons have. The more I see of the world the more I feel thankful for the bringing up we had, so

¹ Afterwards Sir Frederick Slade.

² His eldest child, Thomas, was born July 6, 1852.

unworldly, so sound, and so pure. God bless you,
my dear mother, and believe me your truly affec-
tionate child,

M. ARNOLD.

Flu's¹ love and best wishes — and baby's.

To his Wife.

RUGBY, August 27, 1852.

I have just come back from dining at the School-House to write this to you. I found Shairp² had engaged me there, and as Goulburn³ had often asked me, and I had never gone, I went to-night; but I was in a great fidget for fear of being prevented from writing my letter. I cannot tell you how strange the feeling was of dining in the old house, in the very room where I used to sit after every one was gone to bed composing my themes, because it was such a pretty room, it was a pleasure to sit up in it. Mrs. Goulburn is a very nice person, one of the Northamptonshire Cartwrights. I sat next her at dinner. It would be such a pleasure to go over with you the places I knew from the time I was eight till I was twenty. Then all the people who remember me and my family would be so pleased to see you. You would like to see where I used to play with my brothers and sisters, and walk with the governess, and bathe, and learn dancing and many other things. We must certainly come here from Birmingham.

¹ His wife.

² J. C. Shairp, then a master at Rugby, and afterwards Principal of St. Andrews.

³ Dr. Goulburn, Head Master of Rugby, and afterwards Dean of Norwich.

To Wyndham Slade.

STRANDS, NEAR WASTWATER,
September 15, 1852.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — I only received your letter *this morning*. Eaton Place¹ is a howling wilderness at present, and letters may lie there for months before they are forwarded. I should not have got yours now, only my wife had a dress sent to her, and the old woman who takes care of the house in Eaton Place crammed everything with my name on it that she could lay her hands upon into the box.

With respect to your questions, the Committee of Council insist on *boarded floors*; but, worse still, they insist on seeing and approving beforehand the building plans for all schools they aid; therefore, if Lady Slade wants a grant to help her build her school, she must apply before she begins it, for she will get none afterwards. However, if she is only anxious to get her school inspected, or to have pupil teachers in it, or to have a certificated master or mistress, any or all of these luxuries she may obtain though she builds her school herself, and in her own fashion. But for the Committee to give any assistance towards *building or fittings*, they must first approve the building plans.

There — I hope I have been intelligible.

I owed you a letter, which I was intending to pay. Do you remember sleeping at this little inn at the end of Wastwater two years ago, and going

¹ Mr. Justice Wightman lived at 38 Eaton Place.

to Crummock and Buttermere next day? I am making the very same promenade now with my wife; I have just been looking at your name and mine written in the Fremdenbuch in my hand. How pleasant it was having you here. Couldn't you come now if you are at home? The partridges must be getting wild, and we should be *so* glad to see you. You are one of the few young gentlemen of whom I have never got tired. Fanny Lucy¹ and I are here till the 10th of October; we shall be at Fox How again at the end of this week. Write me a line, then, and tell me whether you can manage to be good and come. We will go and see Edinburgh together; it is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Fox How. Write at once. — Ever yours affectionately,

M. ARNOLD.

To the Same.

MR. SANSOM'S, DERBY, *October 22, 1852.*

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—An infernal steel pen which I must change. So—now I can get on. I presume you are blazing away in your ancestral fields. Need I say that I am passionately fond of the Colchic bird, and that your rifle is, I know, unerring? As for me, I shall never look along the deadly tube again, I expect; however, this will be no great blessing for the brute creation, as I never used to hit them.

I wish you could have been with us in Westmorland, as we had splendid weather, and many

¹ His wife.

days of wandering perfectly successful. Do you remember our week, and the fearful way in which you used to blaspheme, as the daily saturation of your raiment commenced on some lonely mountain or other? Next year I am going abroad, I think. The child of my declining years, without brother or sister, unique of his kind, will have apartments at the Château de Lisbon, while his mother and I seek September fevers in South Italy. Such, at least, is our present intention.

I intend coming to the metropolis in a month's time, and then I hope we shall meet; I should so like to sit and talk for an evening with you on passing events. I have published some poems,¹ which, out of friendship, I forbear to send you; you shall, however, if you are weak enough to desire it, have them when we meet. Can you get from Heimann the address of one William Rossetti for me?—an ingenuous youth who used to write articles in a defunct review, the name of which I forget. I write this very late at night, with S—, a young Derby banker, *très sport*, completing an orgy in the next room. When that good young man is calm these lodgings are pleasant enough. You are to come and see me fighting the battle of life as an Inspector of Schools some day; this next year I mean to make you fulfil the promise.

S— is in a state of collapse. He will be very miserable to-morrow. Good-night. Let me have a line here, and believe me, ever yours sincerely,

M. ARNOLD.

¹ *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems*, by A. 1852.

*To his Mother.*DERBY, *November 25, 1852.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have been since Monday at Lincoln, hard worked, but *subsisting* on the Cathedral. Every evening as it grew dark I mounted the hill to it, and remained through the evening service in the nave or transepts, more settled and refreshed than I could have been by anything else. I came down the valley of the Trent to-day. You have no idea what majestic floods! I asked a great deal about them; the new bank near Fledborough¹ has given way, and that place and Ragnall and Dunham are all floating. I astonished the country people by knowing the names of the remote villages by there. I looked affectionately in the bright morning towards Fledborough; my recollections of it are the only approach I have to a memory of a golden age. I thought how I should like once more to see it with you, dearest mother, and to look with you on the gray church, and the immense meadow, and the sparkling Trent. We will talk of it again, for it might be managed from Coleby. — Ever your affectionate son,

M. ARNOLD.

*To his Wife.*BATTERSEA, *Friday (December 1852).*

This certainly has been one of the most uncomfortable weeks I ever spent. Battersea is so far off, the roads so execrable, and the rain so inces-

¹ His grandfather, the Rev. John Penrose, was Vicar of Fledborough, Notts: and his mother was married there in 1820.

sant. I cannot bear to take my cab from London over Battersea Bridge, as it seems so absurd to pay eightpence for the sake of the half-mile on this side; but that half-mile is one continued slough, as there is not a yard of flagging, I believe, in all Battersea. Did I tell you that I have papers sent me to look over which will give me to the 20th of January in London without moving, then for a week to Huntingdonshire schools, then another week in London for the Inspector's meeting and other matters, and then Birmingham for a month, and then London?

To the Same.

THE BULL, CAMBRIDGE, *February 28, 1853.*

I have had a long tiring day, and it certainly will be a relief when I get these Eastern Counties over. The worst of it is that invitations to go and see schools are *rained* upon me; and managers who have held out till now against the Government plan ask me on my father's account to come and inspect them, and to refuse is hard.

I have seen nothing of this place. I see there is a long collegiate-looking building opposite. It seems so strange to be in a place of colleges that is not Oxford. You never knew such a scrape as I had of it this morning; it was one minute *past* the time when I drove up to Shoreditch, but they let me in. To-day there was a stoppage in Smithfield, and we had to go round by the Bank and Austin Friars; all down Bishopsgate Street we tore. What a filthy line is the Eastern Counties,

and what bad carriages! But how unjust the world is to Essex!

I thought the valley of the Lea we came up this morning delightful, and the whole country very nice till about Chesterford. At the station here I had just time to eat a bun and book for St. Ives. We arrived at the latter place at half-past two, and I walked the two miles to Fenstanton, as it would have been a long business waiting for a fly to get ready. The school is a smallish affair, and at a quarter to five I went to Mr. Coote's. He is the principal man of the place, being a brewer and coal merchant, and is a rich, clever Dissenter. He has a nice old house, standing in grounds a little out of the town. I met at dinner there another Dissenter, who wanted to take me home to sleep, and offered to send me to all my schools if I would spend this week with him. He lives near Erith. I refused, however, but next year I shall go to him and Coote instead of coming to the inn here. It — the inn — is a pretty good one apparently. I have very good front rooms; it is a newer affair altogether than the Angel. I am off early to-morrow for Erith. I thought of you to-night as I drove through St. Ives, and of that bitter cold uncomfortable journey this time last year.

To the Same.

CAMBRIDGE, *March 2, 1853.*

At ten I went to my school here, a very large one, which kept me till past one; then I came back

here, and at two went out to look at the places. At Trinity I found every one was absent whom I knew, but at Christ's I luckily found Mr. Gell, who is a fellow and tutor there, who was very glad to see me; he was an old pupil of my father's, and my father's picture was hanging in his room. He took me all over Cambridge, and I have since dined with him, and a Mr. Clark, the Proctor, has asked me to dinner to morrow, but I shall not go, as I think of going to Ely to see the Cathedral.

The two things I wanted to see in Cambridge were, the statue of Newton and King's College Chapel; the former is hardly as effective as I expected, because the chapel, or rather ante-chapel, where it stands, is so poor; yet it is noble for all that. King's College Chapel deserves all that can be said of it. Yet I feel that the Middle Ages and all their poetry and impressiveness are in Oxford and not here. I want you sadly to go about with me; everything would be just doubly as interesting.

To the Same.

SUDBURY, *Tuesday*, 6 P.M. (1853).

I got here a little before two, had a sandwich, and then went to the school. I don't know why, but I certainly find inspecting peculiarly oppressive just now; but I must tackle to, as it would not do to let this feeling get too strong. All this afternoon I have been haunted by a vision of living with you at Berne, on a diplomatic appointment, and how different that would be from this incen-

sant grind in schools; but I could laugh at myself, too, for the way in which I went on drawing out our life in my mind. After five I took a short walk, got back to dinner at a quarter to six, dined, and started the pupil teachers, and am just writing this to catch the post. Direct to me, P. O., Ipswich.

To the Same.

SUDBURY, *March 8, 1853.*

This is positively the first moment I have had. I am obliged to remain here to-night, having found an immense school and a great number of pupil teachers; however, I shall get on to Ipswich tomorrow morning. I have fallen on my legs here, being most hospitably entertained by a Quaker who has a large house here. It is a curious place, and I am writing in the hall of it, at which all the pupil teachers are gathered together at their work. The hall is completely covered over as to its walls with a vast collection of stuffed birds, which gives it a ghastly effect enough.

I did not arrive here till just two, as the train was late; went to the school, and found there were three of them. About four o'clock I found myself so exhausted, having eaten nothing since breakfast, that I sent out for a bun, and ate it before the astonished school. Since then I have had a very good extempore dinner on mutton chops and bread pudding, all the Quaker household having dined early, and now I am in for the pupil teachers till ten o'clock.

To the Same.

IPSWICH WESTERN SCHOOL,
Wednesday, 5 P.M., March 10, 1853.

I am too utterly tired out to write. It certainly was nicer when you came with me, though so dreadfully expensive; but it was the only thing that could make this life anything but positive purgatory. I was well taken care of by my Quaker last night; his collection of stuffed birds is really splendid. I could have passed days looking at it; every British bird you could name he has, and the eggs of all which is almost as curious. He has stuffed all the birds himself, being an enthusiastic amateur; the collection of sea-fowl, and of all varieties of the hawk and falcon, was beautiful. I get here at twelve, and in half an hour am going on to Norwich, and thence to Lowestoft, which I shall not reach before eleven to-night.

To the Same.

ASPLEY GUISE, Tuesday, March 21, 1853.

I am staying with Mr. How, a venerable Quaker, and his wife in the prettiest little cottage imaginable, with lawn and conservatory, and all that a cottage ought to have. He has the land all around, and his family have had it for generations; but his grand-uncle, an old bachelor, who built this to live quietly in, and who let the family house, being bothered by the tenant about repairs, etc., sold the house; at the same time he retained all the land, so that what was once their own house overshadows

the Hows in their cottage. However, the house is now unoccupied, having fallen into great decay; and as the present Mr. How, who has no family, will not buy it back, it will probably tumble down. The same grand-uncle redeemed his sins by collecting a really splendid library — you know I am particular, — which the present people have built a room for, and had catalogued, and the catalogue will be a great resource to me this evening. I go to Amptill by a most circuitous route to-morrow, and return here quite late to have tea and to sleep, which will be far pleasanter than sleeping at the Amptill inn.

How charming it will be to be stationary for three days again without a journey!

To Mrs. Forster.

LONDON, April 14, 1853.

MY DEAREST K. — There is an article by Forster¹ on A. Smith² — a most elaborate one — in last week's *Examiner*, which is worth reading. It can do me no good, meanwhile, to be irritated with that young man, who has certainly an extraordinary faculty, although I think he is a phenomenon of a very dubious character; but — *il fait son métier* — *faisons le nôtre*. I am occupied with a thing that gives me more pleasure than anything I have ever done yet, which is a good sign; but whether I shall

¹ John Forster, editor of *The Examiner*.

² Alexander Smith, author of *A Life Drama, and other Poems*.

not ultimately spoil it by being obliged to strike it off in fragments, instead of at one heat, I cannot quite say. I think of publishing it, with the narrative poems of my first volume,¹ *Tristram and Iseult* of my second, and one or two more, in February next, with my name and a preface.

Why is *Villette* disagreeable? Because the writer's mind contains nothing but hunger, rebellion, and rage, and therefore that is all she can, in fact, put into her book. No fine writing can hide this thoroughly, and it will be fatal to her in the long run. *My Novel* I have just finished. I have read it with great pleasure, though Bulwer's nature is by no means a perfect one either, which makes itself felt in his book; but his gush, his better humour, his abundant materials, and his mellowed constructive skill — all these are great things.

My love and thanks to William. God bless you, my darling. — Your ever truly affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

HAMPTON, *Monday (May 1853).*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — All my spare time has been spent on a poem² which I have just finished, and which I think by far the best thing I have yet done, and that it will be generally liked, though one never can be sure of this. I have had the greatest pleasure in composing it — a rare thing

¹ *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, by A. 1849.

² *Sohrab and Rustum*.

with me, and, as I think, a good test of the pleasure what you write is likely to afford to others; but then the story is a very noble and excellent one. F., I am sure, will be delighted with it, and K. I have settled with Fellowes to publish this, and one or two more new ones, with the most popular of the old ones, next winter or spring, with a preface, and my name. I never felt so sure of myself, or so *really* and *truly* at ease as to criticism, as I have done lately. There is an article on me in the last *North British* which I will send you. Can it be by Blackie?¹ I think Froude's review will come sooner or later, but at *present* even about this I feel indifferent. Miss Blackett² told Flu that Lord John Russell said, "In his opinion Matthew Arnold was the one rising young poet of the present day." This pleased me greatly from Lord John — if it is true. You ask about Alexander Smith. There are beautiful passages in him, but I think it doubtful how he will turn. Here is a long letter, and all about myself; however, you will like that. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

LOUTH, *Tuesday Night* (1853).

MY DEAREST MOTHER — This morning I again left London, and having been busy all the afternoon at Boston, have come on here to-night, as I have a

¹ John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek at Edinburgh.

² Sister of John Blackett, and afterwards Madame du Quaire.

large school here to-morrow. I like this place, it is so entirely an old country town, and it is in nearly the best part of Lincolnshire. I have been shaking off the burden of the day by a walk to-night along the Market Rasen road, over the skirts of the wolds, between hedges full of elder blossom and white roses; and the spire of Louth Church comes everywhere into the view so beautifully.

X I have been reading Margaret Fuller,¹ and again been greatly struck with her sincere striving to be good and helpful. Her address to the poor women in the Penitentiary is really beautiful. "Cultivate the spirit of prayer. I do not mean agitation and excitement, but a deep desire for truth, purity, and goodness, and you will daily learn how near He is to every one of us." Nothing can be better than that. I long to be at Fox How with you. God bless you, my dearest mother. — Ever your most affectionate son,

M. A.

To John F. B. Blackett, M.P.

LINCOLN, November 26, 1853.

MY DEAR BLACKETT — You knew, I am sure, what pleasure your letter would give me. I certainly was very anxious that you should like "Sohrab and Rustum." Clough, as usual, remained in suspense whether he liked it or no. Lingen wrote me four sheets on behalf of sticking to modern subjects; but your letter, and one from

¹ American philanthropist and mystic.

Froude (which I must send you, in spite of the praise), came to reassure me.

I still, however, think it very doubtful whether the book¹ will succeed; the *Leader* and the *Spectator* are certain to disparage it; the *Examiner* may praise it, but will very likely take no notice at all. The great hope is that the *Times* may trumpet it once more. Just imagine the effect of the last notice in that paper; it has brought *Empedocles* to the railway bookstall at Derby. What you say about the similes looks very just upon paper. I can only say that I took a great deal of trouble to orientalise them (the Bahrein diver² was originally an ordinary fisher), because I thought they looked strange, and jarred, if Western. But it is very possible you may be right.

I am worked to death just now, and have a horrid cold and cough; but at the end of next week I hope to get to town. We are not going to the sea after all, but are coming to Eaton Place for, I hope, two months.

I appreciated your sister's rancour. But mis-spelling of *English* words (mis-spelling of French words, like yours sometimes, is mere ignorance, and demands compassion, not blame) is such an odious affectation that I always check it. But remember me affectionately to her.

So Parliament is, at all events, dumb till January, thank God. — Ever, my dear Blackett, affectionately yours,

M. ARNOLD.

¹ *Poems by Matthew Arnold*, a new edition. 1853.

² See *Sohrab and Rustum*.

To Mrs. Forster.

LONDON, *February 27, 1854.*

MY DEAREST K. — So Mr. Forster¹ is dead. I do not know when I have been more affected than in reading your letter. The lives and deaths of the “pure in heart” have, perhaps, the privilege of touching us more deeply than those of others — partly, no doubt, because with them the disproportion of suffering to desert seems so unusually great. However, with them one feels — even I feel — that for their purity’s sake, if for that alone, whatever delusions they may have wandered in, and whatever impossibilities they may have dreamed of, they shall undoubtedly, in some sense or other, see God.

My love to William; he knows how truly, by this time, he has made relations of us all. — Ever your most affectionate
M. A.

To Wyndham Slade.

6 ESPLANADE, DOVER, *July 28, 1854.*

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — The blue sky and the calm sea were too tempting when I came down here last week; so on Saturday we bolted, and returned yesterday, having been grilled alive, enjoyed ourselves immensely, spent £15, eaten one good dinner, and seen Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp. Antwerp I had never seen, so we made that our object. I have so little money this year that I really could not have afforded to spend more than

¹ Mr. W. E. Forster’s father.

what I have spent on travelling, so I am glad that I went at once, when my work compelled me to be back in a few days, and did not wait till my holidays began, when I should certainly have gone farther, spent more money, and been more embarrassed than ever on my return.

But we have both recorded a solemn vow, if we live, to spend at least seven weeks abroad next year, and to make all our arrangements, from this time forth, in conformity with this resolution.

Antwerp is well worth seeing, though I hate poking about in the North. But Rubens's great pictures are there; and hardly Raphael himself is better worth seeing than Rubens at his best. If you have not yet seen the Descent from the Cross and the Crucifixion, go and see them.

Brussels I had often seen. It is a white, sparkling, cheerful, wicked little place, which, however, one finds rather good for one's spirits.

I must say the *ennui* of having to return is somewhat lessened by returning to this place, which is charming. You must come here. We are here for three weeks from next Monday.

Write to me, you good soul, and believe me,
ever yours,

M. ARNOLD.

To the Same.

6 ESPLANADE, DOVER, August 3, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — An agreeable letter of mine, relating all my recent doings, has probably by this time reached you. It was sent to Montys.¹

¹ Mr. Slade's home in Somersetshire.

I shall not write it over again, but content myself with entreating you to beware of cholera. Both the Wilts Yeomanry and the Somersetshire Militia are, I should think, very unfit to die.

I am very anxious to hear what it all is about young Lawley,¹ but probably being, like me, in the provinces, you are in the same benighted state as myself.

Tempests blow daily, and the boats come in in a filthy state from the habits of the passengers. It is a real pleasure to see the landings, day after day. In fact, it is so pleasant here that come you must; only give me a line to say when. All but a bed we can give you. — Ever yours, M. A.

My love to J. D. C.,² and tell him that the limited circulation of the *Christian Remembrancer* makes the unquestionable viciousness of his article³ of little importance. I am sure he will be gratified to think that it is so. This must go, for I am off to Canterbury.

To his Wife.

CAVALRY BARRACKS, BRIGHTON,
August 16, 1854.

I mean to sleep here to-night, instead of at Hastings, as it is very pleasant, and I think Henry⁴ likes my being here. I have the rooms of a Sir Geo. Leith, who is away at present, and am very

¹ The Hon. F. C. Lawley, M.P. for Beverley, 1852-1854.

² Mr., afterwards Lord, Coleridge.

³ A review of Matthew Arnold's poems.

⁴ His wife's brother-in-law, Captain, afterwards General Benson, 17th Lancers.

comfortable. We dined last night at eight, only Henry, myself, and one other officer, Watson by name, but it was extremely pleasant. We had a capital dinner, champagne and claret, and after dinner Henry and I played picquet, 6d. a game, the *parti* ending in my being the winner of one sixpence. We did not go to bed till one o'clock. This morning I breakfasted alone in the messroom very comfortably, and was off to my school before any of them were up, getting back here about twelve, when I went to the stables and riding school with Henry, and was introduced to several officers. Captain Holden came and lunched with us, and I found him very pleasant. The Colonel in command here, Mr. Clayton, and, I think, Watson again, dine to-night.

To Wyndham Slade.

DOVER, August 21, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I should greatly have liked seeing you here, but I almost feared you would hardly think it worth while to come right across England when you found that our foreign excursion had been already made. Certainly I *was* rather perfidious, but after five months of London no one could have resisted the first sight of the French coast staring one in the face, and the boats perpetually steaming off under one's nose, in the loveliest weather that ever was in the world. You would have liked this place too, if you had come; however, you did *not* come, and there is an end of the matter for this year.

I have been in Brighton this last week, living in barracks with my brother-in-law, Henry Benson, who commands the depôt of the 17th there. I saw several men of the 13th, and also of the gallant 4th, though not the Brown who I see by to-day's paper has been distinguishing himself. There were, however, but few officers there; the old Colonel (M'Queen) who commands the whole of them I liked, and dining at mess I liked — so far as the dinners are concerned, very much. The young officers, the cornets, are certainly the drawbacks — such precious young *nincompoops*; I don't mean anything serious to be blamed in them, but the sort of faults boys coming straight from school to a messroom would naturally have: they *behave so badly*. This is an instance of what I mean. A precious young simpleton called —, inoffensive enough *du reste*, when the cloth is removed pulls off three heavy rings from his fingers and goes on spinning them on the table before him for about a quarter of an hour — this with the Colonel and different people dining, and talking going on. I think every one before he gets a commission should be compelled to pass at least a year at one of the Universities and to pass the first examination, whatever it is. After all, college does civilise a boy wonderfully.

We are going to London by sea to-morrow if it is fine; it is much cheaper, and I want to see the Downs, the Nore, Pegwell Bay, etc., which I have never seen. We go straight on to Fox How on Wednesday or Thursday. Is it quite impossible

for you to come and look at us there in the next six weeks? It is likely to be fine now, I do really think, even there.

M. ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

MADELY WOOD, *Wednesday,*
October 17, 1854.

This must be a scrap, for I must get off as soon as I can in order to get to Lilleshall, nine miles of cross country road, in time to dress for dinner; and, while I *am* here, the managers do not like not to be able to talk to me. I have had a cold, wet journey, and only a bun for luncheon. I got to Wellington at one o'clock, and came on here—six miles—on the top of an omnibus—a dawdling conveyance, and a cold, wet drive. I felt rather disconsolate between Liverpool and Shrewsbury. . . . We have had such a happy time at Fox How. Then, too, I have had time for employment that I like, and now I am going back to an employment which I certainly do *not* like, and which leaves me little time for anything else. I read about fifty pages of *Hypatia*, which is certainly very vigorous and interesting; however, that did not comfort me much, and I betook myself to Hesiod, a Greek friend I had with me, with excellent effect; we will talk about *Hypatia* when we meet.

To the Same.

OXFORD, *October 21, 1854.*

I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to get back to Liverpool. I shall be detained so long by

a large double school at Banbury to-morrow that it will be impossible for me to get to Liverpool till three or four on Saturday morning, and then to begin on Monday morning at Charlbury, thirteen miles from here. I am afraid it is out of the question. I am just back from Witney; as cold and uncomfortable a life I have had since I left you as one could desire. My bedroom here is fust and frowsiness itself, and last night I could not get to sleep. I have seen no one but Lake¹ for a minute after my arrival last night. I was off for Witney at eight this morning. I shall be hurried in writing at Banbury to-morrow. I dine in Oriel to-night—in Common Room at six.

To the Same.

OXFORD, *Sunday (October 1854).*

I am writing from Walrond's rooms in Balliol. This time *thirteen* years ago I was wandering about this quadrangle a freshman, as I see other freshmen doing now. The time seems prodigious. I do not certainly feel thirteen years older than when I came up to Oxford. . . . I am going with Walrond to-day to explore the Cumner country, and on Thursday I got up alone into one of the little coombs that papa was so fond of, and which I had in my mind in the "Gipsy Scholar," and felt the peculiar *sentiment* of this country and neighbourhood as deeply as ever. But I am much struck with the apathy and *poorness* of the people here, as they now strike me, and their petty pottering habits compared with the students

¹ The Rev. W. C. Lake, afterwards Dean of Durham.

of Paris, or Germany, or even of London. Animation and interest and the power of work seem so sadly wanting in them. And I think this is so; and the place, in losing Newman and his followers, has lost its religious movement, which after all kept it from stagnating, and has not yet, so far as I see, got anything better. However, we must hope that the coming changes, and perhaps the infusion of Dissenters' sons of that muscular, hard-working, *unblasé* middle class — for it is this, in spite of its abominable disagreeableness — may brace the flaccid sinews of Oxford a little.

To the Same.

AMPTHILL, *Wednesday* (1854.)

I shall have no dinner at all to-day except so far as the mutton chop I had at one o'clock with one of the Committee here may count for one. But that will do me no harm. I mean to walk from here to Aspley, six miles, the road running really through beautiful country. I passed Millbrook, the Carrs' place, on my way here. Their house and grounds are really charming, but I hadn't time to stop and go in, which I was really sorry for. The newspaper makes one melancholy. It appears Louis Napoleon is certainly going to the Crimea after all; and when once he is there the English Army will have the character of nothing but a contingent, and France will more and more take the position of head of the Alliance, disposing of England as suits her best. And it seems the renewed bombardment has not, in fact, done anything. How I should like to live quietly in Switzerland with you and the boys!

To Wyndham Slade.

DERBY, November 6, 1854.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — I am writing this from a British school, where I am holding an examination of pupil teacher apprentices, surrounded by an innumerable company of youths and maidens. I shall not be in London till the very end of this month, but then, I hope, for two months.

The news from the East seems a little improved to-day, at least the Varna despatch seems to establish that it was *Turkish* redoubts, and, consequently, Turkish cannon, that were captured. As for the light cavalry loss, those gentlemen, I imagine, will be more missed at reviews than in the field. The English cavalry never seem to do much good, and, I imagine, are a great deal too costly and too beautifully dressed and mounted for real service. I heard the other day from a man to whom Sir William Napier had said it, that while the British infantry was the best in the world, the cavalry of several other nations was better, even in equal numbers; he instanced the French and the Austrian.

The siege¹ is awfully interesting; one thinks they *must* take the place, though, after all; the loss of prestige will be so great if they do not.

Edward² is coming to-night; from him I shall hear what your brother did at All Souls'. How I wish you were here for a week!

I have got another volume coming out in Decem-

¹ Of Sebastopol.

² His brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold, Fellow of All Souls'.

ber; all the short things have appeared before, but there is one long thing at the beginning I think you will like.

Fanny Lucy desires to be most kindly remembered, at least she did this morning when I told her I should write to you. The big baby¹ pulls his elder brother over and over. — Ever yours, M. A.

To his Mother.

LONDON, December 9, 1854.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You will have received six copies of my new volume.² Will you give one to Mrs. Wordsworth from me, telling her that I send it to her for the sake of the Memorial Verses,³ imperfect tribute as they are.

I think this book will hold me in public repute pretty much at the point where the last left me, not advance me and not pull me down from it. If so, it was worth publishing, for I shall probably make something by the poems in their present shape, whereas if I had left them as they were, I should have continued to make nothing. The war, and the great length of time that has passed since most of the poems in this collection were written, make me myself regard it with less interest than I should have thought possible. I am not very well lately, have had one or two things to bother me, and more and more have the feeling that I do not do my inspecting work really well and satisfactorily; but

¹ His second son Trevenen William, born October 15, 1853.

² *Poems by Matthew Arnold*, Second Series. 1855.

³ On Wordsworth.

I have also lately had a stronger wish than usual not to vacillate and be helpless, but to do my duty, whatever that may be; and out of that wish one may always hope to make something. — Your most affectionate son, M. A.

To the Same.

BIRMINGHAM, *February 27, 1855.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I ought before this to have thanked you for sending the letter, which is ennobling and refreshing, as everything which proceeds from him always is, besides the pathetic interest of the circumstances of its writing and finding.¹ I think he was thirty-five when that letter was written, and how he had forecast and revolved, even then, the serious interests and welfare of his children — at a time when, to many men, their children are still little more than playthings. He might well hope to bring up children, when he made that bringing-up so distinctly his thought beforehand; and we who treat the matter so carelessly and lazily — we can hardly expect ours to do more than *grow up* at hazard, not be *brought* up at all. But this is just what makes him great — that he was not only a good man saving his own soul by righteousness, but that he carried so many others with him in his hand, and saved them, if they would let him, along with himself.

Dear Mary² was invaluable to us, and we have missed her terribly these last two evenings. I so

¹ A letter of Dr. Arnold, relating to the education and future of his children; found thirteen years after his death.

² His second sister.

liked hearing her and Flu talk in the evening, as they sate at work while I read. Now all is silence, unless when I sometimes read out a sentence or two. Tell her I find ETTY'S LIFE a great improvement on Montgomery's — in fact, decidedly interesting. Of all dull, stagnant, unedifying *entourages*, that of middle-class Dissent, which environed Montgomery,¹ seems to me the stupidest.

I should like to have Mary staying with us one six months of the year, and Fan the other.

It is no use telling you of little Tom's fascinations by letter when you have Mary with you, upon whom they have been exercised.

I hope by the end of this week we shall be settled in London. My dearest mother, how I should like to have you quietly with us there. —
Ever your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

Evesham, April 25, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I wrote to you from the Girls' British School here while the pupil teachers are at work. I wish you could look out of the window with me and see our dear old friend, the Avon, here a large river, and the Cotswolds bounding the plain, and the plain itself one garden, for this is one of the richest and most beautiful parts of England. I was here this time three years ago coming from Cheltenham and returning there,

¹ James Montgomery (1771-1854), Moravian hymn-writer.

and I should like very well to be going to Cheltenham now, to find Flu and our old lodgings there, and to stay a fortnight in that very cheerful place, for it is not now the season, and one is not overwhelmed with people, and Cheltenham itself and the country about it is as pleasant as anything in England. I left Flu at Oxford this morning. We have had a very pleasant four days at Oriel with the Hawkinses.¹ We slept in the rooms, which you must remember very well, looking out into Oriel Lane, and met a great many Heads of Houses and dignitaries, the inferiority of them all to the Provost being quite remarkable. I was not at all prepared for his being so pleasant. I think one's being removed from Academic life and its usages makes him treat one altogether in a simpler, more natural way. I found him not tolerable only, but actually very agreeable, and enjoyed being with him. Imagine his having quoted from a poem of mine in a note to a sermon which he has just published. He seems to me very worn and thin. There will be some lines² of mine in the next *Fraser* (without name) on poor Charlotte Brontë. Harriet Martineau is alluded to in them, and if she is well enough you must forward the copy of the magazine which I will send you to her, after you have read the lines. I am glad to have the opportunity to speak of her with respect at this time, and for merits which she undoubtedly has. — Your most affectionate son,

M. A.

¹ Dr. Hawkins was Provost of Oriel 1828-1874.

² "Haworth Churchyard."

*To the Same.*LONDON, *Wednesday (May 1855).*

As to the poem in *Fraser*, I hope K. sent you a letter I wrote to her on that subject, in which I told her that I knew absolutely nothing of Harriet Martineau's works or debated matters—had not even seen them, that I know of, nor do I ever mention her creed with the slightest applause, but only her boldness in avowing it. The want of independence of mind, the shutting their eyes and professing to believe what they do not, the running blindly together in herds, for fear of some obscure danger and horror if they go alone, is so eminently a vice of the English, I think, of the last hundred years—has led them, and is leading them into such scrapes and bewilderment, that I cannot but praise a person whose one effort seems to have been to deal perfectly honestly and sincerely with herself, although for the speculations into which this effort has led her I have not the slightest sympathy. I shall never be found to identify myself with her and her people, but neither shall I join, nor have I the least community of feeling with, her attackers. And I think a perfectly impartial person may say all in her praise that I have said.¹ M. A.

*To Mrs. Forster.*TEDDINGTON, *June 18, 1855.*

MY DEAREST K. — I have not been able to write to you since the death of William's mother, and

¹ In "Haworth Churchyard."

now comes the death of poor Holberton¹ also to remind one of one's mortality. How the days slip away, and how little one does in them! That is more and more my thought in hearing of every fresh death among those whom I have known, and it becomes sadder and more serious as one advances in life.

The Judge has not got the North Wales circuit; one of the Chiefs took it, so the two dear little boys remain with us, and we all go to Dover together on the 16th of next month, I hope. The not losing them consoles one for losing the £75 which the circuit would have been worth.² I daresay if you are at home in November you will take them for two or three weeks, and perhaps me with them for part of that time. The two boys can hardly be at an age, I think, when they will be pleasanter company than they are now. They are perfectly well, and consequently in the best humour and spirits. This large house and garden suit them exactly. We have been here nearly a fortnight, and shall stay a week longer. I wish you could have seen Tom stop as he walked in the garden with me yesterday while the birds were singing with great vigour, put his little finger to his mouth as a sign to listen, and say, "Papa, do you hear the mavis singing?" which is the first line of a song called "Mary of Argyle," which is one of his songs, and which he applied of his own thought in this pretty way. Every one

¹ The doctor at Hampton.

² He used to act as Marshal to his father-in-law, Mr. Justice Wightman.

notices and pets the child, he is so singularly winning and *unexpected* in all he says and does.

Go to Auvergne by all means. You say in N. Italy you seemed to perceive where I had got my poetry, but, if you have fine weather, you will perceive it yet more in Auvergne. The country has such beautiful forms and such a southern air. The point is the Baths of the Mont d'Or; the inns or boarding-houses there are very good, and from there you must go up the Mont d'Or; and do not miss two things — the old bourg of La Tour d'Auvergne, and a Némi-like lake at the Cantal side of Mont d'Or. Clermont and the Puy de Dôme (where Pascal made the experiments which resulted in perfecting the barometer) you are sure to see, for they are on the great road of Auvergne. The country on the side of Thiers and Issoire is said to be very beautiful. It is far less known than the rest of Auvergne; I have not seen it. All that country is the very heart and nucleus of old France. There are very few English, and at the baths of the Mont d'Or many French of the best kind. Travelling and living accommodations are very good. Tell me again when you have settled to go. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

COUNCIL OFFICE, *Thursday* (1855).

I am having rather hard work at the Boro' Road — hard work compared with common inspecting, for I have the afternoon till five as well as the mornings; but I am rather interested in seeing the Train-

ing School for the first time. I am much struck with the utter unfitness of women for teachers or lecturers. No doubt, it is no natural incapacity, but the fault of their bringing-up. They are quick learners enough, and there is nothing to complain of in the *students* on the female side; but when one goes from hearing one of the lecturers on the male side to hear a lecturer on the female side there is a vast difference. However, the men lecturers at the Boro' Road are certainly above the average, one from his great experience, the other from his great ability. You should have heard the rubbish the female Principal, a really clever young woman, talked to her class of girls of seventeen to eighteen about a lesson in Milton.

I have got the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (did I tell you?) containing the mention of my poems. It is very uninteresting, however. And some one has sent me *The Sun*, containing a flaming account of the first series. I surely told you this, however?

There is no news to-day, except that 4000 cannon have been found in Sebastopol. Things being as they are, I do not see anything to object to in the Emperor's message. But the situation is altogether disagreeable until the English fleet or army perform some brilliant exploit. — Ever yours,

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

LONDON, December 12, 1855.

MY DARLING K.—I think "Balder"¹ will consolidate the peculiar sort of reputation that I got by

¹ "Balder dead," in *Poems*, Second Series.

“Sohrab and Rustum,” and many will complain that I am settling myself permanently in that field of antiquity, as if there was no other. But I have in part done with this field in completing “Balder,” and what I do next will be, if I can do it, wholly different.

I have had a letter from Arthur Stanley,¹ who remarks on the similes much as you do, so I dare say what you both say is true; he likes “Balder” as a whole better than “Sohrab,” but thinks it too short; and this is true too, I think, and I must some day add a first book with an account of the circumstances of the death of Balder himself.

I felt sure William would be interested from what I knew of his Scandinavian interests. Mallet,² however, tell him, and his version of the Edda, is all the poem is based upon.

It is hard to think of any volume like that of mine having a sale in England just now, with the war going on, and the one cry being for newspapers; but I daresay the book will dribble away in a year’s time or so.—Ever your most truly affectionate

M. A.

To Wyndham Slade.

38 EATON PLACE, December 29, 1855.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — I am quite provoked about the godfathership, the more so as if I had really thought you would have liked to be godfather there is nobody in the world, now that I have knocked

¹ Afterwards Dean of Westminster.

² Paul Henri Mallet (1730-1807), investigated the Mythology of the Celts.

off my dear Walrond with Master Trevenen, whom I myself should more have liked for the office. But the truth is that the night you dined in Eaton Place, and we were talking about names, you said, after Walrond had said that the boy ought to be called by the sweet name which I myself bear, that you too thought family names ought to be kept to, and that if you were me you would not give the child a name like Wyndham. It occurred to me afterwards that you had perhaps said this thinking that it would be rather a bore, and also *un peu ridicule*, for you to fill the office of godfather; and as I remembered that I, when unmarried, had precisely the same feeling, and, in fact, always declined to fill the office, I determined to say no more about the matter to you, and to ask other people. Accordingly, we have now got two ecclesiastics—the old Archbishop of Dublin¹ for one, and Peter Wood² for the other. This is a long story, but it is precisely the story of how the matter happened, and of what passed in my mind, and I know you will readily forgive me if I made a mistake as to what your real feeling was. I could not bear the notion, that was the fact, of boring you with such an office, which you might, I thought, have accepted because you did not know how to refuse.

This cursed long story has spoilt my letter. I am full of a tragedy of the time of the end of the Roman Republic—one of the most colossal times of the world, I think. . . . It won't see the light, how-

¹ Dr. Whately.

² His wife's brother-in-law, the Rev. Peter Wood.

ever, before 1857.¹ I have only read about a hundred pages of Macaulay. I thought my chariot wheels went heavier than when I was reading the first two volumes. Read Prescott's *Philip the Second*. I think it is just the book you would like. You ought also to read Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. The time is short. — Ever yours most sincerely,

M. ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

EDGBASTON, February 17, 1856.

MY DEAREST K. — I shall send you to-morrow by post a volume of Montalembert's about England, which, if you have not read it already, will interest both you and William, I think. Read particularly the chapter on the *Liberté de tester*, and on English Public Schools and Universities. What he says about the Public Schools and Universities comes curiously from a foreigner, and just now; but I think there is much truth in it, and that if the aristocratical institutions of England could be saved by anything, they would be saved by these. But as George Sand says in the end of her Memoirs (which you should read): "L'humanité tend a se niveler: elle le veut, elle le doit, elle le fera;" and though it does not particularly rejoice me to think so, I believe that this is true, and that the English aristocratic system, splendid fruits as it has undoubtedly borne, must go. I say it does not rejoice me to think this, because what a middle class and people we have in England! of whom Saint Simon says truly:

¹ This design was not carried out.

“ Sur tous les chantiers de l'Angleterre il n'existe pas une seule grande idée.”

I write this — pamphlet, it is getting like — to-day because I shall have not a minute to write it to-morrow.

I am elected at the Athenæum, tell William, and look forward with rapture to the use of that library in London. It is really as good as having the books of one's own — one can use them at a club in such perfect quiet and comfort. — Your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 31, 1856.*

. . . And how are you, my dear, dear soul? I read William's speech¹ the other day with great interest. I see Baines² has poured himself out in to-day's *Times*. Lord John's measure³ is said to be of Shuttleworth's concoction, and if so, I think it will succeed, for Shuttleworth knows better than most people what will go down in the way of education.

Have you seen Ruskin's new volume of *Modern Painters*? I ask you because I saw William alluded to him in his speech. Full of excellent *aperçus*, as usual, but the man and character too febrile, irritable, and weak to allow him to possess the *ordo concatenatioque veri*. You see I treat you as if you were Lady Jane Grey.

When are you coming to London? for coming

¹ At the opening of a Working Men's College at Halifax.

² Edward Baines, afterwards M.P.

³ A Scheme of National Education, anticipating the Act of 1870.

you are. I am glad peace is made, as it was to be; it is all a stupid affair together. Write to me soon at 11 Lower Belgrave Street. Do you see anything of Bright at Ben Rhydding? This Athenæum is a place at which I enjoy something resembling beatitude. — Ever your most affectionate M. A.

My love to William. Trevenen can say "Cuckoo, cherry tree"; that is the latest domestic news. God bless you.

To the Same.

LONDON, *Tuesday Morning (April 1856).*

Many thanks, my dearest K., for your extracts. My poems are making their way, I think, though slowly, and perhaps never to make way very far. There must always be some people, however, to whom the literalness and sincerity of them has a charm. After all, that American review, which hit upon this last — their sincerity — as their most interesting quality, was not far wrong. It seems to me strange sometimes to hear of people taking pleasure in this or that poem which was written years ago, which then nobody took pleasure in but you, which I then perhaps wondered that nobody took pleasure in, but since had made up my mind that nobody was likely to. The fact is, however, that the state of mind expressed in many of the poems is one that is becoming more common, and you see that even the Obermann stanzas are taken up with interest by some.

I think I shall be able to do something more in time, but am sadly bothered and hindered at pres-

ent, and that puts one in *deprimirter Stimmung*, which is a fatal thing. To make a habitual war on depression and low spirits, which in one's early youth one is apt to indulge and be somewhat interested in, is one of the things one learns as one gets older. They are noxious alike to body and mind, and already partake of the nature of death.

Poor John Blackett¹ is dead. I send you a short note I had from his sister yesterday to tell me of it. This is indeed "one's own generation falling also." I had more *rappports* with him than with almost any one that I have known. There was a radical good intelligence between us which was based on a natural affinity. I had lived so much with him that I felt mixed up with his career, and his being cut short in it seems a sort of intimation to *me*.

Let me know, as soon as it is settled, when you come up here on your way abroad, and pray don't shoot through like an arrow. My love to William.
— Ever most affectionately yours, M. A.

To Wyndham Slade.

BRIGHTON, August 10, 1856.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — I look across the sea to you, and imagine your agreeable countenance looking out from a window on the other side. I don't wonder you migrated, for after your some years' experience of Dieppe, you must have sighed for it again when you found yourselves at Boulogne.

¹ See p. 14.

That place I consider we exhausted in our two days last year, and I never wish to pass another whole day there.

The circuit was better than I expected, because more of a tour. All the country from Shrewsbury to Gloucester was new to me, and Ludlow and Herefordshire are well worth seeing; and we went down the Wye by boat from Goodrich Castle to Chepstow, one of the most beautiful water passages in the world. I tried fishing once or twice, and in very renowned waters, but with the heat and the sunshine and the thunderness it was of no use. I find that we must have made an exchange of rods on our return from the Laverstoke expedition; at least, I think it is yours that I have, and I hope you have got mine. Yours is much the newest, and would pass for by far the best rod, but mine, though old and a little strained, is a great favourite of mine, and the best balanced rod I have ever known, so pray take care of it. I don't know whether you are fishing at Dieppe, but I should certainly try the chalk country inland there. I met an old gentleman the other day who assured me it abounded in trout streams, and the more I see of other trout streams the more I am convinced of the ineffable superiority of those in the chalk.

I have been here for a few days. I like the place, but have been laid up by a thundering bilious attack, the result of the heat, bad cookery, and port wine of the circuit. The living on circuit is very bad, of the worst tavern kind, everything greasy and ill served. The one comfort is the

perpetual haunch of venison, which even a bad cook cannot well spoil. Fanny Lucy and I go on to Folkestone to-morrow. We go to Dover, to our old quarters on the Esplanade (No. 6), on Thursday, and shall be there till the 27th. Charmed to see you if you can come. About the 29th we go up to Westmorland. I have determined, as my affairs are doing better, to lie by and get thoroughly sound this year, and then next year I hope I may get abroad for a good six weeks or two months without borrowing or forestalling. I am glad you don't re-propose the Pyrenees, as it would be dreadfully tempting, and it is better I should stay at home. Write to me and tell me of your movements and doings, and whether we shall see you at Dover. My compliments to your mother and sister, and believe me, ever yours,

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

101 MOUNT STREET, *December 6, 1856.*

MY DEAREST K. — I am writing to you from my old rooms in Mount Street, which are now occupied by Wyndham Slade, of whom you have heard me speak. He is a barrister, and out daily following his avocations from eleven to five. During this space of time he puts his rooms at my disposal, and I fly and hide myself here from the everlasting going in and coming out of Eaton Place, in the profoundest secrecy, no one but Wyndham Slade knowing where I am. "Hide thy life," said Epicurus, and the exquisite zest there is in doing so can only be appreciated by those who, desiring to

introduce some method into their lives, have suffered from the malicious pleasure the world takes in trying to distract them till they are as shatter-brained and empty-hearted as the world itself.

The air is like balm to-day, and little Tom will go out, I think, in Eaton Square, for the first time since we have been in London. We had, indeed, an alarm about him, and I think it nearly developed in me the complaint he is said to have; at least, that alarm, added to large dinners and a hot bedroom, have produced in me a fuller beating of the heart than I like, but I get better as Tom gets better, and he really seems getting better every day. I am always, my dearest K., your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HAMPTON, May 2, 1857.

MY DEAREST K. — On no account send me your Keller. I never borrow maps, and I wish I could say I never lent them. I have lent my Keller to somebody or other, and I shall never see it again. My one consolation is that Williams and Norgate tell me the map is quite obsolete, and that there are three new ones on the same scale, all better.

We talk of going abroad for three weeks, but I sometimes have doubts whether we shall manage it; what to do with the three children is too embarrassing. Else I have a positive thirst to see the Alps again, and two or three things I have in hand which I cannot finish till I have again breathed and smelt Swiss air. I shall be baffled, I daresay, as one con-

tinually is in so much, but I remember Goethe, "Homer and Polygnotus daily teach me more and more that our life is a Hell, through which one must struggle as one best can."

This is gloomy, but your letter, my dearest K., made me a little gloomy. . . . How I wish that while William is necessarily much engaged and away from home you could come to us for one little fortnight or three weeks. Is it quite impossible? Now that we have ample room in this house on the beautiful Thames bank, the only *riant* part of England, we could and would but too gladly take in William too, if he could come with you; but he is a restless creature and would not stay if he came. It would be such a deep pleasure to Flu as well as to me if you would come; such a boon too if you could come now, for I shall be away from here for two or three days in the week after next, and the week after that. We have this house till the 1st of June certain. Do think of it.

The day I read your letter I said to Budge¹ as I was dressing for dinner, "Budge, you must go and see your Aunt Forster." "No," says Budge, "*do* let me 'top with papa." So I turn to Tom, and when I remind him of the Noah's ark, Tom says he will go and stop with you "for two days." Upon which Budge begins to howl, and running up to Tom, who is sitting on the camp bed in my dressing-room, entreats him not to go away from him. "Why not, Budge?" says Tom. "Because I do love you so, Tiddy Tom," says Budge. "Oh," says Tom,

¹ His second son's nickname.

waving his hand with a melancholy air, "this is *false*, Budge, this is all *false!*" You should have seen the sweet little melancholy face of the rogue as he said this.

Diddy¹ gets very pretty, but he is fretful. Do come and see him, and love always your most affectionate brother,
M. A.

Love to William. Tell him to think of me between twelve and five on Tuesday, when the voting for the Poetry Chair² will be going on. It is impossible to be sure how it will go.

To the Same.

21 WATERLOO CRESCENT, DOVER,

July 25, 1857.

MY DEAREST K. — We are expecting the Judge, Lady Wightman, and Georgina to-day to stay till Monday. How delightful this place is it is vain to say to the barbarous inhabitants of the north.

Flu and I hope to start on Tuesday week, the 4th of August. We go by Paris and Basle to Lucerne, then by the Titlis (for Obermann's sake) and Grimsel to Zermatt, where we meet Wyndham Slade and some of his family, then in company with them to Vevay and Geneva, and home by France. What are *you* going to do? Tell me soon and exactly — how long you mean to be out, and how much money

¹ His third son, Richard Penrose, born November 14, 1855.

² He was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, May 5, 1857, defeating the Rev. J. E. Bode. His Inaugural Lecture, "On the Modern Element in Literature," was delivered in the following term, and eventually published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1869.

to spend. What are the Croppers,¹ that unwriting couple, going to do? Do tell me this. I am well in the middle of my *Merope*, and please myself pretty well, though between indolence and nervousness I am a bad worker. What I learn in studying Sophocles for my present purpose is, or seems to me, wonderful; so far exceeding all that one would learn in years' reading of him without such a purpose. And what a man! What works! I must read *Merope* to you. I think and hope it will have what Buddha called the "character of *Fixity*, that true sign of the Law." I send you a rough draft of a testimonial I mean to give to Temple for Rugby.² Return it to me telling me how you like it. I have not yet sent it. He is the *one* man who *may* do something of the same work papa did. God bless you. Our united affectionate love to you prospectively for your birthday. Love to William. —
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

LONDON, Sunday, January 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You wished to see everything about *Merope*,³ so I send you these. They have lost no time in opening cry. The *Athenæum* is a choice specimen of style, and the *Spectator* of argumentation. The *Saturday Review* is not otherwise to be complained of than so far as it is

¹ His sister Susanna was married to J. W. Cropper of Dingle Bank, Liverpool.

² Dr. Temple, Head Master of Rugby, 1858; Bishop of Exeter, 1869; of London, 1885.

³ *Merope, a Tragedy*, 1858.

deadly prosy. I am very anxious to see what Lewes¹ says about *Merope*, as I have a very high opinion of his literary judgment, but the *Leader* is silent this week. It is singular what irritation the dispute between classicism and romanticism seems always to call forth; but I remember Voltaire's lamentation that the "literæ humanæ," humane letters, should be so desperately inhuman, and am determined in print to be always scrupulously polite. The bane of English reviewing and newspaper writing is, and has always been, its *grossièreté*. — Ever your affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

January 18, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send you to-day two or three newspapers, none of them exactly favourable, but which you will perhaps like to see. In spite of the aversion of people to the unfamiliar stranger introduced to them, her appearance evidently makes them think and turn themselves about it; and this will do them good, while their disinclination will do me no harm, as their curiosity will make them buy *Merope*, and I have no intention of producing, like Euripides, seventy dramas in this style, but shall now turn to something wholly different.

To Miss Arnold.

February 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST FAN — If you knew what a pleasure it was to me to hear from you, you would write

¹ G. H. Lewes, Literary Editor of *The Leader*.

oftener. I have but little time this evening, for I have been at work all day on my General Report, and it is now just past time. With respect to your question: there is a *Rhyming Dictionary*, and there is a book called a *Guide to English Verse Competition*, published, I believe, by Smith and Elder; but all this is sad lumber, and the young lady had much better content herself with imitating the metres she finds most attract her in the poetry she reads. Nobody, I imagine, ever began to good purpose in any other way. But what a prospect for a girl to cultivate a poetical gift now!

X
The *Leader* was very gratifying. A great many letters I have not sent you, and indeed it rather goes against the grain with me to send you newspapers, I am so dead sick of criticism. Had it been one of my earlier volumes, I should have sent you a multitude of letters, but with this I soon got tired, seeing it was not going to take as I wished. Instead of reading it for what it is worth, everybody begins to consider whether it does not betray a design to substitute tragedies *à la Grecque* for every other kind of poetical composition in England, and falls into an attitude of violent resistance to such an imaginary design. What I meant them was to see in it a specimen of the world created by the Greek imagination. This imagination was different from our own, and it is hard for us to appreciate, even to understand it; but it had a peculiar power, grandeur, and dignity, and these are worth trying to get an apprehension of. But the British public prefer, like all obstinate multi-

tudes, to "die in their sins," and I have no intention to keep preaching in the wilderness.

The book sells well, but it must be remembered that a good many people read it from curiosity. Temple writes me word that "he has read it with astonishment at its goodness."

What a delightful letter from dear old Mary,¹ and how happily she seems to be settled! I liked so much her words "the red glow over the forest hills." I know them so well, and that glow too, and admire them and it so much. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Madame du Quaire, née Blackett.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 9, 1858.

MY DEAR FANNY — I hope by this time you have *Merope*. I got Drummond Wolff to undertake the transmission of her. I am anxious to explain to you that you are not the least bound to like her, as she is calculated rather to inaugurate my Professorship with dignity than to move deeply the present race of *humans*. No one is more sensible of this than I am, only I have such a real love for this form and this old Greek world that perhaps I infuse a little soul into my dealings with them which saves me from being entirely *ennuyeux*, professorial, and pedantic; still you will not find in *Merope* what you wish to find, and I excuse you beforehand for wishing to find something different, and being a little dissatisfied with me; and I

¹ His second sister, married to the Rev. J. S. Hiley.

promise you, too, to give you a better satisfaction some day, if I live.

I often think of poor dear Johnny¹ and the pleasure that he would have taken in *Merope*, he having much the same special fondness for this sort of thing that I have. Make Browning look at it, if he is at Florence; one of the very best antique fragments I know is a fragment of a *Hippolytus* by him. As to his wife, I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health, nature, beauty, and truth.

The poem is a great deal reviewed here, very civilly, but very expostulatingly.

I dined at Lord Granville's on Sunday, and found all the Ministerial people saying, "What a stormy time we shall have!" The Duke of Argyll said with a sublime virtue that we were not to shrink from doing what was right because other people did and said what was wrong. There is no doubt that between India and the "French Colonels' Bill,"² as their enemies call it, the Government are in a critical situation. It is said that Lord Derby is both willing and eager to come in. Bright has appeared with a strong manifesto about Reform, written with great spirit; but, in the first place, no one cares as yet about the Reform question; in the second place, every one agrees that Bright could not be active in the House for a week without breaking down again.

¹ Her brother, John F. B. Blackett, M.P. (see p. 14).

² Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, occasioned by Orsini's attack on the Emperor Napoleon.

When shall we all meet? We have taken a house in Chester Square. It is a very small one, but it will be something to unpack one's portmantau for the first time since I was married, now nearly seven years ago. Write still to the Privy Council Office, and believe me always affectionately yours,

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

MARTIGNY, August 6, 1858.

MY DEAREST K. — Here is a pouring wet day, to give me an opportunity of paying my long-standing debt to you. I have never thanked you for sending me Kingsley's¹ remarks on my poems, which you rightly judged I should like to hear. They reached me when I was worried with an accumulation of all sorts of business, and I kept putting off and putting off writing to thank you for them; at last, when I had fairly made up my mind to write, I heard you were gone to Holland. What on earth did you go to do there?

Kingsley's remarks were very *handsome*, especially coming from a brother in the craft. I should like to send you a letter which I had from Froude about *Merope*, just at the same time that your record of Kingsley's criticisms reached me. If I can find it when I return to England I will send it to you. It was to beg me to discontinue the *Merope* line, but entered into very interesting developments, as the French say, in doing so. Indeed, if the opinion of the general public about

¹ Author of *The Saint's Tragedy* and other poems.

my poems were the same as that of the leading literary men, I should make more money by them than I do. But, more than this, I should gain the stimulus necessary to enable me to produce my best — all that I have in me, whatever that may be, — to produce which is no light matter with an existence so hampered as mine is. People do not understand what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good*, to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces, but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labour, but an actual tearing of oneself to pieces, which one does not readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry. Wordsworth could give his whole life to it, Shelley and Byron both could, and were besides driven by their demon to do so. Tennyson, a far inferior natural power to either of the three, can; but of the moderns Goethe is the only one, I think, of those who have had an *existence assujettie*, who has thrown himself with a great result into poetry. And even he felt what I say, for he could, no doubt, have done more, *poetically*, had he been freer; but it is not so light a matter, when you have other grave claims on your powers, to submit voluntarily to the exhaustion of the best poetical production in a time like this. Goethe speaks somewhere of the endless matters

on which he had employed himself, and says that with the labour he had given to them he might have produced half a dozen more good tragedies; but to produce these, he says, I must have been *sehr zerrissen*. It is only in the best poetical epochs (such as the Elizabethan) that you can descend into yourself and produce the best of your thought and feeling naturally, and without an overwhelming and in some degree morbid effort; for then all the people around you are more or less doing the same thing. It is natural, it is the bent of the time to do it; its being the bent of the time, indeed, is what makes the time a *poetical* one. But enough of this.

It is nearly a fortnight since Walrond and I started, and in ten days I hope to be at home again. They will have kept you more or less informed from Fox How, I daresay, of our travelling proceedings. We have hitherto done just what we intended: Geneva, Bex and the Diablerets, Zermatt, and the Grand St. Bernard. The fates are against us to-day for the first time, for at this moment we ought to be on the Col de Balme, and we are here kept to the house by good heavy Westmorland rain. It will be curious if I again miss Chamouni, which I have missed so often; but we are resolutely staying over the day here, not to miss it if the weather will give us a chance. If it rains to-morrow, however, we shall go on to Geneva. I am glad to have been here again, and Walrond has admirable qualities for a travelling companion; but I have found two things: one, that

I am not sure but I have begun to feel with papa about the time lost of mere mountain and lake hunting (though every one should see the Alps once to know what they are), and to desire to bestow my travelling solely on eventful countries and cities; the other that I miss Flu as a travelling companion more than I could have believed possible, and will certainly never travel again for *mere pleasure* without her. To go to Rome or Greece would not be travelling for mere pleasure, I consider; but to Rome I would not easily go without her. I shall conclude with one anecdote of dear old Budge. Just before we left Dover, the Judge, who was staying with us, took us all in a carriage to St. Radigund's Abbey, a beautiful ruin near Dover. We entered the precinct, and there were the beautiful ruins, and capitals and fragments of arches lying about the grass, as you see them at such places. We all said how beautiful, etc., etc.; but Budge, surveying the litter with the greatest contempt, exclaimed at last these words — "What a nasty, *beastly* place this is!" You have no notion what a comic effect the child and his speech produced.

God bless you, my dear old K. Suppose you write me a line to reach me at the *Hotel Windsor, Paris*, on or before this day week; if not that, write to me soon at Fox How. My love to William. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife.

VEVEY, August 28, 1858.

I shall go back to where I left off in my last letter. We were just going to dine at Philippe's. We walked there. It is too far—in the Rue Montorgueil. When you are there the rooms are low and small. The dinner very good certainly, but not perceptibly better than the dinner you get at the Trois Freres. I should say it was a better place to give a party in than to come into and have a chance dinner. We then strolled on the Boulevard, had ice at one café and coffee at another, then back to our hotel, where young Grenfell left us, charmed with his day, poor fellow, as he is tied for some weeks to a French tutor, and never sees a *compatriote*. Next morning we were up not quite so early as we should be, and only just caught the train at a quarter to eight. You remember you and I nearly missed on our first tour the eleven o'clock train at the same station, that for Lyons, which is a long way off. We were just in time, however, getting into the *salle d'attente* just as the doors were opened to let the people out. We managed very well, Walrond settling with the drivers while I got the tickets. I thought of you as we passed out into the open valley of the Seine, and shot away towards Fontainebleau. How new that line and country were to both of us, and how we looked out of the window for every place to be seen on both sides of the road! Seen a second time, the Lyons line is a dull one; I am glad to have seen it

once more, however, and now, I think, if ever I pass by it again, it shall be at night. We had for companions a shaky old Englishman with a peevish wife, and a Genevese and his wife, very pleasant people, with whom we talked a great deal. It came out at the very end of the day that she was a granddaughter of old Mrs. Marcet,¹ and connected with all the Romilly set. At Tonnerre we had a very good breakfast, which was lucky, as the train was a little behind time, and the stoppages at all the other places came to little or nothing. At Dijon we just found time to telegraph to the Ecu at Geneva for beds. The days are bright, but cold, with occasional showers, and as there had been much rain the night before, we had no dust. The train was by no means crowded, and better travelling I have never known. At Macon at 5 P.M. we unhooked from the Lyons train (in 1851 you and I passed Macon by steamboat, the line being then only finished to Chalon) and started on the new line to Geneva. We got a mouthful to eat at Macon, but, as I have told you, the stopping time was taken away. From Macon, leaving the Seine, you go along the valley of the Veyle through a dead flat, richly green, and wooded country to Bourg. Behind us the sun was setting beautifully over the Charolais mountains, the outliers of the Cevennes, but in front storm-cloud and rain and a rainbow were over the Jura. We dropped one Genevese friend at Bourg, the capital of the depart-

¹ Jane Marcet (1769-1858), writer on Political Economy. Her daughter Sophia was married to Edward Romilly, M.P.

ment of the Ain, and went on alone with our two English to the passage of the Ain and Amberieux, where the line enters the Jura. It was now past seven, at which time it is nearly dark here, and the rain began. This was provoking, so I went to sleep. I woke up occasionally to hear the rain pattering and to see black obscure ridges close to the carriage window. These were the defiles of the Jura, but the immediate sides of the defiles we went through did not seem so high. Finally, it cleared up as we approached Geneva; at eleven the moon *came* out, and we saw the tall white houses, with their lights, scattered about the valley of the Rhône, and the high line of the Jura in the distance, beautifully soft and clear. We drove straight to the Ecu, found they had kept very good rooms for us, looking right over the Rhône. We had tea. I sat for a little while by my open window, and then went to bed. Next morning we were up at seven—a beautiful morning,—and there was the exquisite lake before us, with the Rhône issuing out of it, and the sun on the rocky summits of the Jura—all that one thinks of so often when one cannot see them with one's eyes. After breakfast we strolled about the town, and by the lake. I bought a map of Savoy, and we went to see the model of Mont Blanc; then we took a *calèche* about twelve and drove to Ferney. We did not drive by the great public road to Gex, but kept along a little winding cross road shaded over with trees, all among the country houses of the Genevese. We stopped at a *campagne*, where the driver

told us the gardener had permission to sell the fruit, and bought all the peaches and figs we could carry for a fabulously small price, then drove on up a little hill to the Petit Saconnex, a small village, and there, on looking back, was Mont Blanc in all his glory, with a few clouds playing about the middle of him, but his head and all his long line of Aiguilles cutting the blue sky sharp and bright, without a speck of mist. Then on to Ferney, where the terrace has the most beautiful view possible.

On Sunday morning—more is left of Voltaire than I expected, but I cannot describe Ferney here. We drove slowly back to Geneva, with Mont Blanc before us all the way—went and bathed in the lake—delightful—then back to the five o'clock *table d'hôte*. After dinner we drove again to the Petit Saconnex to see the sun set over Mont Blanc. We were a little too late, but what we saw was very impressive. Then we drove to the junction of the Rhône and the Arve, which we reached to see just by twilight; then back to Geneva to have our coffee at the Café du Nord, and to walk about the quays till bedtime. Yesterday morning we left Geneva by the 9 A.M. boat. We would not leave this lake so soon, so we put in here for Sunday. One of the things I most long for is to come here with you. It seems absurd to tell you, now I have come without you, how I long for you, but so it is. I have not yet once, for a moment, felt as I generally feel abroad; for the first time in my life I feel willing to go back at any moment, and

do not mind what happens to shorten the journey. I must just finish my journey. We got here about half-past one yesterday; got rooms high up, but looking over the lake; had luncheon, and started immediately for Meillerie. As we neared the opposite side we undressed, jumped out of the boat, and swam to the famous rocks. It blew uncomfortably as we came back. Walrond rowed all the way there and back to quicken the boat. We dined at the eight o'clock *table d'hôte*—pretty good, but this hotel is too crowded. We are now going to walk about Clarens, Montreux, etc., then to dine at the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, and after dinner to Bex. To-morrow, I hope, over the Diablerets. I shall find a letter from you at Zermatt, I hope and trust. I thought of you yesterday on your journey to Fox How. Love to all there.

To the Same.

HOTEL DU MONT CERVIN,
September 1, 1858.

Here I am at last, but without you, alas! I have got your letter, and am more vexed than I can say at your having had no letter from me last Thursday. By this time you will have found that I wrote it and posted it on Wednesday, as I promised. Now I shall continue my account of myself. After writing to you on Sunday, Walrond and I set off to walk to the Chateau de Blonay, an old castellated house standing among those exquisite hills of park and lawn which are interposed between the high mountains and Vevey, and which

make Vevey so soft and beautiful. The family were at dinner, so we could not go in, but we walked about the terraces and into the village church, with beautiful views of the Lake of Geneva, and got back to Vevey just in time for the five o'clock *table d'hôte*. The dinner was very good, but at six Walrond and I had to leave it to get to the steamboat, which departed, as at Villeneuve, just as it got dark. The evening was rather heavy and overcast, but Clarens and Montreux still looked beautiful as we passed them. I walked up and down on the pier at Villeneuve till the train started for Bex — ten miles. The railroad is just open. We got to the Hotel de l'Union at Bex about half-past nine; it is a dirty place, though Murray calls it good. We engaged a guide to take us over the Diablerets next day, had some tea, and went to bed. Walrond complained of insects, but I saw none. However, I was on a different storèy from him. I slept badly, the bed being uncomfortably short for me; but at six o'clock I was up, and at half-past seven we had started with our guide, the Dent de Morcles glittering in front of us, and Bex and its trees in shade. The pass of the Diablerets is not much travelled. It cuts off a great corner from Bex to Sion, but it is long — the ascent easy enough, but the descent on the Sion side steep in parts and very stony. The Diablerets and his glaciers are very fine, and the long descent towards the Vallais, along the valley of the Liserne, with hundreds of feet of precipice above and below for two or three miles, is very fine too. At a little

chapel, dedicated to St. Bernard, you make a sudden turn, and the Vallais lies all before you, and in the middle of it Sion, with its hills and castles. We stopped at one or two little places for bread, milk, and country wine, but we made the day's journey in less time than Murray allots to it, even with good walking. Walrond walks fast — too fast for my taste, for I like to look about me more — and stops very little.

We got to Sion about a quarter past five, and went to the Lion d'Or, an immense stony old house in the somewhat gloomy but picturesque old town, the capital of the Vallais. We ought to have gone to the Poste which Murray recommended, not to the Lion d'Or; however, there we went. We went and had a bath at the hospital, and dined about seven. At half-past eight arrived the diligence from Bex, which ought to have brought our bags. . . . Walrond went to the diligence office, and there were no bags come. We had walked all day, and had nothing but the things we wore; however, there was no help for it. Eleven we went to bed, having adjoining rooms. I slept for an hour or two, when I woke feeling myself attacked; I had taken the precaution to get some matches from the waiter, not liking the aspect of the bedrooms. I found my enemy and despatched him, but kept the candle lighted. I slept pretty well for the rest of the night, but the Lion d'Or is a filthy hole; it makes me feel sick to think of it. The next morning Walrond was out at seven, and bought a comb, soap, and toothbrushes, so we made a decent

toilette; and at eight, as we finished breakfast, the right diligence arrived from Bex with our things. With this diligence we went on, up the Vallais, to Viss. There we arrived about two in the afternoon, and went into the inn, the Solect, for luncheon. I took up the strangers' book, and there was Edward's name.

To the Same.

HOTEL DU GRAND ST. BERNARD,

September 4, 1858.

I wrote to you from Zermatt. When I had finished my letter Walrond and I started for the Riffel. It is a long climb of more than two hours, and after our four hours' walk from St. Nicholas in the morning I felt the climb a good pull. We rested at the hotel on the Riffel, which we both thought an uninviting, dreary place; ate some bread and drank some Swiss wine there, and talked to the travellers who were preparing to go up Monte Rosa next morning, and then climbed up the ridge of the mountain on whose slopes the hotel is perched to the Gorner Grat, by which time we had both of us, I think, had climbing enough for one day. We got up just as the sun set, and saw lying magnificently close before us, separated only by a broad river of glacier, Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Jumeaux, the Breithorn, and the St. Théodule, while to the right of them the extraordinary peak of the Matterhorn, too steep for much snow to rest upon, ran up all by itself into the sky. We came down slowly, for it was

difficult to leave the mountains while there was any light upon them. We got back to Zermatt about a quarter past seven, got tubs of warm water, as we nearly always manage to do, washed and dressed, and dined in great comfort, the Lingens sitting by us. There were a good many people in the inn, several of them great Alpine climbers, such as Hinchcliff, who has written about the high passes. Davies¹ was there, too, the clergyman with a beard, who has been up the Finster Aarhorn. He came and talked to me a long time, reminding me that he had met you and me at the Cromptons'; he made himself very agreeable. We made acquaintance also with Sergeant Deasy,² the member for Cork, who was there, and William Cowper,³ too, who was there with his wife, came and talked to me. We had thought of going up the Cima di Jazzi, but as to do this it would be necessary to go up the Riffel again, and to sleep at the very unpromising inn there, we decided to go straight over the St. Théodule. The Lingens were going too, and they started with Sergeant Deasy at five the next morning. We were rather tired, and had, besides, all our arrangements to make about guides and porters, and did not get off till twenty minutes past seven. It was a fine morning, but the clouds were low; we had two capital guides. We all went fast, and got on the snow in about three hours after leaving Zermatt, I having first passed round my pot of cold cream, which I must tell you

¹ The Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies.

² Afterwards Lord Justice Deasy.

³ Afterwards Lord Mount-Temple.

is becoming celebrated in Switzerland for the good it has done. We all had veils, too, and as the sun was a good deal clouded, we did not feel the glare of the snow much. It is a curious and interesting thing to go once over a great snow pass; the St. Théodule is a very easy one, and I cannot tell you how I wished for you. It is a walk of two or three hours over not very steeply inclined plains of snow; you go in Indian file, in a track of steps made by your predecessors in the snow. Very occasionally you come to a small crevasse, across which you generally find a plank laid, where the guides make a good deal of fuss, and you have to go carefully; but there is really not the least danger. The view down into the crevasses is sometimes very fine, with no bottom to be reached by the eye, and beautiful green lights playing about the broken walls of ice. There is a hut on the top of the pass (11,185 feet above the sea — the greatest height I have ever been), where two women live in the summer, and sell wine, bread, *kirschwasser*, etc., to the passers. We caught the Lingers up at the hut, and, climbing to a little peak just above, tried to see what we could through the driving mist. High up in the sky it cleared occasionally, and we had glimpses of the top of the Matterhorn, the top of Monte Rosa, the top of the Breithorn, but their trunks were all in mist. We had some hot wine, and set off down the pass on the Italian side. The snow stretches much less way on this side than on that of Switzerland, but all the way down to Breuil, a little hamlet at the

immediate foot of the mountain, there is nothing Italian in the vegetation or the mountain forms. Walrond and I got down at a great pace, and reached the new inn at Breuil at a quarter past two. The Lingens came about half an hour after, and found us drinking beer. One of the effects of Alpine walking is to produce an insatiable thirst. Mrs. Lingen crossed in a *chaise à porteur*. Lingen rode up to where the snow began. We were obliged to stop at Breuil, as the next sleeping-place, Chatillon (you and I passed it together that night from Aosta to Ivrea), was six hours off. So after settling with the Lingens to dine at seven, Walrond and I started to look for some lakes marked in my map as being on a mountain near. We had a long business looking for them. When we at last found them they were mere snow-water lakes, dirty, and not worth looking at, but in scrambling about we had found a number of perfectly bright little streams worthy of Westmorland—water such as my eye so often longs in vain for in this country,—and their banks covered with the giant gentian and the Alpine rhododendron, the latter with a few red blossoms still here and there upon him. We got back just before seven, after a hard day. The dinner was bad, but the evening was pleasant enough—ourselves, the Lingens, Sergeant Deasy, and a young Irish barrister, a friend of his. Next morning Walrond and I were off before seven to descend the Val Tournanche to Chatillon. At the village of Val Tournanche, two hours down the valley, is the Sardinian Passport station, and as

the rising made a delay, we struck up to a little lake of clear water we heard of a little way off among the hills, and had a charming bathe. When we got back to the village the Lingens caught us up, and we went on together to Chatillon. There we got into the Val d'Aosta, and, as you may remember, that is Italy indeed. We had some fruit and wine at Chatillon, and there we parted with Sergeant Deasy and the Lingens, and we went on together in a carriage to the Aosta, three hours off. We got to Aosta just at sunset—a fine evening, but not such weather as you and I had. We passed the dirty Couronne, where you were alarmed by the great spider, and drove through the town to a new hotel outside it, on the Courmayeur side, kept by an old Chamouni guide, the Hotel du Mont Blanc. There at half-past seven we dined. We fell in with old Mr. Campbell, who has the church in Westbourne Terrace, and his daughters. We had a capital dinner, and the hotel excellent. Here I must stop for the present and post this. I will go on from Chamouni, where we are going over the Col de Balme to-morrow.

My face is now set steadily homewards, Chamouni, Geneva, Dijon, Paris, London, Fox How. Kiss my darling little boys for me. M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

LONDON, *November 4, 1858.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I have thought a good deal of Fox How to-day. I have not yet got over the profound disgust which the first loss of the country

creates in me at my return to London, and with the prospect of tramping on stone pavements for nine months to come. I was at Hammersmith to-day, and even there the fog was less, and the blue sky visible in breaks, and the trees had still some leaves upon them, and the enclosures showed a sort of tendency to become fields, though of a blackish and miserable kind. I inspected a little school at Hammersmith, lunched at a hideous square red-brick barrack, which a great auctioneer has just built and furnished at an immense expense in a brickfield, to serve him for a country retreat, and came back to London through Shepherd's Bush and Bayswater, in bright sunshine, which duly dwindled away as I approached the Marble Arch, and disappeared in impenetrable fog as I reached Belgravia. There I found little Tom, much better, preparing to go with Flu in the carriage to Howell and James; and Budge and Baby I despatched to Hyde Park with the nurses, to breathe a somewhat lighter atmosphere than that of Chester Square. The rogues are both wonderfully well, however, and Baby looking so splendid that a lady stopped her carriage in Lowndes Square yesterday, got out of it, and accosted Charlotte to know who he was. Our house is delightful inside, and very pleasant to return to, though at present I cannot quite forgive it for not being twenty miles out of London. My books will come about the 14th of this month. I have a great bookcase put up for them in the study; I have also hung there what pictures I have — a little gallery you have not yet seen. At Col-

naghi's yesterday I got a print of papa (as Jane declares I gave her mine, which I doubt), which Colnaghi is to frame; it will hang by itself in the dining-room over the mantelpiece.

Do look if you can find at Fox How two volumes of Michelet's *Histoire de France* of mine (8vo in paper), and one volume of Warton's *History of Poetry*, also a parcel of about 100 or 150 leaves of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise*. They have not turned up at the unpacking, and I hope and trust they are at Fox How. Pray relieve my mind about them soon.

X Flu will have told you that I heard Bright to perfection.¹ The company was dismally obscure, the dinner abominably bad, the speaking, all but his, unutterably wearisome; but his speech made amends. He is an orator of almost the highest rank — voice and manner excellent; perhaps not quite flow enough — not that he halts or stammers, but I like to have sometimes more of a *rush* than he ever gives you. He is a far better speaker than Gladstone. . . . If you have not read Montalembert's article on India and the Indian Debate of this last spring in the House of Commons, you should try and get it. It is in a French periodical, *Le Correspondant*. The periodical has been suppressed in France, and I know not what vengeance taken on author and editor. I am sorry mamma's finger is not yet well. One should be a baby to heal fast. My love to her, and believe me always your affectionate brother,

M. A.

¹ At a public dinner at Birmingham, October 29, 1858.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *January 18, 1859.*

The night before I got your letter I heard from Stephen, the Secretary to the Education Commission, asking me to call upon him, and I saw him yesterday. He proposed to me to go as the Foreign Assistant Commissioner of the Commission to France and the French-speaking countries — Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont — to report on the systems of elementary education there. There are to be two Foreign A. Cs., one for France, one for Germany. I cannot tell you how much I like the errand, and above all, to have the French district.

To Mrs. Forster.

January 21, 1859.

MY DEAREST K. — Tell my dearest mother I have written so little of late because I am overwhelmed with grammar papers to be looked over, and not choosing as I grow older, and my time shortens, to give up my own work entirely for any routine business, I have a hard time of it just at present. When I have finished these papers I have a General Report and a Training School Report to get out of hand, the inspection of schools going on alongside of this all the while, so at the beginning of next month, when my office work is again reduced to inspecting, I shall feel myself quite a free man.

I thought Bright's speech¹ read as well as any

¹ At Glasgow, on Parliamentary Reform; December 21, 1858.

but his Birmingham speeches. What a good speaker he is! I am so glad they heard him. You see the *Times*, after hanging poised for a day or two, at last rolls its waves decidedly against Bright's scheme. You hear everybody saying that it is unfair to the Counties, but I don't think there is much in that. The real cause for alarm is in the prospect of the people the great towns would return.

I must stop. You can't think how nicely the two boys go on with Mrs. Querini, their governess. From my little study I can hear all that passes. She said to Budge this morning, "Who do you love best of anybody in the world?" "Nobody at all," says Budge. "Yes," says Mrs. Querini, "you love your papa and mamma." "Well," says Budge. "But," goes on Mrs. Querini, "you are to love God more than any one, more even than your papa and mamma." "No, I shan't," says Budge. Jolly little heathen. My love to all. — I am ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

LONDON, February 16, 1859.

I thought of starting next Monday week, but I shall hardly be ready by that time, besides, I think of being presented at the *levée* on 2nd March, in order to be capable of going to Courts abroad, if necessary. I like the thoughts of the Mission more and more. You know that I have no special interest in the subject of public education, but a mission like this appeals even to the general interest which

every educated man cannot help feeling in such a subject. I shall for five months get free from the routine work of it, of which I sometimes get very sick, and be dealing with its history and principles. Then foreign life is still to me perfectly delightful, and *liberating* in the highest degree, although I get more and more satisfied to live generally in England, and convinced that I shall work best in the long-run by living in the country which is my own. But when I think of the borders of the Lake of Geneva in May, and the narcissuses, and the lilies, I can hardly sit still.

I shall try and give one lecture at Oxford before I go, on the Troubadours. I know pretty much what I want to say, but am doubtful whether I can put it together in time. But I can work harder than I did of old, though still very far from hard, as great workers count hardness. I think we shall be back in England early in August, spend that month at Dover, and then, I hope and trust, come north in September.

To his Mother.

PARIS, April 14, 1859.

What can one do, my dearest mother, except bow one's head and be silent? My poor dear Willy!¹ If he had but known of my being here and had telegraphed to me from Malta, I might

¹ His brother, William Delafield Arnold, Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab, commemorated in "Stanzas from Carnac" and "A Southern Night," died at Gibraltar, on his return from India, April 9, 1859.

have reached him at Gibraltar in time. And no one else could. I like to imagine, even now that it is so entirely vain, the arriving at Gibraltar, the standing by his bedside, the taking his poor hand — I, whom he would hardly perhaps have expected to see there — I, of whom he thought so far more than I deserved, and who showed him, poor boy, so far less tenderness than *he* deserved. How strange it seems that he should have overlived his first terrible illness when his wife was alive to nurse him and he had but one child to suffer by his loss, to die now alone, with only a chance acquaintance to attend him, and leaving those four poor little orphans, to whom no tenderness can ever quite replace a father and a mother. And then that he should have overlived the misery of his poor wife's death to struggle through a year's loneliness, and then to die too. Poor Fanny! she at Dhurmsala, and he by the Rock of Gibraltar. God bless you. What I *can* be to you, and to all of them, I will be. — Yours ever, M. A.

To his Wife.

PARIS, April 28, 1859.

I quite counted on another line from you to-day to tell me of your safe arrival in London. The post has only just come in, everything on the line of railway being disorganised by the passage of the troops, but there is nothing for me. Now I cannot hear to-morrow, for you will think I am gone away from here, and not know where to write to me. But I do not go to Brittany till Saturday.

morning, as my letter for the *Préfets* will not be ready till the middle of the day to-morrow.

I have seen Guizot, Dumont, a number of the officials at the *Ministère de l'Instruction Publique*, and the *Pere Etienne*, the Superior General of the Female Religious Orders in France. This last is a most interesting man, one of the most striking persons I have seen here, but more of him hereafter. I finished my round by calling on the *Duc de Broglie*, but he was out. Now I am going to call on *Madame de Staël*, and then coming back to meet *Wyndham Slade*, that we may dine together.

Guizot told me the great news, which I suppose you all know to-day in England, but which has been kept out of the papers here — that Austria had accepted the English mediation and that France had refused it; so in a few days the cannon will begin to roar. The moment is certainly most interesting and agitating. There is not much enthusiasm here, but a great deal of excitement at the perpetual sight of troops marching past. All this grand military spectacle so animates and interests the French. Miles of infantry have just gone past to the Lyons station, all in heavy marching order, with their drinking cups round their necks, their round loaves of brown bread fastened to their knapsacks, and their tent-poles stuck through a strap on their backs. How I wish for you all and my darling boys!

I had a pleasant dinner at *Lady Elgin's* last night. I sat between *Lady Frances Baillie* and *Miss Farquhar*. She had an enthusiasm about *Fox How* and my father. I walked home with *Baillie* — he and

his wife charming people. You shall see them when you come back here. The Nuncio's letters to the bishops and archbishops have come, and I am now only waiting for M. Roulards'.

If you can write by to-morrow's post, write to me at the Poste Restante, Nantes.

I hope to return on Saturday night week. God bless you. M. A.

To the Same.

HÔTEL MEURICE, PARIS,
Sunday, May 8, 1859.

Now I must tell you something of my history. If I allowed myself, I should fill the letter with talk of your joining me. I had a misgiving that you would not get my Quimper letter in a hurry, but it was only on Thursday, the day I wrote, that your letter reached me, and I have a particular dislike to writing in the dark when I know a letter is on its road to me. I am glad to be out of Brittany, as the dirt and the badness of the food had begun to make me feverish and unwell. I am rejoiced you were not with me there, though I am glad to have seen the country. Nearly all Thursday I passed with the Quimper Inspector, and on Friday morning at half-past five I started by diligence for Auray, in the Morbihan. My bill at the Hotel de l'Epée for three days and nights was 17 francs 50 centimes. Think of that! and all my expenditure in Brittany was in the same proportion.

Brittany is a country of low hills, *landes* covered with furze and broom, and small orchards and meadows with high banks dividing them, on which banks

grow pollard oaks. The whole effect is of a densely enclosed, wooded country, though the extent of *landes* is very considerable.

I left the diligence at Auray at half-past four in the afternoon, after a sitting of eleven hours, and immediately ordered a conveyance for Carnac, about ten miles off on the sea-shore. The great Druidical monument is there, and I stopped at Auray on purpose to see it. It is a very wild country — broom and furze, broom and furze everywhere — and a few patches of pine forest. The sea runs into the land everywhere, and beautiful church towers rise on all sides of you, for this is a land of churches. The stones of Carnac are very singular, but the chapel of St. Michel, on a hill between the stones and the village of Carnac, I liked better still; the view over the stones and the strange country of Morbihan (the little sea), on the spur of Carnac by the sea, and beyond the bay and peninsula of Quiberon, where the emigrants landed, and beyond that the Atlantic. All this at between six and seven on a perfectly still, cloudless evening in May, with the sea like glass, and the solitude all round entire. I got back to Auray at eight. It was to Auray that the emigrants after their surrender were taken and shot in the market place, on which my inn, the Pavillon d'en Haut, looks out. My dinner was soup, Carnac oysters, shrimps, *fricandeau* of veal, breast of veal, asparagus, etc.; cider was the drink. This looks well, but everything was so detestable that my dinner was, in fact, made on bread and cheese. To get to my room I had to

tread a labyrinth of dirty passages, and my room smelt like a stable. However, I did not try the room long, for at half-past one I was called, and at half-past two blundered in the dark through the passages and the courtyard to the Diligence Office, and took my place for Rennes. Again I got the *coupé*, and again a corner; but I am very sick of diligences, the distances seem so long in them. By this journey to Rennes I have pretty well seen Brittany, all except the northern line of St. Malo, Dinan, and Brest. We passed through Meyerbeer's Ploërmel, and there I got an interesting companion, in a *chef de bataillon* of the 7th Infantry, whose regiment had been in garrison at Brest, and was on its way to Paris for Italy. His *bataillon* was at Ploërmel, but he got leave to go to Rennes to see his old mother, who is eighty-five. He was a C.B., and wore the decoration, and one of the best possible specimens, I imagine, of a French officer. His regiment was in the Crimea, and nearly every man has the Victoria medal. The country was covered with men on "congénérenouvelable" coming in to join the regiment. My acquaintance's *bataillon* was one thousand strong, and the entire regiment was four *bataillons*. This shows you what a French regiment on its war footing is. He was full of the war, and we talked of it incessantly. He said the army would be as much as any one against a war of conquest such as the first Napoleon's wars, and if Napoleon III. attempts such a thing, he said, "on le renversera." But he had a great enthusiasm for the Italian cause, and this is certainly gaining

ground in France. The reading he had with him was a new book on the *Art of War*, and his spirit and enthusiasm were really interesting, his appearance and manner very good, but I tell you I imagine he was a favourable specimen. When we got to Rennes at four o'clock he was received in the arms of three women and a boy — aunts, cousins, etc. — in the costume of the country, and of the regular peasant class, and embraced all his relations before me without the slightest awkwardness.

The enthusiasm of the French people for the army is remarkable; almost every peasant we passed in the diligence took off his hat to this officer, though you never see them salute a gentleman, as such; but they feel that the army is the proud point of the nation, and that it is made out of themselves. At Rennes I shaved, washed, saw the cathedral and the old Parliament House of Brittany, dined at an infamous *table d'hôte* at the Hotel de France, where I met a pleasant Spaniard, and at seven in the evening was at the station starting for Paris. I was tired and slept well, having just had a good deal of conversation with a French naval officer on his way from Rennes to Cherbourg. The military and naval movement here is immense, but I am convinced that the *nation* in France at present means fairly. What the Emperor means it is harder to tell. But his proclamation was excellent.

I am going to write a few lines to my mother. Let me have one line here on Tuesday. I will write to you also on that day. God bless you. Love to all at Teddington. M. A.

*To his Mother.*PARIS, *May 8, 1859.*

I thought of Willy the other day at Carnac while I looked over the perfectly still and bright Atlantic by Quiberon Bay, and saw the sails passing in the distance where he would have passed had he lived to come home. I could not but think of you in Brittany, with Cranics and Trevenecs all about me, and the peasantry with their expressive, rather mournful faces, long noses, and dark eyes, reminding me perpetually of dear Tom and Uncle Trevenen, and utterly unlike the French. And I had the climate of England, gray skies and cool air, and the gray rock of the north too, and the clear rushing water. One is haunted by the name *Plantagenet* there. The moment one enters Anjou, from which the family came, the broom¹ begins, and Brittany seems all in flower with it, with furze mixed. I had no notion the waste stretches of *landes*, where there is nothing but these plants, heath, and rock, were still so considerable. The enclosed country is very like England, small bright green pastures, separated by high banks, as in Devonshire and Cornwall, full of pollard oaks just coming into leaf. The country from a height looks like a mixture of *landes* and oak forest. But even the field banks are covered with broom. I went to Carnac to see the Druidical stones, which are very solemn and imposing. The sea is close by, with the sickle-shaped peninsula of Quiberon, where the emigrants landed and were beaten by Hoche,

¹ *Planta Genista.*

sweeping out into it. The Breton peasant has still a great deal of his old religious feeling. May is the Mois de Marie, and the sailors, in whom Brittany abounds, pay their thanks particularly in this month. Every evening there is service in the cathedrals and sermon at Quimper (where the cathedral is beautiful). I went in one evening. The service lasts from half-past seven to nine. It is in the nave, which is nearly full, the bishop and clergy in a reserved place in front near the pulpit, then a mixed audience of gentry, peasantry, soldiers, and sailors. There is one great lamp hung in the middle of the nave; no other light except that the image of Marie, which stands on the screen between the choir and the nave, looking towards the people, with really a beautiful expression and attitude, has a branchwork of lights all round it during the service of this month, and below it a perfect conservatory of flowers, all white lilies, white rhododendrons, white azaleas, arums, etc. The preacher was a Jesuit from Paris, and I soon had enough of him. But the Bishop of Quimper, Monseigneur Sergent, to whom I paid a long visit, is a very remarkable person. He is celebrated for his tolerance, and the sagacity and knowledge with which he spoke about the people and their education struck me exceedingly. I pick up a good deal that is very interesting and instructive, and the French ecclesiastics, I must say, are not the least interesting objects among those which I see. In the south I am going to see Lacordaire and Cardinal Miolau, the Archbishop of Toulouse; the latter, the

Papal Nuncio said, was so bigoted a Catholic that he would not give a Protestant a letter to him, but the Superior of the Sœurs has given me one. I am anxious to see him, as Guizot says he is an excellent man, though austere. Of one thing I am convinced more and more — of the profoundly democratic spirit which exists among the lower order, even among the Breton peasants. Not a spirit which will necessarily be turbulent or overthrow the present Government, but a spirit which has irrevocably broken with the past, and which makes the revival of an aristocratic society impossible. The Orleanists, etc., you see and hear plenty of in Paris, especially if you are English, but they go only skin deep into the nation. The Legitimists, not so much as that; they are utterly insignificant. The clergy is very strong, and, on the whole, favourable to the present *régime*.

To his Wife.

PARIS, May 10, 1859.

After I wrote to you on Sunday, I wrote a long letter to my mother. I never thanked you for sending me that most interesting letter of Fan's. Then I went and had a hot bath, which took the ache of this diligence out of my bones. This morning I went early to the Oratoire, to see the head of the Protestant School Agency, then at eleven o'clock to breakfast with the Seniors; they had the Polish General who commanded the Sardinian army in the Novara campaign, and the talk was all about battles. The Pole gives the Sardinian army a bad

name, but to look at him I should say their defeats must have been more owing to the General than the men. It appears certain that Francis Joseph keeps Hess at Vienna because he is jealous of him and has quarrelled; and Gieslay is a mere General d'Antichambre. If this is so, and it looks likely, the Austrians will be well beaten, and well they will deserve it; but it is said here that the French do not at present expect to do more than drive them back upon Verona. Verona, Mantua, etc., are too strong to take. Duvergier d'Hausanne, who was a deputy and minister under Louis Philippe, was also at Senior's, and another Orleanist ex-deputy, Lanjuinais.

After breakfast I came back here. Then Monsieur Magin came to bring me letters of introduction for the south; and then came Theodore Martin, who brought down his wife, "Helen Faucit," and introduced me to her. She is an intellectual-looking person. She gave a reading unexpectedly at a house where she was dining the other night, of which the papers say wonders. Now I must pack up, dine at the *table d'hôte*, and set off for the Orleans station. — Ever yours,

M. A.

To the Same.

BORDEAUX, *Saturday Morning,*
May 14, 1859.

After I wrote to you the day before yesterday, I wrote a long letter to Lord Lansdowne, and that took me till six o'clock — the *table d'hôte* time. I sat by a Frenchman of Martinique, who was very

pleasant. After dinner I strolled along the Quai des Châtions, which extends down the river a long way. The nuisance is one cannot go *on* the river to see the town and environs from it, as steamers are almost wholly wanting. There are two a day, morning and evening, to the mouth of the river, but the Ferry steamers which one has in such abundance at Liverpool are wholly wanting. The stream and tide are so powerful that little row boats are no use. It was a gloomy evening, blowing up with dust for a storm, which broke in rain just as I got into the reading-room, under the Great Theatre. I have not been to the theatre—it is too hot. Yesterday morning I was up at seven—a day without a cloud. I was out at eight, wandering about the town, looking at old streets, churches, and market people. After breakfast I strolled to the post, going to the Prefecture on the way to read the Emperor's address to the army. Very poor and empty, I think; not to be compared with his Manifesto, which was excellent. I got your letter and the *Galignani*, came back and read them under the porch of the hotel. By this time came a light open carriage I had ordered to take me to Blanquefort, and at the same time came the inspector, whom the authorities have given me—the head one of the Department, a Monsieur Benoit, a man of sixty or more, an old officer of the First Empire, who was at Vimeira and in the capitulation of Cintra, and afterwards made the campaigns of Germany and the final campaign of France. He was what we call a jolly old fellow. We had a beautiful drive through a country of villas, gardens,

and vines to Blanquefort, a little bourg about seven miles from here. I saw four schools there, and was much interested. The best was the girls' school, kept by the Sœurs of the Immaculate Conception. Afterwards we made the schoolmaster guide us to the ruined castle, which is in a green hollow on a little river at the foot of hills covered with vines at about a mile from Blanquefort. It is like every other ruined feudal castle, but the stone beautifully fresh, and the vegetation luxuriant. I scrambled to the top of the principal tower, and had a splendid view over the country. Not a soul, from M. Benoit to the *paysanne* who lives in a hut in the ruin, knew anything about the Black Prince's connexion with the castle; and M. Benoit told me there is no talk or tradition of him whatever in the country. The lions of England are clean gone from the gate, if they ever existed there. The Revolution has cleared out the feudal ages from the minds of the country people to an extent incredible with us. We got back here at six. After dinner another storm, from which I took refuge in the great reading-room, which has the *Times*. I read *Daniella* to an end and went to bed. I write this before breakfast, then I shall pack up, and start at half-past eleven for Toulouse. I must tell you one or two good things here. One is a triple medallion picture of Marshal Randon, Prince Napoleon, and Marshal Vaillant, with the Prince in the middle, and the names underneath, so as to run Randon (rendons) Napoleon Vaillant. Kiss my darlings for me. I shall write again from Toulouse to-morrow.

To Miss Arnold.

AMSTERDAM, June 12, 1859.

We stayed at the Hague nearly all the week, having only left it yesterday; a small taste of Holland is sufficient, one place is so exactly like another. It is like England more than any other part of the Continent is—that is, it is like the slightly old-fashioned red-brick England of parts of London, and the towns of the southern counties. Like the new characterless towns of the Midland counties and the north, it is not in the least. The people occupy separate houses, as in England, instead of living in flats; this makes the houses smaller and more varying in size than in the continental towns in general. The language sounds much more like English than the German does, and better than the German—less pedantic; but it has none of the distinction and command which the Latin element so happily gives to the English language. The climate is detestable. When the sun shines, the exhalations from the canals make an atmosphere which is the closest and the most unwholesome I ever breathed, and when the sun does not shine, the weather is raw, gray, and cold. The general impression Holland, curious as it is, makes on me, is one of mortal *ennui*. I know no country and people where that word seems to me to apply with such force. You have the feeling which oppresses you so in Suffolk and Norfolk, that it all leads nowhere, that you are not even on the way to any beautiful or interesting country. The Hague is a town of

70,000 people, with a number of streets of excellent houses, bordered with fine trees. I never saw a city where the well-to-do classes seemed to have given the whole place so much their own air of wealth, finished cleanliness, and comfort; but I never saw one, either, in which my heart would have so sunk at the thought of living. This place is far better, for it has great animation and movement; and it has one of the two interesting things I have seen in Holland, the Palace or old Hôtel de Ville, an immense Renaissance building, all stone and marble within and without. Its size and its stone amidst the pettiness and brick of Holland produce on one the effect of a mountain, and is a wonderful refreshment. The other interesting object in Holland is the face of William the Silent, the founder of the House of Orange, which meets one everywhere, in statues or pictures. You remember how great a reverence papa had for him, and he is one of the finest characters in history. His face is thoughtful and melancholy, quite a history in it, and is interesting in the highest degree. Pictures we have seen without end, and it is a great pleasure to me to find that I get fonder and fonder of seeing them, can pass, without having, or wishing to have, the least of a connoisseur's spirit about them, more and more hours in looking at them with untired interest.

We are now just going to see a private collection here, then we are going to Saardam, to see the hut where Peter the Great lived while working as a ship's carpenter — one of the best incidents in his-

tory, and one of the spots I would on no account leave Holland without seeing. I am not much taken with the people, but not speaking their language is a great disadvantage. I doubt, however, whether they have not a good deal fallen off from the *élan* which made them so great in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is the Norman element in England which has kept her from getting stupid and humdrum too, as the pure Germanic nations tend to become for want of a little effervescing salt with their magnesia. To-morrow we shall go to Haarlem, I to see a training school, Flu to hear the organ, the next day to Utrecht, the day after, I hope, to Paris. . . . I think not a day passes without my thinking five or six times of you, dear Fan, and Fox How. I never so much longed to be there, and certainly I get fonder of it every year, and how this day¹ brings it and all of you present to me!

To the Same.

PARIS, Sunday, June 19, 1859.

We have a dull suite of rooms here in the inner court, but charmingly furnished and plenty of them — an ante-room, a dressing-room, a sitting-room, and a bedroom. I care very little for the look-out at this time of year; one is out so much, and when indoors, occupied. I am delighted to be out of Holland and back here, where the soil is dry and one can communicate with the natives. What wounds one's feelings in Holland is the perpetual consciousness

¹ The anniversary of Dr. Arnold's death.

that the country has no business there at all. You see it all below the level of the water, sappy, hideous, and artificial; and because it exists against nature, nobody can exist there except at a frightful expense, which is very well for the natives, who may be thankful to live on any terms, but disagreeable for foreigners, who do not like to pay twice as much as elsewhere for being half as comfortable. How I thought of the abundance and prodigality of the truly "boon" nature of Guienne and Languedoc, from which I had just come. In Holland what is most disagreeable is the climate; you live in a constant smell of ooze, at least in summer, — hot ooze when in the sun, cold ooze when you go under the trees. The pleasant moment is when you get on the open beach, at Schevening, for instance, with the waves tumbling and the wind whistling; but even then you cannot help feeling that the sea ought, if it had its rights, to be *over* the beach and rolling across the country for miles inland. Last Wednesday morning we left Amsterdam, and I went to Utrecht. At Utrecht you begin to have a sniff of dry, wholesome air, and the trees look as if they stood in real ground, and the grass as if it was not growing in the water. In the evening we drove out six miles on the prettiest side to Zeist, a Moravian village — one succession of country houses, gardens, and small parks, the best we had seen in Holland, but even there *quel ennui!* The next day by rail to Rotterdam, where we embarked on the Maas. The sweep of Rotterdam seen from the river, wrapt in smoke, with its towers and spires, and brick

houses breaking through, with masts of ships everywhere, reminds one very much of London; in fact, the great towns of Holland remind one constantly of one side of England — its commercial side; but never does one feel more the splendid variety of England, that it has so much more than its mere commercial side; and even its commercial side it has on a scale so prodigious that this has a grandiosity of its own which in Holland is nowhere to be found. It was a dull, cold, blustering day — unluckily, we have too many of them in England, — and when we finally landed and looked back across the broad Maas at the cloudy plains and trees of Holland, I felt that we had got into the real world again, though I dislike Belgium, and think the Belgians, on the whole, the most contemptible people in Europe. We went right through Antwerp to Brussels, which is a desert just now; slept there, and on by the express on Friday morning here, arriving about six o'clock. The fashionable world has left Paris, and there are fewer gay carriages than in the spring, but Paris, like London, has always immense life and movement in its streets. I did not tell you of two things I was very much interested in seeing in the museum at the Hague: one, the shirt and undershirt worn by our William III. the last two days of his life, while he kept his bed after his fatal fall from his horse; the other, the entire dress which William the Silent wore when he was assassinated, with the pistol and ball which did the deed.

Now we are going to church. We hope on

Wednesday night to go to Strasbourg. Suppose you write to me there at the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris. We shall be two days there. I am seeing a great deal, but you at Fox How are never long out of my mind. I am glad you saw Blackie.¹ I believe he is an animated, pleasant man, with a liking for all sorts of things that are excellent. *Au reste*, an *esprit* as confused and hoity toity as possible, and as capable of translating Homer as of making the Apollo Belvedere.

My love to my dearest mamma, and to Edward, who is a rogue for giving me no news of himself, from Flu and myself both, and I am always your affectionate brother,

M. A.

To the Same.

STRASBOURG, June 25, 1859.

. . . A real summer day without a cloud in the sky has come at last to make travelling pleasant, and to light up the charming old town with its high roofs and great houses, the old ones of white plaster, and the new ones of the most beautiful pink stone in the world. The whole country round, the plain of Alsace, is to me one of the pleasantest anywhere, so genially productive, so well cultivated, and so cheerful, yet with the Vosges and the Black Forest and the Alps to hinder its being prosaic. And one is getting near Switzerland, and I shall see the Lake of Como, I hope and trust, before the month of June quite ends. I had promised myself to see it in May with the spring flowers out in the

¹ See p. 35.

fields, but that could not be managed. And the news of another great French victory has just come, and every house has the tricolor waving out of its windows, and to-night, this beautiful night that it is going to be, every window will be lighted up, and the spire of the Cathedral will be illuminated, which is a sight. I shall go down towards the Rhine and Desaix's monument to see the effect from there. . . . You know the people here are among the Frenchest of the French, in spite of their German race and language. It strikes one as something unnatural to see this German town and German-speaking people all mad for joy at a victory gained by the French over other Germans. The fact speaks much for the French power of managing and attaching its conquests, but little for the German character. The Rhine provinces in 1815, after having belonged to France for only ten years, objected exceedingly to being given back to Germany. The truth is that, though French occupation is very detestable, French administration since the Revolution is, it must be said, equitable and enlightened, and promotes the comfort of the population administered. They are getting very angry here with Prussia, and if Prussia goes to war there will be a cry in this country to compel the Emperor to take the limit of the Rhine whether he wishes it or no. That the French will beat the Prussians all to pieces, even far more completely and rapidly than they are beating the Austrians, there cannot be a moment's doubt; and they know it themselves. I had a long and very interesting

conversation with Lord Cowley, *tête-à-tête* for about three-quarters of an hour the other day. He seemed to like hearing what I had to say, and told me a great deal about the French Emperor, and about the Court of Vienna, and their inconceivable infatuation as to their own military superiority to the French. He entirely shared my conviction as to the French always beating any number of Germans who come into the field against them. They will never be beaten by any nation but the English, for to every other nation they are, in efficiency and intelligence, decidedly superior. I shall put together for a pamphlet, or for *Fraser*, a sort of *résumé* of the present question as the result of what I have thought, read, and observed here about it. I am very well, and only wish I was not so lazy; but I hope and believe one is less so from forty to fifty, if one lives, than at any other time of life. The loss of youth ought to operate as a spur to one to live more by the head, when one can live less by the body. Have you seen Mill's book on Liberty? It is worth reading attentively, being one of the few books that inculcate tolerance in an unalarming and inoffensive way.

To Mrs. Forster.

GENEVA, July 9, 1859.

MY DEAREST K. — Your letter reached me at Chamouni, and I knew I should answer it quicker by waiting till I got down to this place. It would be very pleasant to meet William, but I am afraid he will be arriving on the stage as we

are going off it. We stay here till Thursday, the 14th, then go to Lausanne till Monday the 18th, then to Fribourg, and back here, I hope, by the 20th or 21st. On the 23rd we shall be at Lyons, on the 25th at Châteauroux, or thereabouts, as I have a visit to pay to George Sand (Michelet has given me a letter to her); on the 27th or 28th in Paris. It may be regarded as certain that Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 29th, 30th, and 31st, we shall be at Meurice's in Paris; the rest is not quite so certain, but highly probable. At Lyons we shall be at the Grand Hôtel de Lyon, the new inn. On your birthday, if all is well, we certainly return to England, meeting the children at Dover. I do so wish dear mamma and Fan would come to us there for their sea excursion, instead of going to Grange or Llandudno. We could perfectly take them in, and Dover in August is certainly the pleasantest sea-place in the world. Few things I should like better than going along the path under the cliffs towards the Foreland with Fan, with all the movement of the world passing through the narrow channel on our right. Budge will be big enough this year to go with us. I hear from Miss Nicholls he has been very good lately at his lessons, being very anxious to have a letter from me, which was to be the reward of his continued industry; but what the dear old boy would like, says Miss Nicholls, would be to be all day and every day riding about the downs on a donkey. I cannot much afflict myself yet at his and Tom's resolute indifference to learning. Diddy monopolises all the studi-

ous wisdom of his family, and really gets on very fast. I wish you would encourage mamma and Fan to come to Dover to us; I am going to write to her about it. Flu says she will take your children for you next year, to let you go abroad with William, if you will time your absence to correspond with our stay at Dover, as she would prefer to have them at that temple of health—the seashore. One sentence of Miss Nicholls gives us, who know the child, the best news in the world about little Tom: “He goes whistling all the day long,” she says. You know he is too weak to sing, so he solaces his musical taste by perpetual whistling while he is well, like a little bullfinch, poor little darling; but directly he is ill his pipe stops. How interesting are public affairs! I really think I shall finish and bring out my pamphlet.¹ What pains the English aristocracy seem to be taking to justify all I have said about their want of ideas. I hope the Emperor does not mean to stop before the Austrians are out of Venice as well as Lombardy. If he does it will be out of apprehension at the attitude of England (Prussia, I have told you, they do not care for a rush), but it would be a mistake on his part and on England’s. Write to me within a post or two of getting this at the Hôtel Gibbon, Lausanne. Dearest Flu is all right again, and the best of travellers. She was nearly at the top of the Brevent yesterday, at the châteaux of Plau-pru. Being at Martigny we took two days’ holiday to

¹ *England and the Italian Question*, by Matthew Arnold, 1859.

Chamouni, the weather was so splendid. But I do not care to come to Switzerland again, unless it is to bring Budge and Dicky a few years hence; meanwhile, I believe I am elected a member of the Alpine Club, though entirely undeserving of such an honour. God bless you, my dear old soul. — I am your always affectionate
M. A.

I am getting very much to want to be back in England: partly the children, but partly also affection for that foolish old country.

To the Same.

LAUSANNE, *Sunday Night,*
July 17, 1859.

MY DEAREST K. — I forget now what I told you in my last letter, but I write in great haste, having just received yours, to tell you that, finding the holidays begun in all the Swiss schools and the schools closed, and having seen the chief authorities and got the necessary papers, I am not going on to Fribourg and Neufchâtel, but am going *tomorrow* to Geneva and Lyons. At Lyons we shall stay Tuesday and Wednesday, and go on Wednesday night to Paris. So on Thursday morning, the 21st, we shall be at the Hôtel Meurice, at Paris. If I knew where to write to William I would write and tell him this, as he will surely stay and meet us in Paris. I am terribly afraid this will reach you too late for you to communicate with him except by that detestable engine the telegraph.
Our inn at Lyons will be the Grand Hôtel de Lyon.

I shall leave Paris again on Friday, the 22nd, in order to see one or two more of the departments of the Centre. I have arranged to leave Flu there, in order not to expose her to the bad and dirty inns of the French provinces in these terrible heats. I shall rejoin her Sunday or Monday, and about the end of that week we hope to be at Dover.

I have not been in such spirits for a long time as those which the news of this peace has thrown me into. Louis Napoleon's preponderance was really beginning to haunt me. He had possessed himself of an incomparable position. Our English Government entirely misunderstood the situation, and were holding language that could only damage themselves, not affect him. Everything was going smoothly for him, and he was going to have obtained the unwilling recognition of the Liberal party through Europe as the necessary man of his time, when suddenly he stumbles, falls flat on his face, and loses his chance for this time. I am sorry for the Italians; but it is incomparably better for Europe that they should wait a little longer for their independence, than that the first power in Europe, morally and materially, should be the French Empire. Morally, after this blunder it loses its advantage, however strong it may be materially. I said to Lord Cowley the other day that I was convinced Louis Napoleon's one great and dangerous error was that he exaggerated the power of the clergy, and bid for their support far higher than it was worth. I little thought how soon he would give a far more signal proof of this error of his than I ever expected.

There can be no doubt that what made him nervous, and resolved him suddenly to pull up, was the growing and threatening discontent of the French clergy (which is nearly all ultramontane) at the Pope's position in these Italian complications. Accordingly, the French clergy are enchanted at the peace; but they are the only people really pleased with it, and their applause is not exactly that which a prudent man would wish to have. Their great organ, Louis Veillot, thanks God that the war ends by one Emperor *giving* and the other *receiving* Lombardy, and that the hateful and anarchical doctrine of a people having itself any voice in its own assignment receives no countenance. There is a creditable and agreeable ally for *l'uomo del Secolo!*

We are off early to-morrow morning, and I must pack up. I am getting on, and think I shall make an interesting pamphlet; but Heaven knows how the thing will look when all together. If it looks not as I mean it, I shall not publish it.—I am always your most affectionate
M. A.

To R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., afterwards Lord Houghton.

1 WELLESLEY TERRACE, DOVER,
August 3, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MILNES — I have desired the publisher to send you a copy of a pamphlet of mine on the Italian question, which embodies some of the French experiences I inflicted on you in Paris. You know, you entirely belong to the "Aristocratie

Anglaise," in the broad (and just) French acceptance of the term. But then you differ from them by having what Sainte Beuve calls an "intelligence ouverte et traversée," and they in general have every good quality except that. I am only here for a few days on business, and return to France next week. No one knows my address, and I see no newspapers. I have so much on my hands just now. But still I have a natural solicitude to hear how "the judicious" take my *résumé* of the Italian question, which I cannot help thinking is true; and if you would let me have one line to tell me whether you have read it, and whether you agree with it, you would do me a great kindness. — Believe me, dear Mr. Milnes, very truly yours, M. ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

DOVER, August 13, 1859.

MY DEAREST K. — I never thanked you for your letter, because I meant my note to mamma to thank you both; but I was very glad to have it, and to hear that you read the pamphlet with pleasure.

I could talk to you a great deal about the pamphlet (I want to know how William likes *that*; he will find a passage at page 39, line 1, softened and left more *open* in consequence of some conversation we had), but I have not time to go beyond this sheet. You and Clough are, I believe, the two people I in my heart care most to please by what I write. Clough (for a wonder) is this time satisfied, even delighted, "with one or two insignificant ex-

ceptions," he says. "I believe all you say is probably right, and if right, most important for English people to consider." Harriet Martineau in the *Daily News* I have not seen. Edward says it is disapproving. I have seen no English papers abroad, but I fancied the *Daily News* had been much the same way as the pamphlet, but Harriet herself is a little incalculable. I want to see the *Morning Post*, which has an article, because of its connexion with Lord Palmerston. There is a very clever and long answer¹ to the pamphlet in to-day's *Saturday Review*, by Fitzjames Stephen, the man who ill-treated papa in reviewing "Tom Brown." He is exceedingly civil this time, and no one can complain of his tone. Like you, he does not seem convinced by the *nationalities* section. As it first stood it was longer, exhausting the cases more. I had pointed out that isolated spots like Malta and Gibraltar could be, and in fact nearly were, *denationalised* and *Anglicised*. As to the Ionian Islands, I said what I believe to be true, that if Greece ever becomes a really great nation it will be impossible for us to keep them, being the size they are, on the Greek frontier as they are, and the Greek race being what it is. All this I left out because I thought this about Corfu might give offence, and I wished to be as much swallowed as possible. But the worst of the English is that on foreign politics they search so very much more for what they like and wish to be true than for what *is* true. In Paris there is cer-

¹ "Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Italian Question," *Saturday Review*, August 13, 1859.

tainly a larger body of people than in London who treat foreign politics as a science, as a matter to *know* upon before *feeling* upon.

I must stop, but write to me at the Hôtel Meurice in Paris. I go there to-morrow night. I send you Gladstone's note, and also one from the Judge,¹ the latter to show you his *firm, sound touch*, both physically and intellectually, at the age of very nearly seventy-five. Tell William I should be very glad if he could find out how either Bright or Cobden liked my pamphlet. I sent it to both of them, but do not feel at all to know what view they would be likely to take of it. They are both well worth convincing. Send Gladstone's note on to Fox How, and with love to William and kisses to the dear children, believe me, my dearest K., your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

PARIS, August 16, 1859.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I saw in the *Times* the death of Uncle Penrose. I have often thought of him since I read your account of your last meeting with him; it was very affecting. Though not a successful man — at least, not successful in proportion to his powers, and I suppose not successful in proportion to his wishes, — he never seemed an unhappy man, and for that, whether it was self-command or real content, I always admired him. But I believe he was, on the whole, a happy man, and if he was that, what does his more or less of success matter now?

¹ His father-in-law.

This is my last appearance abroad as "Monsieur le Professeur Docteur Arnold, Directeur-Général de toutes les Écoles de la Grande Bretagne," as my French friends will have it that I am. I go down to Berri on Sunday to see George Sand. I saw Prosper Mérimée this morning, a well-known author here, and member of the French Academy. He is Private Secretary to the Empress, and a great favourite at Court. He asked me for a copy of my pamphlet to send to M. Fould, the Minister who is gone with the Emperor to Tarbes, that he might read it himself, and give it to the Emperor to read, if he thought fit. Mérimée said, as many of the intimate Imperialists say, that the one thing which induced the Emperor to make peace was the sight of the field of Solferino after the battle. That he was shocked greatly, and that he is a humane and kind-hearted man there is no doubt, but that he made the peace of Villafranca solely because he was shocked it is absurd to say. If true, it would show that he is a much weaker man than either his friends or his enemies at present suppose.

To his Wife.

PARIS, August 19, 1859.

I sent you the *Galignani*, as probably you have not seen the *Globe*, and you may imagine the sensation the extract with my name produced among my acquaintances at this hotel, where every one spells the *Galignani* through from beginning to end. I want you to give Dr. Hutton a copy of the pam-

phlet, and ask him to present it with my compliments to Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, who voted for me at Oxford. He is all the other way, but that is no reason he should not read what may do him good. You see how well this man¹ is going on—first his amnesty, and then his removal of the newspaper pains and penalties. I am going to-morrow to pass an hour with the Circourts; he writes me word that they are delighted with the pamphlet. The first day they got it, he and his wife read it aloud together, and then he translated it, extempore, from beginning to end, for the benefit of a friend staying with them, “who knows not your tongue.” Lord Cowley is at Chantilly, so I have no means of knowing how he likes it.

I dine to-night with Sainte Beuve, who is gazetted to-day Commander of the Legion of Honour. I have almost made up my mind not to go into Berri. I think I shall gain more by getting another day's work with Magin here. I like him more and more, and shall make, I think, with his help, a very interesting report. You may rely on my leaving Paris, Wednesday night, unless there is a wonderfully good tidal train on Thursday, which I don't think. If I am in Paris on Sunday I shall go to St. Germain, which I have never seen. The English seem coming at last, as they are to be seen everywhere. I am nearly the whole day with Magin, and never dine at the *table d'hôte*. — Ever yours.

I had a very pleasant letter from Wm. Forster about my pamphlet, and about his ascent of Mont Blanc.

¹ Napoleon III.

To the Same.

PARIS, August 21, 1859.

I shall not leave Paris till Thursday evening, because I find the annual Public Séance of the Académie Française is fixed for Thursday, and as Guizot is to speak, though I really would rather get home now, I should afterwards be sorry if I had missed it. The meeting is at two in the afternoon, and I shall start by the mail train at 7.30. Everybody said I *must* stop, but I think it was Sainte Beuve who finally persuaded me. Villemain speaks first, and then Guizot speaks and crowns the Laureate for the year, a young lady; and all the Institut will be there. M. de Circourt is coming into Paris to be present.

Now I will go back a little. After writing to you on Friday, I strolled out a little, came back and dressed, and drove to Sainte Beuve's, which is an immense way off, close to the Brittany railway. He had determined to take me to dine *chez le Restaurant du Quartier*, the only good one, he says, and we dined in the cabinet where G. Sand, when she is in Paris, comes and dines every day. Sainte Beuve gave me an excellent dinner, and was in full vein of conversation, which, as his conversation is about the best to be heard in France, was charming. After dinner he took me back to his own house, where we had tea; and he showed me a number of letters he had had from G. Sand and Alf. de Musset at the time of their love affair, and then again at the time of their rupture. You may imagine how

interesting this was after *Elle et Lui*. I will tell you about them when we meet. Sainte Beuve says I must read *Lui et Elle*, to finish the history, and then to complete it all, a few pages in the *Memoirs* of Mogador about Musset. As for G. Sand and him, Sainte Beuve says, “*Tout le mal qu'ils ont dit l'un de l'autre est vrai.*” But De Musset's letters were, I must say, those of a *gentleman* of the very first water. Sainte Beuve rather advised me to go and see George Sand, but I am still disinclined “to take so long a journey to see such a fat old Muse,” as M. de Circourt says in his funny English. All Sainte Beuve told me of her present proceedings made me less care about seeing her; however, if Berri was nearer, the weather less hot, and French travelling less of a bore, I should go—as it is I shall not. After all, by staying I shall get another visit to Cousin, which is some compensation. I stayed with Sainte Beuve till midnight, and would not have missed my evening for all the world. I think he likes me, and likes my caring so much about his criticisms and appreciating his extraordinary delicacy of tact and judgment in literature. I walked home, and had a wakeful night. Yesterday I worked with Magin in the morning, and then went to see Villemain. He gave me a ticket for Thursday (they are very hard to have), and I *hope* to get two more through the Minister of Public Instruction, so as to be able to take two of your party. Villemain brought out *Merope*, which he likes, naturally, more than the English do. He was extremely gracious, and presented me to an old gran-

dee who came in as *un Anglais qui nous juge parfaitement*. He expresses great interest about my pamphlet, and said he should certainly speak of it in the periodical press, which is excellent, as he can do what he likes in the *Débats* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I left him to go to the St. Germain railway, and partly by rail, partly by omnibus, and partly by walking, got to Les Bruyères soon after four. Mme. de Circourt looked dreadfully ill, and I thought would have fainted with the effort of coming into the drawing-room and crawling to the sofa; however, her salts revived her, and without the least allusion to her health, she began to talk about my pamphlet. I think they both heartily like it, and they say that I have *apprécié-d les choses avec une justesse extraordinaire*. They have already sent off their own copy to M. de Cavour, so you were wrong. They want others to distribute. For once M. de Circourt talked French, and we three and a very pleasant Comte de Beauwysse, who was staying with them, a Frenchman of the old school, who knows nothing but French and a little Latin, had a very pleasant hour. I had refused to dine when he wrote to me here to ask me, thinking I should put them out, but was sorry afterwards, as I found they had a party, and amongst the party Mlle. Von Arnim, the daughter of Bettina, Goethe's friend, who is said to be as charming as her mother. I got a glimpse of her on a balcony as I came away, and thought her very handsome and striking-looking. She was to sit down to dinner with four gentlemen she had refused, two French and two German.

Les Bruyères is a very pretty place of several acres, on a beautiful range of heathy forest hill commanding the valley of the Seine, with views of Marly, St. Germain, etc. God bless you. Tell the boys how I love them, and love to hear of them being such good, dear boys while I am away. — Ever yours.

To Miss Arnold.

LONDON, *August 29, 1859.*

I am rheumatic and full of pains, coming back after five months of dry air into this variable one, but I have not more to complain of than a day on the hills will set right. I have often thought, since I published this on the Italian question, about dear papa's pamphlets. Whatever talent I have in this direction I certainly inherit from him, for his pamphleteering talent was one of his very strongest and most pronounced literary sides, if he had been in the way of developing it. It is the one literary side on which I feel myself in close contact with him, and that is a great pleasure. Even the positive style of statement I inherit.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *November 21, 1859.*

My drill¹ spoiled my project of writing on Saturday. On Saturday it is from four to six, just the letter-writing time, as the post goes out from this club at six. To-night the drill is from seven to nine—a better time in some respects, but it

¹ He served in the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers.

deprives one of one's dinner. For this, however, I am not wholly sorry, as, in the first place, one eats and drinks so perpetually in London, that I am rather glad on two evenings in the week to be relieved from a regular dinner; in the second place, it gives me an opportunity of having supper at home on these two evenings, and keeping one's own cook's hand in. I like the drilling very much; it braces one's muscles, and does one a world of good. You saw General Hay's speech to us the other day. The other corps which was joined with us, the London Scottish, is larger and more advanced than we are, but we shall do very well, as we have a splendid neighbourhood to choose from. Far from being a measure dangerous by its *arming the people*—a danger to which some persons are very sensitive—it seems to me that the establishment of these Rifle Corps will more than ever throw the power into the hands of the upper and middle classes, as it is of these that they are mainly composed, and these classes will thus have over the lower classes the superiority, not only of wealth and intelligence, which they have now, but of physical force. I hope and think that the higher classes in this country have now so developed their consciences that this will do them no harm; still, it is a consequence of the present arming movement which deserves attention, and which is, no doubt, obscurely present to the minds of the writers of the cheap Radical newspapers who abuse the movement. The bad feature in the proceeding is the hideous English toadyism with which lords and great people

are invested with the commands in the corps they join, quite without respect of any considerations of their efficiency. This proceeds from our national bane — the immense vulgar-mindedness, and, so far, real inferiority of the English middle classes.

To the Same.

LONDON, *December 19, 1859.*

Last week slipped away without my writing, for my hours at the Training School, on which I counted, were so broken by people coming in to speak to me or ask me questions that I had time for nothing. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday I had to be at the Westminster Training School at ten o'clock; be there till half-past one, and begin again at three, going on till half-past six: this, with eighty candidates to look after, and gas burning most of the day, either to give light or to help warm the room. In the middle of the day I had to dine with Scott, the Principal of the Training School, so I went out in the morning before I had seen little Lucy, and did not get home at night till she had gone to bed. On Saturday I finished at the Training School at half-past two, but then I had my drill, which I find in my absence at York I have much forgotten. To-morrow I begin again at the Training School, and continue till Friday, when I hope to be finally free, and to be able to work at my French Report till the end of January, when I hope to send it in. I shall avoid going back to Paris if possible, though it is rather tempting in some ways when one hears of winter society having

begun there, and everybody being alive and gay. My great inducement in going back would be to see and talk to Cousin, who has himself had a Report to make much like that on which I am engaged. I should also, now that I know and have read so much about popular education in France, much like to see Guizot again, and to ask him some questions. However, I don't much think I shall go. The most important and difficult part of my Report is pretty well formed in my head now, and going back to Paris might give me a new start in some direction or other which would unsettle me, and give me all to do again.

To Mrs. Forster.

December 24, 1859.

MY DEAREST K.—I must write a line home on my birthday, and I have long wanted to write to you, who luckily find yourself at Fox How at this moment; so at the same time that I fulfil a long-entertained wish, I can send my love to all at Fox How, and thanks to my dearest mother, Fan, Walter,¹ and Rowland² for their affectionate good wishes. Thank you, too, for your dear letter, my darling K. If I do not often communicate with you, it is not that I do not often think of you. There is no one about whom I so often think in connexion with my lectures, which have now entirely taken shape in my head, and which I hope to publish at the end of 1860, giving five between this and then. I thought the other day that I would tell you of a

¹ His youngest brother, Walter Arnold, R.N. ² His old nurse.

Frenchman whom I saw in Paris, Ernest Renan, between whose line of endeavour and my own I imagine there is considerable resemblance, that you might have a look at some of his books if you liked. The difference is, perhaps, that he tends to inculcate *morality*, in a high sense of the word, upon the French nation as what they most want, while I tend to inculcate *intelligence*, also in a high sense of the word, upon the English nation as what they most want; but with respect both to morality and intelligence, I think we are singularly at one in our ideas, and also with respect both to the progress and the established religion of the present day. The best book of his for you to read, in all ways, is his *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, lately published. I have read few things for a long time with more pleasure than a long essay with which the book concludes — “Sur la poésie des races celtiques.” I have long felt that we owed far more, spiritually and artistically, to the Celtic races than the somewhat coarse Germanic intelligence readily perceived, and been increasingly satisfied at our own semi-Celtic origin, which, as I fancy, gives us the power, if we will use it, of comprehending the nature of both races. Renan pushes the glorification of the Celts too far; but there is a great deal of truth in what he says, and being on the same ground in my next lecture, in which I have to examine the origin of what is called the “romantic” sentiment about women, which the Germans quite falsely are fond of giving themselves the credit of originating, I read him with the more interest.

How I envy you Rydal Lake! But the Serpentine is better than might be supposed, and very beautiful. The frost has been so hard that in spite of this thaw (thermometer at 45) the ice still bears, and Dicky and I on our pilgrimage to the City this morning were on it in St. James's Park.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *December 31, 1859.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have not much time, but must not fail to wish you many, many happy New Years. I keep planning and planning to pass Christmas and the New Year again at Fox How, where I have passed them so often and so happily, now, alas! so long ago, but I do not see when it will be practicable. To make up, I think of you all more and oftener at this time of year than at any other. Poor little Tom has been having, and has, one of his attacks, cough and fever, and yesterday was very ill indeed; but he struggles on in the wonderful way that you know, and in every hour that he gets a little ease seems to recover his strength, which two or three hours of continuous cough try terribly. I hear his little voice now in the next room talking to his mamma about "Brown, Jones, and Robinson." It is one of his good hours, but this afternoon he has been very unwell. The others are very well indeed, and Lucy¹ making a great start in liveliness. Budge and Dick went with us in the carriage this afternoon to make a

¹ His elder daughter, Lucy Charlotte.

call in the Regent's Park, and as the people were out, we took them on to the Zoological Gardens for an hour. It was Dick's first visit, and he shouted and danced for pleasure at the animals, above all at the lion, who was in high excitement, and growling magnificently. I am very fond of the Gardens myself, and there are many new things this year. I must stop and go on looking over papers. Did you see a long article in the *Times* on Clough's *Plutarch*? It pleased me so much. Clough has just had the scarlatina, and is at Hastings to get well. Were you not agitated to hear of Macaulay's death?¹ It has made a great sensation. But the *Times* leading article on him is a splendid exhibition of what may be called the *intellectual vulgarity* of that newspaper. I had no notion Macaulay was so young a man. It is said he has left no more history ready, which is a national loss.

To Miss Arnold.

January 20, 1860.

My last week's note was a shabby one, but I am very busy now with my Report; that is because I was not busy with it when I ought to have been, you will say; but I was really not ready to write when I was at Fox How, and should even be glad to let the thing lie in my head a month or two more before I write it. I have not even yet composed more than a sentence or two here and there of the Report as it will actually appear, though I have covered a good many sheets with notes and

¹ December 28, 1859.

extracts. I have passed the last week at the British Museum, and *to-day* I receive from France a number of documents which I ought to have received months ago, and which would have saved me a world of trouble by coming sooner. Flu goes with me to the Museum to-morrow to make extracts for me, and on Monday I hope to begin writing fast and fluent. I have had to look a good deal into the history of the present French organisation in Church and State, which dates from the first Consulate of the great Napoleon, and have come out of my researches with, if possible, a higher opinion of that astonishing man than ever. The way in which he held the balance between old and new France in reorganising things I had till now had no idea of, nor of the difficulties which beset him, both from the Revolution party and the party of the ancient *régime*. I am glad to have been led to use the Museum, which I had actually not seen since the great improvements in 1857. You must on no account leave London without seeing it. Not a day passes but I think with pleasure of the 31st. I had written what precedes with difficulty, being besieged by Dicky's questions about a number of things, he being in his black velvet and red and white tartan, and looking such a duck that it was hard to take one's eyes off him. I write now from the British Museum. I have not brought Flu as I meant, because it is a pouring wet day. Was ever anything like this incessant rain and mild weather! It loosens all my joints and makes my back ache. I am going the Home Circuit with the Judge. I

shall be anxious to see William's article; he is lucky in his subject, for there is considerable interest just now in England about John Brown,¹ and very little information. "What did it all mean?" is a question a great many people will like to have clearly and well answered for them. I see Bright goes on envying the Americans, but I cannot but think that the state of things with respect to their *national character*, which, after all, is the base of the only real grandeur or prosperity, becomes graver and graver. It seems as if few stocks could be trusted to grow up properly without having a priesthood and an aristocracy to act as their schoolmasters at some time or other of their national existence.

To the Same.

VIEL SALM,

Sunday, September 9, 1860.

We left Dover on Monday morning, had a beautiful passage, none of the children ill, reached Calais before eleven, gave the boys their dinner and Lucy her sleep, and at two started for Ghent, which we reached at 7.30 in the evening. We got very good rooms at the Hôtel de la Porte, and at 8.30 the children were to be seen as gay as larks sitting round the table with Mrs. Tuffin² and Charlotte, discussing their tea and mutton cutlets, little Lucy among the rest. Flu and I dined in the coffee-room by ourselves. Next morning we were off at half-past eight. We were at Spa between

¹ John Brown of Harper's Ferry, the abolitionist hero, executed December 2, 1859.

² The nurse.

one and two, and got rooms for the one night at the Hôtel de Flandre. Spa I had never seen before. It stands prettily in a basin surrounded by wooded hills of about the Matlock size, but it hardly deserves its reputation, I think, and as a town it astonished us both by its insignificance. Flu and I dined at the *table d'hôte* at four o'clock, and after that walked about a little with the boys; then I went and looked on for a little at the gambling, came back and made an agreement with a carriage-master to bring us here next day, and got early to bed. Next morning we awoke upon a world of mist, but as we got up it gradually cleared, and when we started a little before ten the sun was shining brilliantly. Our carriage was a sort of omnibus, which held us and our luggage excellently. Lucy is rather a terrible inmate inside, but she went to sleep at eleven, and slept in her mamma's lap till after one, which was a wonderful piece of good fortune. The three boys are capital travellers. It is only about 25 miles from Spa to this place, but such are the hills that we took five or six hours to accomplish the journey, and did not arrive here till nearly four o'clock. It had clouded over when we arrived. The hotel, of which a prepossessing picture had been sent us, looked but a poor affair when actually seen. The beds were damp, and the first evening was spent in some depression and apprehension. But the journey had been so expensive that the chance of remaining still for a little while was not to be lightly abandoned, and one knows beforehand that one will

shake down into almost any place. Now that the sheets are aired and the rooms arranged, we begin to feel quite settled. The landlord is a man who seems honesty itself. It is a thoroughly country place, splendidly healthy, and we live very cheap. Flu and I pay for board and lodging 4 francs a day each, the two nurses pay 3 francs a day each, the children 1 franc a day each. For this we have a large salon, three double-bedded rooms and a single-bedded room, and three meals a day — breakfast, a luncheon at half-past twelve, and a dinner at half-past five. We dine at this early hour because it enables us to have the three boys to dine with us, and you may imagine how they like that. It is, properly speaking, an inn for sportsmen, as this is a great game country. It is a district of great abundance and few travellers; this accounts for everything being so cheap. The character of the inn accounts for the cookery being so good as it is. We had to-day for dinner, soup, trout, roast mutton and potatoes, stewed beef and carrots, roast chicken and peas, plum pudding, Gruyère cheese, and peaches, cherries, walnuts, and sweet biscuits. The *pension* includes fire in the salon (for this whole country is high and cold) and lights in the salon, for fires in the bedrooms and bougies in the bedrooms we pay extra. But the only real extra is wine; however, everything included, I reckon that board and lodging will cost us less per week here *together* than board alone costs us in London. About the country I will tell you in a second letter. It is very pleasant; the weather, however, is still

unsettled. I hoped for shooting, and brought my gun, but owing to the backward state of the crops, the authorities have put off the opening of the shooting season till the 20th of this month; so I shall probably miss the shooting altogether. Meanwhile, the rivers are the most beautiful in the world, and I have had splendid fishing both yesterday and to-day. The natives fish with nets, but nobody fishes with rod and line, and with nets in these rough rivers there are many places you cannot fish. Besides, the natives are so indolent that they never go far from home, so the rivers abound in trout, if you go a little distance from the villages. The astonishment of the people at the fishing I make with the fly is comic. I can get almost any number I want, and two or three of them are sure to be of a pound weight. It is the best free inland trout-fishing (neither preserved nor, from neighbourhood to the sea, enriched by sea trout) which I have ever known. The children are perfectly well and happy, and the freedom of this place is delightful to them. Flu treats me as her great schoolboy, to whom she is giving his holiday. The place cannot have many resources for her, but she takes kindly to it, out of tenderness to me. We shall stay here, I think, another week, so write to me here again.

To the Same.

VIEL SALM,

Thursday, September 13, 1860.

MY DEAREST FAN — I have not heard from any of you, but I feel disposed to write to you, perhaps

because I think this place would suit you so well. We are here "in Arden," but it is astonishing how like it is in all things to England, except in the speaking French; and the singular tranquillity and beauty of the country, the *bonhomie* of the people, and the entire independence of the mode of life you would greatly enjoy. I hardly know how to give you an idea of the country: the hills are like either the long hill over Kendal which you see from Helm Lodge (Kendal Moor, do they call it?) or the hills at the foot of Windermere, that is, they are like these for form, height, and wood, but there the likeness ends, for in England there is nothing exactly like this country. In the first place, we are in latitude $50^{\circ} 15'$; and though the whole country is high, yet the corn, which in Westmorland struggles painfully for life in the valleys, here flourishes high up among all the hills. In the next place, there is here the vastness which in England is wanting. As far as the eye can reach, when you get high up, there is range beyond range of rounded slopes, either clothed in forest or purple with heather, here and there a smoke among the woods where they are clearing, that is, they have cut down the trees over a space of ground and are burning the turf to get the soil for receiving corn. The brooks and rivers are everywhere, and are just like ours, as bright and rapid, only the rivers are fuller and deeper. We are only a few miles from Germany, and from any hill can look into it. From here to the Rhine it is a country much like this, only wilder and lovelier, much of it (the Eifel) vol-

canic; the inhabitants a dirty, savage, backward race, bigoted Roman Catholics. It would shock a Teutomaniac to see the contempt with which this Walloon or mixed Roman population regards them: *Ce sont des butors* (clowns), they say, and speak of their dirt and barbarism with unfeigned horror. The people here are generally well off. There is no real poverty, and every one possesses some land. This is all since the abolition of feudalism at the first French revolution. Before this all the district was a feudal principality under the Counts of Salm, Germans, whose castle is still to be seen in ruins at the hamlet of Salm Château, about one and a half miles from this place. The Counts of Salm have disappeared, and a Mr. Davidson, a Scotchman, has bought the ruins of this château, with but little land round it, however, great properties being almost unknown just hereabouts. All up the beautiful hill above this place there is first a patch of meadow, then of oats, then of some other crop, no fences to mark the boundary between them, but all belonging to different proprietors. The people have been Roman Catholics from the earliest times, and seem devoted to their religion, though they have the *enjoué* character which belongs to the Belgians. On Sunday the church is full, both morning and afternoon, peasant women on one side, and peasant men on the other; and constantly on the hills and by the waterside you meet crosses and religious memorials, consecrating any spot where *il est arrivé un malheur*, a man killed by a cart upsetting, or a child drowned. We like the people at this inn

extremely, but they are from a distance, from Liège. All the promise of cheapness has been kept. I paid yesterday one bill for the first week. For the board and lodging of the whole party it was, wine, fire, and light included, 174 francs 20 centimes, under £7, that is including wine. Our board and lodging at Dover the first week cost £16! And our living here is incomparably better, to my taste, than at any English inn. I think I sent mamma our bill of fare for one dinner, and it is the same thing every day. I have made splendid fishing here, but the day before yesterday the weather changed, and it is now much too bright for fishing; so to-day I have been over a wide range of country with M. Henrard, our landlord, to look for snipes. I cannot say we saw many. One snipe and one hare (both of which M. Henrard missed) was all the game which showed itself; but our walk carried us over a high range of hill, from which the views were splendid. Everywhere there is fern and heather, and the ground on the hillside is smothered in whortle-berry plants, now covered with berries. Almost all the Westmorland flowers are here; the buck bean is still in flower by the riverside, and I notice the Lancashire asphodel. I think we shall certainly stay on for a week or ten days more, so pray write to us here. The children are as happy as the day is long. The air is so good as to be intoxicating, and to-day, what with a bright sun and the wind in the south, even Flu is beginning to find it warm enough. That dear soul is fairly well. We have both longings for the

Rhine, but with our large party we really cannot afford much money.

To the Same.

VIEL SALM, *September 21, 1860.*

We are now very full, as the shooting season began yesterday, and several people from Brussels and Liège have come here for it. I was out yesterday from eleven to six, but the weather is detestable, and the corn being still uncut, we had wretched sport. But I had a pleasant day, having for my companion an *avocat* of Brussels, a very agreeable man, and seeing this singular country in its details. It was very rainy and misty in the morning, but cleared in the afternoon, and the extraordinary beauty of the hill-villages, surrounded with the most beautiful green meadows, in the midst of a wilderness of heather and forest, was to be seen in full perfection. Besides crosses, almost every parish has in some isolated part of it, among the woods and hills, a chapel called "Chapelle du Calvaire," and to come upon these in one's rambles is very striking. The whole nomenclature of the country bears witness to its religion, the places named from crosses are as numerous as the "hams" and "wicks" in England. There is about here the Croix de l'Allemand, the Croix Guillaume, the Croix Henri Bernart, the Croix de Devant les Forges, the Croix de Champs des Heids. And the same with the streams. There is the Ruisseau de S. Martin, the Ruisseau de S. Ruth, the Ruisseau de Fond du Paradis, and I know not how many more with like names. But the true

natural feature of the country is its beautiful fountains or springs, and names given from these are everywhere. There is the beautiful village of Arbre Fontaine, and there is Noire Fontaine, and Blanche Fontaine, and Grande Fontaine, and Mauvaise Pierre Fontaine, and nothing can well be more living and beautiful than the springs from which these names come. . . . We shall stay on till Wednesday and complete our three weeks, the cheapest three weeks I ever spent. On Tuesday the great *char-à-banc* which brought us from Spa will come to fetch us, and on Wednesday morning about ten we hope to make our start. I have no space to write about Italy, but how interesting the daily reports are! Aubrey de Vere might as well ask Pagan Rome what it thought of the Papacy as Furness Abbey what it thought of Garibaldi, for Paganism is hardly more gone by and extinct than Papism. The *Times*, I see, blunders intrepidly on as usual. A summary of its chief Italian articles is given in the Belgian paper which we see daily.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *October 9, 1860.*

MY DEAREST FAN—This is actually the first letter I have written since I returned to England, though I returned this day week. I have not yet had the courage to open one of the pile of letters waiting for me at the Council Office, but now I must face the situation, and will begin with a pleasant task—that of writing to you for your birthday tomorrow. Many, many happy returns of it, my

dearest Fan, and with fewer cares than you have had in the last two or three years. It is a grievous thing not to spend the day in your company, as I have spent I know not how many birthdays of yours, but I shall try and arrange some expedition in honour of the day. But when I write the word Expedition I think of your mountains in this October sun and air, and sigh. Even London is looking cheerful.

I am immensely in arrear with news. I had bought a stamp to put on a letter to mamma which I was to have written from Brussels, but the letter was never written, and the stamp remains in my possession. I seem to myself never to have had a quiet hour for the last fortnight. I have not brought down our history later than the Viel Salm. It will be a fortnight to-morrow since we left it, on a wet morning, one of the many we had there. The cheapness of living and the obligingness of the inn people remained the same to the last, but our last Sunday was the *fête* of Viel Salm, and that day, Monday, and Tuesday there was a ball at our inn, and a general relaxation and rejoicing, which made our quarters a little too unsettled and noisy. Still, we were sorry when the great omnibus which had brought us came again from Spa to fetch us, and we started in the rain down the gorge of that beautiful Salm which we had come up three weeks before. The return journey was the best of the two, for we had taken the children's dinner with us, and an immense basket of peaches and nectarines, which was a parting present from the Henrards, and the operation of dining made the journey pass quicker

for the children. It cleared when we got half way, but it was still raw and cold and cloudy when we reached Spa at four in the afternoon. We drove straight to the station, and reached Liège after a change at Pepinstu, just as it got dark. The Hôtel de l'Europe at Liège is kept by the father and mother of M. Henrard, and he had written for rooms for us, so we found splendid rooms and everything ready. Here we had our only alarm about little Tom, for he had complained of fatigue and great pain in his side from Spa to Liège, and looked dreadfully ill. Luckily we had kept him always warm, and got him to the inn at Liège well wrapt up and without catching cold. There he was put to bed with a fire in his room, and calomel administered, and the pain passed off, and he woke the next morning quite himself. I had never seen Liège, and the next day we devoted to seeing it. It was quite strange to be in a town again, with all the luxuries of life which at Viel Salm we had been without. Liège stands at the junction of three valleys, the Meuse, the Ousthe, and the Verdre, and with the Ardennes Mountains all about it. It is one of the finest towns I have seen, and the old Bishop's Palace, now the Government House, quite a model of architecture for public buildings, to my taste. The vine appears at Liège, and I had the pleasure of showing little Tom a vineyard. On the second day we went on to Brussels, and found good rooms at the Bellevue, where I had written on beforehand. Brussels I meant for a consolation to my party for the simplicity and solitude of Viel Salm, which they had

so cheerfully undergone on my account, and certainly it is one of the gayest and prettiest of cities. Saturday was passed in shopping, and in the evening Flu and I went to one of the theatres, and laughed very much. On Sunday morning after early church Flu and I started in an open carriage with two horses for the field of Waterloo — an expedition I had long wanted to make. It was gray and misty when we left Brüssels, but cleared as we got out of the forest of Soigny and near Waterloo, and we had a splendid afternoon. I have seldom been more interested. One has read the account of the battle so often, the area is so limited, and the main points of the battle so simple, that one understands it the moment one sees the place with one's eyes, and Hougoumont with its battered walls is a monument such as few battle-fields retain. Our guide had been Lord Byron's guide in 1816, and, only a few years ago, Jerome Bonaparte's, the very man who commanded the French in their attack on Hougoumont, and who had never visited the field since. We got back late to Brussels, and found Lucy better, so the next day, as the cost of living at the Bellevue is considerable, we started for Calais, which we reached, after a long and tiring journey, at ten at night, having had an hour for dinner at Lille on the way. The children bore the journey capitally, and I had by letter secured rooms at the very good clean hotel they have built at the station, so we were saved the long journey up into the town to Dessin's. Next morning it was

fine, though with a little breeze. In the morning we all went on the sands, a little after twelve the children dined, and at a quarter past one we went on board the packet. On the whole, the passage was a good one. We met a splendid fast train at Dover, which took us to London in two hours, and by half-past seven I had got all our luggage through the Custom House, and was sitting at dinner with Flu in this dear little house. Thank dearest mamma for her long and informing letter, received at Brussels. Tell her I hope to write to her on Saturday, and every Saturday. We are now permanently here for the winter, unless we pay a visit or two. Lucy is all right again, and the other children very well. Tom sends you a line or two with this. My love to dearest mamma, Susy and John, and all kind friends, as the children say in their prayers, and with all our good wishes, believe me, my dearest Fan, your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

*To his Mother.*LONDON, *October 29, 1860.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER— I will not this time take a large sheet, I am so pressed for time; but I will not let more than a week pass without writing to you. I am in full work at my lecture¹ on Homer, which you have seen advertised in the *Times*. I give it next Saturday. I shall try to lay down the true principles on which a translation of Homer

¹ *On Translating Homer.* Three Lectures given at Oxford. 1861.

should be founded, and I shall give a few passages translated by myself to add practice to theory. This is an off lecture, given partly because I have long had in my mind something to say about Homer, partly because of the complaints that I did not enough lecture on poetry. I shall still give the lecture, continuing my proper course, towards the end of the term. That, and preparing an introduction to my foreign Report, will keep me well employed up to January. But with the limited sphere of action in outward life which I have, what is life unless I occupy it in this manner, and keep myself from feeling starved and shrunk up? I was away nearly all last week staying at All Souls, and in the daytime inspecting at Banbury. Have you had this wonderful summer weather, which lighted up for me so beautifully last week the wood and stone of Oxfordshire? I say—and stone—because to my mind the yellows and browns of that oolite stone, which you may remember about Adderbury on the road to Oxford, make it one of the most beautiful things in the world.

To Miss Arnold.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, December 17, 1860.

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... I have not been in better case for a long time, and I attribute it entirely to making greater demands on myself. If you only half use the machine it goes badly, but its full play suits it; and if I live and do well from now to fifty (only twelve years!), I will get something out of myself. I shall

to-morrow finish my third lecture. It will not be given till the middle of January, but I want to get the subject done, and to have my mind free for other subjects. I have at last got the Commissioner's distinct leave to publish my Report,¹ with additions, as a book. It will appear in February. By the time you come I hope to have finished the introduction to that and to have got it printed, and to be well plunged in the Middle Age. I have a strong sense of the irrationality of that period, and of the utter folly of those who take it seriously, and play at restoring it; still, it has poetically the greatest charm and refreshment possible for me. The fault I find with Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King* is that the peculiar charm and aroma of the Middle Age he does not give in them. There is something magical about it, and I will do something with it before I have done. The real truth is that Tennyson, with all his temperament and artistic skill, is deficient in intellectual power; and no modern poet can make very much of his business unless he is pre-eminently strong in this. Goethe owes his grandeur to his strength in this, although it even hurt his poetical operations by its immense predominance. However, it would not do for me to say this about Tennyson, though gradually I mean to say boldly the truth about a great many English celebrities, and begin with Ruskin in these lectures on Homer. I have been reading a great deal in the *Iliad* again lately, and though it is too much to

¹ *The Popular Education of France, with Notices of that of Holland and Switzerland.* 1861.

say, as the writer in the *Biographie Universelle* says, that "none but an Englishman would dream of matching Shakespeare with the Greeks," yet it is true that Homer leaves him with all his unequalled gift—and certainly there never was any such naturally gifted poet—as far behind as perfection leaves imperfection.

To his Mother.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, December 31, 1860.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I ought long before this to have thanked all at Fox How, and you in particular, for all manner of affectionate letters and messages on my birthday; but along with my birthday arrived a frightful parcel from the Council Office of grammar papers claiming to be returned, looked over, not later than to-day. Unluckily, at the same time I had entangled myself in the study of Greek accents, led thereto by some remarks on rhythm which I had to make in my lectures. Accent has a vital connexion with the genius of a language, as any one can tell who has observed the effect of his own language spoken with a foreign accent, and anything in vital connexion with the genius of such a language as the Greek must be interesting; still, the subject is one of those which lead you on and on, and I have been obliged to enter in my diary a solemn resolution not to look again at a treatise on accents till I have sent in all my papers. To-day, accordingly, I have sent in the great batch demanded of me, but with too great an effort, as in the early part of the week I had given too much

time to my accents, and at the cost of nearly all duties of correspondence. I have still papers which will take me till the 24th of the month which begins to-morrow, but I have now got into the swing of them, and shall do my daily number with ease in two and a half hours in the evening, keeping my mornings for myself. In the next three or four mornings I must work at my Report for the past year, but then I hope to give my mornings steadily to preparing my French Report for the press.

The thaw has come, and I am glad of it, for the ice was spoiled for skating by the snow. I have had some pleasant days on the ice with Budge, Dick, and the nursemaid, but skating here reminds me too painfully of Westmorland. I begin now to count the weeks till you and Fan come. I must now go out and post this; it is past eleven o'clock, and I write after coming back from dinner in Eaton Place, and then before bed I must look over twenty papers. Little Tom is delightfully well; he and his brothers are to dine in Eaton Place at the late dinner on Twelfth Night. They are dear little boys, and as I work in a morning I hear Tom's voice in the dining-room reading aloud to his two brothers, who are seated one on each side of him. Lucy is getting a rogue of the first water. My love to all, not forgetting Rowland, and wishing you all a happy New Year, I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

M. A. -

To Mrs. Forster.

January 28, 1861.

MY DEAREST K. — There are few people of whom I so often think as of you, though I write to you so seldom. Your long letter was a great pleasure to me.

You will have my Homer lectures in a day or two. They were very well received, and at the end of the last, which I gave on Saturday to a full audience, I was cheered, which is very uncommon at Oxford. Public matters are, as you say, absorbingly interesting. I have not much faith in the nobility of nature of the Northern Americans. I believe they would consent to any compromise sooner than let the Southern States go. However, I believe the latter mean to go, and think they will do better by going, so the baseness of the North will not be tempted too strongly. I myself think that people in general have no notion what widely different nations will develop themselves in America in some fifty years, if the Union breaks up. Climate and mixture of race will then be enabled fully to tell, and I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nation there is on the American continent the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from. Imagine an English Europe! How frightfully *borné* and dull! Or a French Europe either, for that matter. In the appendix to the last volume of Guizot's *Memoirs* there is a letter

on American affairs from a very shrewd old fellow, a member of the Convention and a regicide, who had taken refuge in Alabama, and lived there till quite lately, which William should read. I have got from Senior his last journals, the most interesting series I have seen. They close with a letter from Lord John Russell to Senior, commenting on the French conversations recorded in the journals. This letter was written only last November. It is very satisfactory, I think, as showing both the decision and the good sense of Lord John's convictions.

Now I must go to bed. Kiss all the children for me, and give my love to William. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To his Mother.

MAIDSTONE, *March 14, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Many thanks for your letter, which Flu sent on to me here. I return the sonnets. I cannot say I think they have any great poetic value, but they are interesting as coming from Moultrie,¹ and valuable as witnessing to the indisposition of some among the clergy to join in any act of persecution against the Essayists and Reviewers. It seems to come out clearer and clearer that, however doubtful may be the position of the Essayists, there is no ecclesiastical authority which public opinion is willing to entrust with the power of censuring or punishing in these matters, and I think public opinion is right. As to the Essays,²

¹ The Rev. John Moultrie, Rector of Rugby.

² *Essays and Reviews* 1861.

one has the word of Scripture for it that "new wine should be put into new bottles," and certainly the wine of the Essays is rather new and fermenting for the old bottles of Anglicanism. Still the tendency in England is so strong to admit novelties only through the channel of some old form, that perhaps it is in this way that religion in England is destined to renew itself, and the best of the Essayists may have some anticipation of this, and accept their seemingly false position with patience in this confidence. Temple's position,¹ however, seems to me very difficult, for the last quarter in which people in general wish to admit religious uncertainty is in the education of the young. They would here have the old remain till the new is fully matured and ready for use, and I doubt whether Temple will be able to hold his ground, or Lord Denbigh² to maintain him as your informer thinks. That absurd correspondence with the Bishop of Exeter, in which Temple by a mere blunder managed to extract a most damaging letter. to himself with no reply to it on his part, has done him, I think, much harm. If he holds on at Rugby, it will be, it is said, by recruiting the school from another class than hitherto, a class not exactly the same in social rank, and without the ecclesiastical attachments of the upper classes. The other Essayists are quite secure, and will be rather fomented than abated by all this clamour.

I have had a bad return of my cold, and on Mon-

¹ As Head Master of Rugby.

² One of the Trustees of Rugby School.

day was really very much knocked up. I was in a general state of rheumatism, with a headache which was perfectly overpowering. Yesterday, finding myself much distressed while inspecting, I wrote a note to Lingen¹ telling him I proposed not to re-enter a school till my cold was gone, else, I am told, I shall never shake it off; and with this relief, and a few baths at Brighton, I hope to be myself again soon. In all this discomfort my introduction has gone on slowly, and it needs so much tact as to the how much and the how little to say that I am never satisfied with it. I hope to finish it by the end of next week, and then to give myself a fortnight's holiday before I begin anything else. Inspecting seems mere play when I have nothing else to do beside it.—Your ever affectionate son,

M. A.

To the Same.

LEWES, *March 20, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Flu has sent me your long letter and Fan's note.

The 4th of April will do beautifully for us. We shall not let you go quite so soon as the 13th, though. My dearest mother, it is such a pleasure to me to think of having you with us once more. . . . I went over to Brighton to-day to look at houses. I have got the help of some of the Sussex county gentlemen who were on the grand jury here, and hope to deal with an honest agent, and get a clean house. We shall take a whole house,

¹ Secretary to the Education Department.

and regularly establish ourselves. This is the dead season at Brighton, and one can get for five guineas a week houses that in the winter were fifteen. Before you finally go north you and Fan must come down and see us for a day or two. There is nothing else in England like Brighton, and it is but an hour from London. It did me good to-day to look over the wide expanse of sea, and think how my darlings would be freshened up by it after their measles. The new baby,¹ or gorilla, as I call her, is a fiend at night. She nearly wore poor Mrs. Young out, and I look forward to the sea to make her a little less restless.

I have had a long, obstinate cold, but am certainly getting better. I meant to have tried Mahomet's baths at Brighton, but am so much better that I do not like to give the time. I refuse all going out in the evenings to play whist with the bar, and take as much care of myself as an old man. My brother-marshal, young Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford's son, is a very good fellow, and Erle, the Chief Justice, is one of my favourite Judges, so our own society is very pleasant. I could spend a good deal of time in court — on the *nisi prius* side, not the criminal — if the air was not so bad, and if I could afford the time; as it is, I work away in my own room, and am at last getting on with my Introduction.² I have got Sainte Beuve's new book on Chateaubriand, in which my poem on Obermann is given. It has given me very great

¹ His younger daughter, Eleanor Mary Caroline.

² To "The Popular Education of France."

pleasure. I keep it to show to you and Fan. The poem is really beautifully translated, and what Sainte Beuve says of me is charmingly said. I value his praise both in itself, and because it carries one's name through the literary circles of Europe in a way that no English praise can carry it. But, apart from that, to any one but a glutton of praise the whole value of it lies in the mode in which it is administered; and this is administered by the first of living critics, and with a delicacy for which one would look in vain here. Tell Fan I have got her Macaulay's new volume. I hear my Lectures will be attacked in the *Saturday Review* as too French in style. We shall see. They praise or blame from some absurd pique or whim, not because the thing is praiseworthy or blameworthy; and I do not much care for them. I send the sonnets I forgot last week. Love to dear Fan and Edward, and believe me always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son, M. A.

To the Same.

OXFORD, *May 14, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have to thank you for two letters — a long one, and a note returning a letter (of no importance) of a Russian count who had been sent with a letter to me. This is the first summer, or, indeed, spring day. The wind changed in the night, and to-day it is south-west, with the lights and airs as they only can be with the wind in that quarter in May, and spring coming

on in its glory over all the country. One long, rigid succession of black north-east winds we have had, lasting even through the rain of Saturday and Sunday. I thought they would never end, and was really depressed by them. Even this country I am so fond of looked forbidding, and the flowers themselves were no pleasure. However, the change has come at last. About old May Day (yesterday) they say one may always look for fine weather, and the rain, ungenial as it was, has wetted the ground and vegetation so thoroughly that now the warmth has come there is yet no sensation of dryness. I have been at Wantage to-day—King Alfred's birthplace. A wonderful, quiet old Berkshire town, in the White Horse Vale at the foot of the downs. I started by the half-past seven train this morning, and then drove four miles from Farringdon Road. The Vale is nearly all grass fields, with trees in a park-like way about them, and every village quite clustered round with elms; and the line of the downs bounding it all has great character, and has always been a favourite object with me. Presently I am going to my old haunts among the Cunner hills, and shall come back with plenty of orchises and blue-bells. I left Wantage at half-past twelve, and am back here by two, having had a biscuit and some mulled claret at Didecot. Getting back so early is one's reward for getting up early. I am wonderfully changed about that, now that without the slightest effort I get up at six, and walk down more than half a mile to take the early train at half-past seven. It is a great

thing in my favour (and that advantage I have always had) that I am utterly indifferent about the time of my breakfast, and can wait for it till such time as it pleases Providence to send it me. I always like this place, and the intellectual life here is certainly much more intense than it used to be; but this has its disadvantages too, in the envies, hatreds, and jealousies that come with the activity of mind of most men. Goldwin Smith, whose attack on Stanley's Edinburgh article¹ has made much noise, is a great element of bitterness and strife, though personally a most able, in some respects even interesting, man; the result is that all the world here seems more perturbed and exacerbated than of old. If I was disposed to fly for refuge to the country and its sights and sounds against the rather humdrum life which prevailed here in old times, how much more am I disposed to do this now, convinced as I am that irritations and envyings are not only negatively injurious to one's spirit, like dulness, but positively and actively.

Talking of irritation, I want Fan to find out whether Miss Martineau takes my Introduction in good part, or is still further estranged by it; if the latter, I shall be sorry, as it will show that, in some quarters at any rate, what I sincerely meant to be conciliating and persuading proves of contrary effect. I hear little about my book at present, but am easy about it. The great thing is to produce nothing of which, if it comes into broad

¹ On "Essays and Reviews," *Edinburgh Review*, April 1861.

light, you will be ashamed; and then whether it *does* come into broad light or no need not much trouble you. Tell Fan, too, to get Banks¹ to *make* his friend at Keswick let me have some salmon roe this spring; he is to set about this *at once*, or it will all be sold. Among the vile poaching fishers of the Lakes one must be armed as they are. I had a cold, but am all right now. The wind has changed. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

BRIGHTON, *June 15, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — My lecture² is given, and my heaviest schools are inspected, and, though my work will not fairly end till about the 20th of August, I begin to feel comparatively free, and to project all sorts of readings, for which I have for the last few months had little or no time. At this time of year I am always particularly reminded of papa, and of what he accomplished in the few years he had. If he had been alive now he would have only been just sixty-six! Yet he has been dead nineteen years. The interest of the world and of the spectacle of its events as they unroll themselves is what I regret for him; indeed, this is the main part of what is valuable in life for anybody.

Children, however, are a great pleasure, or at least I find mine so. I had not seen them for a fortnight. Flu had been a week away from them, and we returned together to them yesterday. We came by an earlier train than we had meant, so

¹ The gardener at Fox How.

² *On Translating Homer.*

they did not meet us at the station, but we found them all at home, or close by, in the Square garden. The weather is at last thoroughly hot—weather to enjoy the seaside and the change to it from London. Dear little Tom has entirely recovered under this heat, which relieves his poor oppressed circulation of all struggle and difficulty. A very little cough in the early morning is all that is left of his illness. Budge and Dicky are in splendid force, and in their brown holland suits look the most comfortably dressed children in Brighton. Lucy in her white frock looks as cool and as pretty a little object as you can imagine. The worst of the heat is that there is a high wind with it, a regular sirocco, which to me is exceedingly disagreeable. It gets into every corner of the house, and nothing is cool except the Wenham Lake ice at dinner. That is the greatest luxury of modern times. For threepence one gets enough of it to cool all one drinks at dinner. The children are out very late, as till the sun is down it is really too hot for them. However, Dicky, whenever he is out, runs all the time at the top of his speed. Before luncheon to-day he and Budge bathed with me in a bathing machine, and Tom came to dress Dicky. It was great fun. It is pleasant to see how Tom enjoys himself just now.

Budge is going to ride with his mamma this evening. We do not dine till eight. It is so hot that I think I shall crawl about with Tom in his wheel chair, instead of riding. Flu's love to you. She has got a new photograph-book, and wants you

all to send your pictures. I have had some interesting notices of my book, which I will send you soon. Now I am going out with Flu to pay the bills. Give Fan a kiss for me. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

NORWICH, July 30, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I think it would suit us, if it suited you to have us then, to come about the 23rd or 24th of August, and to stay till the 3rd or 4th of October — at any rate, to be back in London by Saturday the 5th, as we shall have two or three other visits to pay probably.

This is our last place but one, and this morning at eleven o'clock the Judge and I go on to Ipswich, where he opens the Commission at one o'clock. Yesterday we were over at Lowestoft, which has grown into a lively watering-place since you saw it, with an excellent hotel, a crowded port, and a capital esplanade and piers. The sea was covered with ships, and it was a fine day with a fresh breeze, so the Judge enjoyed it very much. Chief Justice Erle is sleeping there. We mean to ride on part of the way to Ipswich to-day with his marshal. You know how much I like Erle, and this time I have been riding with him a great deal. He brings three horses round the circuit with him. The other day I rode with him from Cambridge to Ely, and went over Ely Cathedral, which they are restoring magnificently. I had not been in the cathedral since I was there with you and dear papa,

I don't know how many years ago, the same day that he carried me up to the top of Peterborough Cathedral on his back; and to this moment I can see the roofs of the Peterborough houses as I then saw them from the tower, and the tower of Ely as I then saw it from the carriage. I find the memory and mention of dear papa everywhere — far oftener than I tell you — among the variety of people I see. This variety is nowhere greater than on circuit. I find people are beginning to know something about *me* myself, but I am still far oftener an object of interest as his son than on my own account. You will have seen the attack on me in the *Saturday Review*,¹ which I had heard a long time ago was coming. When first I read a thing of this kind I am annoyed; then I think how certainly in two or three days the effect of it upon me will have wholly passed off; then I begin to think of the openings it gives for observations in answer, and from that moment, when a free activity of the spirit is restored, my gaiety and good spirits return, and the article is simply an object of interest to me. To be able to feel thus, one must not have committed oneself on subjects for which one has no vocation, but must be on ground where one feels at home and secure — that is the great secret of good-humour. I shall probably give a fourth lecture next term to conclude the subject, and then I shall try to set things straight, at the same time soothing Newman's² feelings — which I am really

¹ "Homeric Translators and Critics," *Saturday Review*, July 27, 1861.

² Professor F. W. Newman.

sorry to have hurt — as much as I can without giving up any truth of criticism. I have just been appointed one of the Committee for regulating the Educational Section at the Great Exhibition next year; this will give me certain privileges and admissions, which I hope to avail myself of in your company. My love to Mary, and very kind remembrances to Mr. Hiley. On Thursday or Friday I hope to be in London again. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

IPSWICH, *July 31, 1861.*

MY DEAREST K. — This will reach you on your birthday. How the years fly! and at twenty what would one have thought of the twenty years between forty and sixty, even supposing them secured to one? The twenty years from twenty to forty seemed all life to one then, the very heart of one's time here, the period within which all that was interesting and successful and decisive in one's life was to fall. And now, at forty, how undecided and unfinished and immature everything seems still, and will seem so, I suppose, to the end.

At Norwich the other night, at dinner at Canon Heaviside's, the sheriff for the *city* asked to be introduced to me, and it turned out that he asked this because he knew William, and had known his family so well. It was a Dr. Dalrymple. I had noticed him at dinner for the cleverness and information he showed in conversing, and Erle was very much struck with him too. He said he had attended William's mother in her last illness, and

seemed to have been greatly struck and interested both with her and his father, and to like to speak of them. I could have stayed a long time in Norwich. It is like Bristol, an old city and not a modern town, and it stands so picturesquely, and has so many old bits, and the water winds about it so, and its cathedral and thirty-eight churches make such a show, that I got at last quite the feeling of being in some old town on the Continent. The tower and nave of the cathedral seem to me not surpassed by anything in the English cathedrals; the spire, of course, is beaten by Salisbury, but the tower of Salisbury is not to compare with Norwich. And then the music was so good as powerfully to impress even me. On Sunday evening Erle, with the other marshal and me, got up to the top of Mousehold Heath, where the butts for rifle-shooting are now — one of the best ranges in England, tell William,—and the view of the city and the successive horizons all round was such as is seldom to be seen. Norfolk seems to me, as country, much underrated, and I could live there very well, while Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and Lincolnshire I should find detestable. We had a beautiful house, on a hill, quite out of the town, standing in its own grounds. This — Ipswich — is a curious place too, and, like Norwich, is unlike the Midland towns, Derby, Leicester, Nottingham, etc., by seeming so much older and so much more of a provincial capital. I hope to-morrow to go down the Orwell to Harwich, and on Friday to get back to London.

You will have seen the amenities of the *Saturday Review*. It seems affected to say one does not care for such things, but I do really think my spirits rebound after them sooner than most people's. The fault of the reviewer, as of English criticism in general, is that whereas criticism is the most delicate matter in the world, and wants the most exquisite lightness of touch, he goes to work in such a desperate heavy-handed manner, like a bear in a china-shop — if a bear can be supposed to have hands. I daresay I shall find an opportunity to set straight all that needs to be set straight in what both he and Newman¹ have brought forth. The disadvantage under which both of them labour is that the subject is not one for learning nor for violence, but rather for a certain *finesse*.

I send you a letter from old Rapet,² who knows, Guizot says, more of the French system than any other man living. My love to William, and to that darling Fan, and believe me always, my dearest K., your most affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

FOLKESTONE, August 15, 1861.

. . . Budge very nearly wheedled me into bringing him all by himself, but, as I told him, I should have found him, when I came back from my schools, making mud-pies in the harbour with all the dirty little ragamuffins of Folkestone. I meet

¹ *Homeric Translation in theory and practice: A Reply to Matthew Arnold, Esq.*, by Francis W. Newman. 1861.

² See vol. ii. p. 241.

here and at Dover a vast number of people I know; that, too, is a sign one *is* getting old. I came here at twenty-four without meeting a soul I knew, and that was the best time, too. Tell Fan I must finish off for the present my critical writings between this and forty, and give the next ten years earnestly to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which, if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether. Thackeray is here with his daughters. I see a good deal of him. He is much interested in me just now because of the *Saturday Review's* attack, he also being an object of that newspaper's dislike. *Their* calling *anybody conceited* is, he says, the most amusing piece of audacity he ever knew. Lady de Rothschild¹ is at Dover; the Balguys too, and a number of other people I know, and whom I stumbled on one after the other. Next week I sleep on Monday at Faversham, at a friend's house, on Tuesday at Tunbridge Wells, at another friend's; then I have a day or two to wind up my affairs in London, and on Friday I think we shall all come to you, if that day suits you — the 23rd.

To the Same.

ALVER BANK, October 16, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have never thanked you for your last week's letter, and, besides, I wish to stick to my day, so I begin this, though I am

¹ *Née* Louisa Montefiore; wife of Sir Anthony de Rothschild.

not quite sure of finishing it. We go to London to-morrow with Lady Wightman. The extended holiday in country air has gone, I hope, to lay in a stock of vigour for the coming year, but I have not been so well here as I was at Fox How — bilious and headachy, — and this place is very, very far from being to me what Fox How is. The sea is a fine object, but it does not replace mountains, being much simpler and less inexhaustible than they, with their infinite detail, are; and the country hereabout is too hideous. Then the place, as a place, is so far less pleasant than Fox How, and the grounds so inferior, and it is melancholy to see the pines struggling for life and growth here, when one remembers their great rich shoots at Fox How. But I have been much struck with the arbutus in the grounds of a villa close by this, and it seems to me we do not turn that beautiful shrub to enough account at Fox How. I should think our soil and air were just the thing for it. You ask me about shrubs. On the *left* hand of the path, as you go from the drawing-room window to the hand-bridge, nothing is to be put in except one evergreen, to make a sort of triangle with the little cypress and the odd-leaved beech. On the other side are to be rhododendrons, with a few laurels interspersed, but neither the one nor the other thick enough to make a jungle. I wish I could see the place at this moment, and how the changes look.

We have had the most wonderful weather — days without a cloud, and a sun so hot as to be almost unbearable without shade. Yesterday, being

Budge's birthday, Flu, I, Tom, Budge, and Dick went at half-past ten into Gosport in the carriage, got into a boat, and scrambled on board the Ryde steamer off the Portsmouth landing-stage just as her paddles began to move, to Flu's great alarm; crossed over to Ryde, passing the *Warrior* at Spithead, drove through that beautiful Isle of Wight to Whippingham, and got out at the church. I called on Mr. Protheroe, but he is out on his holiday. I got the key of the church, however, but they have been rebuilding it, and the tablets are standing on the pavement of the chancel, one over the other. I made out the upper half of grandpapa Arnold's,¹ and the whole of Uncle Matt's; whether there are any more I don't know. I must go and see them again when the church is finished and the tablets refixed. Then we drove on past Osborne to East Cowes, and dined the children at the Medina Hotel, where I was with you and papa on that delightful tour in the island some twenty-five years ago. I took Flu to Slatwoods,² but it is sold already to a building society, and the grounds all torn up with roads and excavations they are making. The house and five acres are to be resold separate. All had gone to ruin, however, and there was much overgrowth. I made up my mind, however, that at its very best of times Slatwoods can never have been for a single moment to compare with Fox How. Both look to the north, but Fox How, at any rate, stands admirably, while

¹ His grandfather was Collector of Customs at Cowes.

² Dr. Arnold's early home.

Slatwoods is put all in the wrong place. We went over in a boat to West Cowes Castle, now the Yacht Club-house, and Flu and Budge went to see Cyril at Egypt House, while Tom, Dick, and I strolled slowly through Cowes to the steamer pier. Flu and Budge only got back just in time, and at five we started for Portsmouth, again, touching at Ryde. Norris Castle and Osborne under the magnificent sunset were splendid, and I was glad to see the tower of Eaglehurst and Calshot Castle again. We caught the steam bridge at Portsmouth and got a fly at the landing in Gosport, and were back here about seven, in time for a half-past seven dinner. We go back to London to-morrow. My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

At this period Matthew Arnold became involved in an educational controversy, the history of which may best be given in his own words:—

“The appointment of the Commission ‘to inquire into the present state of popular education in England,’ commonly known as the Duke of Newcastle’s Commission, was due to the apprehensions caused by the rapid growth of the Parliamentary grant. The Commission reported in 1861. By a large majority, the Commissioners decided on recommending the continuance of public aid on an un-reduced scale to both normal and elementary schools. They enounced the opinion, however, that the actual system of grants was too complicated, and

that it threatened to become unmanageable by the central office, and they proposed to transfer to the local rates a considerable part of the charge. The grant then stood at about three-quarters of a million. The Commissioners proposed to lay on the county rates a charge calculated at £428,000 a year for the present. Moreover, they had convinced themselves that insufficient attention was paid to junior classes in elementary schools; that the teachers were tempted to be too ambitious, and to concentrate their attention on a showy upper class, while the bulk of the scholars were comparatively neglected, and failed to acquire instruction in 'the most necessary part of what they came to learn,' reading, writing, and arithmetic, in which only one-fourth of the school children, it was alleged, attained any tolerable knowledge. But the Commissioners thought that, even under the present conditions of age and attendance, it would be possible, if the teachers had a strong motive to make them bring the thing about, for at least three-fifths of the children on the books of the schools — the three-fifths who were shown to attend one hundred days and upwards — 'to read and write without conscious difficulty, and to perform such arithmetical operations as occur in the common business of life.' To supply the teachers with the requisite motive, therefore, the grant from the county rates was to take the form of a capitation grant, dependent on the number of scholars who could pass an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"The Vice-President of the Education Depart-

ment in 1861 was Lord Sherbrooke, then Mr. Lowe, an acute and brilliant man, to whom pretentiousness with unsoundness was very distasteful and contemptible. The permanent Secretary was one of the best and most faithful of public servants, the present¹ Lord Lingen, who saw with apprehension the growth of school grants with the complication attending them, and was also inclined to doubt whether Government had not sufficiently done its work, and the schools might not now be trusted to go alone. These powerful officials seized upon the statements and proposals of the Commissioners, and produced, as a consequence of them, the Revised Code. But they went far beyond the Commissioners. The training schools were to lose their lecturers' salaries, the stipends of pupil teachers and the augmentation grants of masters and mistresses were to be discontinued; everything was to be capitation grant, dependent on the ability of the individual scholars to pass an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, an examination for which they were to be arranged in four groups according to their age. The system of bounties and protection, said Mr. Lowe, had been tried and had failed; now another system should be tried, a system under which he would promise that popular education, if not efficient, should at least be cheap, and if not cheap, should be efficient.

“There was a great outcry. It was said that, if the Government grant had increased, so had voluntary contributions; the one-third of the cost of

¹ Written in 1887.

popular education which the State contributed had called forth two-thirds from local and private sources to meet it, and this resource it was now proposed to discourage and endanger. The improved schools had been but a dozen years at work; they had had to civilise the children as well as to instruct them; reading, writing, and ciphering were not the whole of education; people who were so impatient because so many of the children failed to read, write, and cipher correctly did not know what the children were when they came to school, or what were the conditions of the problem which their educators had to solve. Sir James Shuttleworth maintained that, so far from its being true that all the children who had been at school for one hundred days and upwards in the year preceding the examination ought to be able to pass in reading, writing, and arithmetic, only those of them who had attended more than two years were fit subjects for the examination proposed.

“The impossibility of preparing the bulk of the children to pass the examination proposed was, no doubt, exaggerated. We have seen what can be accomplished in this line by preparers. On the other hand, I have always thought that the Commissioners, finding in the state of the junior classes and of the elementary matters of instruction a point easy to be made and strikingly effective, naturally made it with some excess of energy, and pressed it too hard. I knew the English schools well in this period, between 1850 and 1860, and at the end of it I was enabled to compare them

with schools abroad. Some preventible neglect of the junior classes, some preventible shortcoming in the elementary instruction, there was; but not nearly so much as was imagined. What there was would have been sufficiently met by a capitation grant on individual examination, not for the whole school, but for the children between seven or eight years old, and nine or ten, a grant which would then have been subsidiary, not principal. General 'payment by results' has been a remedy worse than the disease which it was meant to cure.

"The opposition to Mr. Lowe's Revised Code of 1862 so far prevailed that it was agreed to pay one-third of the Government grant on attendance, and but two-thirds on examination. Moreover, the grouping by age was abandoned, and the arrangement of the children in six classes, or standards, as they have come to be called, was substituted for it. The teacher presented the child in the standard for which he thought him fit; he must present him the next time, however, in a standard above that.

"The capitation grant on attendance was four shillings; that on examination was twice that amount, one-third of which was forfeited for a failure in reading, or writing, or arithmetic. This latter grant has governed the instruction and inspection of our elementary schools ever since. I have never wavered in the opinion — most unacceptable to my official chiefs — that such a consequence of the Revised Code was inevitable, and also harmful. To a clever Minister and an austere Secretary, to the House of Commons and the newspapers, the

scheme of 'payment by results,' and those results, reading, writing, and arithmetic, 'the most necessary part of what children come to school to learn' — a scheme which should make public education 'if not efficient, cheap, and if not cheap, efficient,' — was, of course, attractive. It was intelligible, plausible, likely to be carried, likely to be maintainable, after it had been carried. That, by concentrating the teachers' attention upon enabling his scholars to pass in the three elementary matters, it must injure the teaching, narrow it, and make it mechanical was an educator's objection easily brushed aside by our public men. It was urged by Sir James Shuttleworth, but this was attributed to a parent's partiality for the Minutes of 1846 and the Old Code founded on them, a Code which the Revised Code had superseded. But the objection did really occur to him and weigh with him, because he was a born educator, and had seen and had studied the work of the great Swiss educators, Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, Vehrli. It occurred to me because I had seen the foreign schools. No serious and well-informed student of education, judging freely and without bias, will approve the Revised Code."

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *November 13, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Thank you for your letter. It is very pleasant to have such a good account of that dear old Susy. My cold is gone,

and I am all right, except that in the foggy mornings I sometimes feel, as every one must feel, my throat uncomfortable. I am taking one or two of the spare days left to me to begin either my lecture or my article on the Code. I do not quite know whether I will not put off the latter till January's *Fraser*. Shuttleworth has just published a most important pamphlet, and it is said that the Dean of Hereford, Dawes, is preparing an answer. Derwent Coleridge, too, is said to have a pamphlet in the press, and my object is rather to sum up the controversy, to give the general result of the whole matter, and to have the last word. My disinclination to begin anything has, however, I daresay, a large share in my disposition to put off the thing for a month. In the meantime I begin neither the article nor the lecture, and the next fortnight I shall have a bad time of it, I suspect. Shuttleworth's pamphlet is most effective. You should order it — it only costs a shilling. For the general reader and for members of Parliament there is a little too much detail, and the matter is hardly enough treated in its first principles for my taste, but for the large body of persons who have a finger in schools for the poor it is just the thing. It sells like wild-fire. One Educational Society alone, the Wesleyan, has taken a thousand copies, and the Educational Societies jointly are sending a copy to every member of both Houses of Parliament. Shuttleworth tells me the printer can hardly print them fast enough. We had a pleasant dinner-party the other night. Froude I always find attractive,

though I think he has very sinister ways of looking at history. On Monday we went to see Fechter in *Othello*. The two first acts I thought poor (Shakespeare's fault, partly), the two next effective, and the last pretty well. Wyndham Slade had the stage box lent him, and I joined him there for two acts.

I had a very pleasant day at Aston Clinton¹ with the Rothschilds last Friday, and a superb game of croquêt with the girls. Such a lawn, tell Fan! perfectly smooth, yet so wide that in no direction could you croquêt to the end of it. Their croquêt things were very grand, and much heavier than ours. At first this put me out, but it is an advantage when you get used to it, and you have infinitely more power with the heavy mallets. Afterwards I had a long walk with the girls in the woods of the Chilterns. They are all great favourites of mine, the mother particularly. I brought away the photographs of the girls, and am to have Lady de Rothschild's when she has had a good one done. I went myself and sat, or rather stood, to Silvy last Saturday, but don't know the result yet. However, the day was favourable, and Silvy said he was well satisfied.

One of my School Committee told me yesterday he was going to have tea at Brixton with a lady who had called her school "Laleham" in honour of papa.

Tell Fan I have just been correcting my proofs for Miss Procter, but I don't know when the book²

¹ Sir Anthony de Rothschild's house near Tring.

² *Victoria Regia*. A volume of original contributions in poetry and prose, edited by Adelaide A. Procter. 1861.

will be out. I think you will all be pleased with my poem.¹ As to your coming south — we like to have you at any time, but for your own sakes it would be monstrous that you should come and go before the Exhibition opens. Love to Susy, Fan, and John Cropper. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *November 20, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I was up at a quarter past seven this morning, breakfasted *tête-à-tête* with Dicky, and before nine was off to Euston Square on my way to Bushey, near Watford. I am only just returned, and have not much time before the post goes. However, I will not break my Wednesday rule if I can help it. First of all, you will expect me to say something about poor Clough.² That is a loss which I shall feel more and more as time goes on, for he is one of the few people who ever made a deep impression upon me, and as time goes on, and one finds no one else who makes such an impression, one's feeling about those who did make it gets to be something more and more distinct and unique. Besides, the object of it no longer survives to wear it out himself by becoming ordinary and different from what he was. People were beginning to say about Clough that he never would do anything now, and, in short, to pass him over. I foresee that there will now be a change, and attention

¹ "A Southern Night."

² Arthur Hugh Clough died at Florence, November 13, 1861.

will be fixed on what there was of extraordinary promise and interest in him when young, and of unique and imposing even as he grew older without fulfilling people's expectations. I have been asked to write a Memoir of him for the *Daily News*, but that I cannot do. I could not write about him in a newspaper now, nor can, I think, at length in a review, but I shall some day in some way or other relieve myself of what I think about him.

I know no details except that he died at Florence. I heard this in a note from Lingen the day before his death appeared in the newspaper. His wife was with him.

I have put off my article on the Code till January, and have now time for my *Homer* lecture.¹ As I get into it, it interests me and amuses me. There will be very little controversy in it, but I shall bring out one or two points about the grand style and the ballad style, so as to leave what I have said in the former lectures as firm and as intelligible as possible, and then I shall leave the subject.

We had a visit at Copford² that I liked very much. We took that darling Dick (I hope Flu told you about his birthday, though I did not), and the child's pleasure in the country and in his cousins' company was pleasant to see. The rectory is a very good house indeed, and the living the best but one in all that part of the country; but what pleased

¹ *On Translating Homer: Last Words.* 1862.

² His wife's brother-in-law, the Rev. Peter Wood, was Rector of Copford, Essex.

me most was the deeply rural character of the village and neighbourhood. I hardly know any country with the secluded and rural character of North Essex. It is quite unlike the counties (out of Westmorland) that you know best — Nottinghamshire and Warwickshire. It seems immensely old, and is full of old halls and woods and hollows and low ranges of hills, and then eight or nine miles off across the most deeply quiet part of the country is the sea. I daresay we shall go there once or twice every year; the Woods are the most hospitable people in the world. It is a place where I could be well content, if I was the rector of it, to think that I should end my days and lay my bones. —
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

YORK, December 8, 1861.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have not had your letter for this last week, but I have no doubt I shall find it in London to-morrow, so I will not return without discharging my debt. I left London last Tuesday with the Judge and Georgina, and just as it was getting dark we arrived, in a thick fog, at Durham. We were all lodged in the castle, huge old rooms with walls of vast thickness, and instead of paper on the walls, sombre tapestry, all in greens and browns, representing Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and his adventures. But the next day was splendid, and having sworn in the Grand Jury, I proceeded to make the tour of Durham, and certainly my early

recollection of it did not approach the reality. The view from the castle itself, at the top of a steep hill, is very grand and Edinburghesque; but when you cross the Wear by the Prebend's Bridge and, ascending through its beautiful skirt of wood, plant yourself on the hill opposite the cathedral, the view of the cathedral and castle together is superb; even Oxford has no view to compare with it. The country too has a strong turbulent roll in it which smacks of the north and of neighbouring mountains, and which greatly delighted me. I made my way to Nevill's Cross and some way up the glen of a feeder of the Wear, and the fern and water-breaks and distant moon were as northern as possible. I was most agreeably disappointed, for I had fancied Durham rising out of a cinder bed. I finished by the observatory, a point on a range higher than the hill just in face of the cathedral, but commanding much the same view in greater perspective. All the University men were very civil and hospitable indeed, but I could not avail myself of their offers. Dr. Jenkyns wrote me a very kind note, saying he was an old friend of yours and papa's, and begging me to come and dine with him. I could not dine with him, but went and called, and was greatly pleased. He said the Dean,¹ having just learned from him who I was, was also anxious to see me; but I could not call on him then, as we were just going to start, but left civil messages. The Dean ought to have asked the Judge and all of us to dinner, but two judges lately kept him waiting for

¹ Dr. Waddington, celebrated for gastronomy.

dinner till past nine o'clock, and he is said to have vowed he will never ask a judge again. I saw before starting all the lions of the cathedral and castle. I should say the Durham music was greatly over-rated had I not heard one anthem, which was really superb. I heard nothing, however, approaching the trebles of Norwich, and the Durham people say they are not in tip-top condition just now as to their choir. We got here to dinner yesterday, and tomorrow I return to town. It was tantalising to pass Darlington, and to think that some three and a half hours would have brought me to you, and by a country, too, that I above all things wish to see. You have the Forsters with you now. How full William will be of this American difficulty! Tell him I hope the Americans will not cease to be afflicted until they learn thoroughly that man shall not live by Bunkum alone. Kiss K. for me, likewise Fan. — Ever your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

CHESTER SQUARE, *December 18, 1861.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I need not say how much it always pleases me that you all should like what I do, above all, when my subject is such as in the *Victoria Regia* poem.¹ And my darling K. too, my first reader (or hearer), and who perhaps has even now the first place in my heart as the judge of my poems. . . . I told you all you would like this poem. No one had seen or heard a word of it, not even

¹ "A Southern Night."

Fanny Lucy. . . . But my poems I am less and less inclined to show or repeat, although if I lived with K. I daresay I should never have got out of the habit of repeating them to her. I had seen the *Spectator*, and the *Examiner* too speaks of the poem very warmly. These are the only papers that have yet mentioned the collection. Fanny du Quaire, who is herself delighted with the poem, says that every one else is, that it is far the best thing in the collection, etc. That dear old Edward will like it, I know, and so will the dear children, some day years hence.

I had not the slightest intention of giving a guinea to see my own performance in print, but yesterday Fanny Lucy bothered me so for a sight of the book that I ordered it, and this morning I have a very civil note from Miss Faithfull, thanking me for the poem, and expressing her admiration of it, and sending me the volume. So I have sent back the one I had ordered, and saved my guinea. To be sure I have not quite saved that, for I have bought Cowper's poems instead. But these I had long wanted; it is the three volume edition, and the best, and I had only single poems of Cowper, a poet whom I esteem more and more.

You may imagine the consternation produced here by Prince Albert's death,¹ and one could not help feeling it as an almost overwhelming blow at the first moment. But every one seems to be settling into some hope that the Queen may yet do well and bear up. He is said to have had some conversation

¹ December 14, 1861.

with her in the last two or three days, and to have exhorted her to take courage and to keep herself calm; and she is certainly behaving beautifully. The children talk much of this death, and Flu overheard Dicky telling Lucy that he was gone to Heaven. Upon which Lucy answered, "Should I like Heaven, *Wichard* dear?" "Oh yes, darling," says Dicky, "so much! there's *tookey* there, and toyshops, and such *beautiful* dollies!" Fan will be amused with the first place given by Dick to croquêt, even in Heaven.

Every one I see is very warlike. I myself think that it has become indispensable to give the Americans a *moral lesson*, and fervently hope that it will be given them; but I am still inclined to think that they will take their lesson without war. However, people keep saying they won't. The most remarkable thing is that that feeling of sympathy with them (based very much on the ground of their common radicalness, dissentingness, and general mixture of self-assertion and narrowness) which I thought our middle classes entertained seems to be so much weaker than was to be expected. I always thought it was this sympathy, and not cotton, that kept our Government from resenting their insolences, for I don't imagine the feeling of kinship with them exists at all among the higher classes; after immediate blood relationship, the relationship of the soul is the only important thing, and this one has far more with the French, Italians, or Germans than with the Americans. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.**February 19, 1862.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — My hand is so tired I can hardly write, but I wish to keep to my day this week after being so irregular for the last month. I have just finished correcting the proofs of my article for *Fraser*, and, what was harder, retouching and adding as was necessary. It will be very long, but I think not dull. Lowe's attack on the inspectors quite relieved me from all scruples in dealing with him, and I think my comments on his proceedings will be found vivacious. As to the article making a *sensation*, that I by no means expect. I never expect anything of mine to have exactly the popular quality necessary for making a sensation, and perhaps I hardly wish it. But I daresay it will be read by some influential people in connexion with the debate which will soon come on. Froude's delay has certainly proved not unfortunate, as the present is a more critical moment for the article to appear than the beginning of the month, when Lowe's concessions were not answered, and could not be discussed.

Now I have to finish correcting my Homer lecture, which I am afraid will provoke some dispute. I sincerely say "afraid," for I had much rather avoid all the sphere of dispute. One begins by saying something, and if one believes it to be true one cannot well resist the pleasure of expanding and establishing it when it is controverted; but I had rather live in a purer air than that of controversy, and when I have done two more things I must do—

an article on Middle-Class Education and one on Academies (such as the French Academy), both of which will raise opposition and contradiction,— I mean to leave this region altogether and to devote myself wholly to what is positive and happy, not negative and contentious, in literature.

You ask me about Tennyson's lines.¹ I cannot say I think they have much *poetical* value. They are, as you say, very just, but so was one of the *Times* leaders about the same subject, and above the merit of just remark and proper feeling these lines do not appear to me to rise; but to arrive at the merit of *poetical beauty* you must rise a long way above these. Read, in connexion with this piece of Tennyson's, Manzoni's Cinqua Maggio (on the death of Napoleon), and you will see what I mean.

We dined last night with the Forsters, and met Stansfeld, the member for Halifax, a clever and interesting man. Dear K.'s presence in London is a great pleasure to me. She and William dine with Wm. Delafield on Monday, and we meet them there. x I have more dining out than I care for, and more eating and drinking. How I should like a week with you and Fan! I am glad to think of your having the gold medal;² you heard I saw no likeness at all in Wyon's attempt, but K. thinks that there is a general likeness to our family type in it. At any rate, I should much like to see the gold medal. — Believe me always your most affectionate son,

M. A.

¹ On the Prince Consort.

² To commemorate the administrative work done in the Punjab by his brother, William Delafield Arnold.

*To the Same.*THE ATHENÆUM, *February 26, 1862.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER— Let me hear whether you have ordered *Fraser*, as, if you have not, I will send you my copy, but I shall not be able to send it you till next week. I think you will find my article¹ lively, and presenting the subject in its *essence*, free from those details with which it is generally encumbered, and which make “outsiders” so afraid of it. At the end Lowe’s speech is noticed sharply enough, but I have no fears whatever of Lowe’s vengeance: first, because he cannot officially notice an article not signed with my name; secondly, because if he did, public opinion would support an inspector, attacked as we have been by Lowe, in replying in the only way open to us; thirdly, because, even if public opinion condemned what I did, it would never stand Lowe’s resenting it, as he does precisely the same thing himself in the *Times*. Whenever he has a grudge at the Ministry of which he is a subordinate member he attacks it *there*. So I feel quite safe, and in hopes of having done something to ward off the heaviest blow dealt at civilisation and social improvement in my time.

I think you are quite wrong in thinking Lowe’s side to be the “popular” one; Jane, too, was quite astonished when I told her you called it so. A certain number of the upper classes, who have a keen sense for the follies and weaknesses which teachers and scholars have under our present system shown,

¹ “The Twice Revised Code,” *Fraser’s Magazine*, March 1862.

may be glad to see Lowe attack it, but all the petitions are against him, and none on his side, and that shows which way is the real weight of "popularity." And to hold his ground at all, he has to "dress" his case and make out that he is *not* doing a great deal which he really is doing and wishes to do. And, after all, he will be beaten; that is, the House of Commons will pour upon him the *double* grant—the subsidy as well as the *prize-grant*—whereas he is fighting tooth and nail to have this latter only.

It is rumoured at the office that I am writing something about this matter, and as I have used in published books the signature of A, and the office people are not the most discerning of critics, and I hate to have things not mine fathered upon me, I wished Edward had written under a different initial. But it does not matter now, as I have told Lingen the letters were not mine. — With love to all at Fox How, ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HERTFORD, *March 5, 1862.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I write to you from the Crown Court at Hertford. This is the third year running that I have found myself here just about this time. I had an inclination to relaxed sore throat and headache, and the fine country air and cold of Hertford Castle, where we are lodged, will, I hope, do me some good. I expect we shall finish here to-morrow, though not perhaps in time to get back to London to-morrow night.

Being out of the way of schools and school managers at Fox How, I think you have no notion how warm an interest the former create, and how large a part of society is to be found among the latter. So that a measure which is supposed to threaten them ought to be very strong and sound in itself. And this the Revised Code is not, nor have its defenders ever made any really strong point, or got beyond being *plausible*. This is proved by there not being a single petition in their favour; no one cares enough about them to take this trouble. So, in spite of the *Times*, I think they will be beaten. I hope I have supplied a readable popular statement of the case against them which will take hold and do good. Lady de Rothschild writes me word that she is making Disraeli read it, who wants just such a brief to speak from; and Shuttleworth and his Anti-Code Committee think it may be so useful that they have asked me to get leave from the Editor for them to reprint it for distribution to members of Parliament. And, whether they get it from this article or not, I see Lord Derby and the Bishop of Oxford¹ are coming to take the very ground I could wish them to take, namely, that the State has an interest in the primary school as a *civilising agent*, even prior to its interest in it as an *instructing agent*. When this is once clearly seen nothing can resist it, and it is fatal to the new Code. If we can get this clearly established in this discussion a great point will have been gained for the future dealings of the State with education, and I

¹ Dr. Wilberforce.

shall hope to see State-control reach in time our middle and upper schools.

I am surprised myself at the length of many of the sentences in my article, but I find that for every new thing I write there comes a style which I find natural for that particular thing, and this tendency I never resist. I am heartily pleased at the way William likes my article, and scarcely less so at the genuine attention and interest he gives to the whole question. And dear old K.'s opinion was always one of the first I looked for. Fan must tell me herself how she likes what I have said, and how far she is interested in the whole discussion.

The culprits in front of me—two Hertford labourers and a straw plaiter (a girl)—are such specimens of barbarism to look at as you seldom saw, the girl more particularly. The state of the peasantry in these metropolitan counties is lamentable.—I am ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

M. A.

To his Wife.

IN COURT, CHELMSFORD,
March 12, 6 P.M., 1862.

There are really twenty-three causes, and we have gone very slowly to-day, so there is no chance of our getting home to-morrow; but I still hope we may get home on Friday, though the Judge would wring his hands if he heard me say so. But there is no doubt the business here is very heavy indeed this time, far heavier than I have ever known it.

I don't see how I am to get my lecture done by

Saturday week, I have had so much abstracting to do, and the interruptions are so many.

I am delighted to find Walpole's Resolutions¹ so good and firm as they are. I feared they would have been all shilly-shally. *These* Resolutions Lowe cannot possibly accept, or, if he does, he cannot possibly make the world believe that he is not giving up his Code by doing so. I am very much relieved, and the members of Parliament I see on circuit are all full of the absurdity of "individual examinations." I have written to Shuttleworth to tell him what I think of things. It is true the Bishop of Oxford made a dreadful mistake by talking of his readiness to let the Education grant reach 2,500,000; that frightened the House of Commons, which thinks the grant formidable already.

To his Mother.

IN COURT, MAIDSTONE,

March 19, 1802.

MY DEAREST MOTHER.—Your letter to-day was one of your very pleasantest. Nothing I should like better than to be with you just now at Fox How and to correct my notion of your spring. I think of the grass as keeping its sere, wintry, frost-bitten look up to May, and if you have really the tender green which is brightening all the orchard closes of this pretty county, I should like to be there to see it. This is a beautiful place; ranges of hill, and infinite gradations of distance, with wood and spires, whichever way you look. The Medway

¹ Condemning the Revised Code.

is coming down all yellow and turbid after the great rains of Sunday and Monday, and the meadows all about the river are flooded. But the rains have fairly brought in the spring, and the lilacs are actually in leaf. We shall have finished on this side (the criminal) to-morrow, but we shall have to stop and help Erle, and shall hardly get back to London before Tuesday. Meanwhile I hear from Fanny Lucy that twenty copies of my *Fraser* article, reprinted in the form of a pamphlet, have come to Chester Square, and that is a sign that it is in the hands of Members. I am going to send a copy with a note to Lord Lansdowne, and shall be very curious to see what he says to it. If I possibly can I will keep a copy for you, but as you have it already in *Fraser* it does not so much matter. The *Times* article to-day looks as if they did not feel confident, but it looks more and more as if it would be a party division, and then the number of Liberals staunch enough in the cause, or knowing enough about it to vote, as William Forster will, with Walpole, will be very small. Enough, however, I cannot help thinking, to carry the resolutions. I hope William Forster will speak, and think he may have another decided success if he does. He is thoroughly in earnest, and seizes the real point of error and false statesmanship in the Code, which so few outsiders have knowledge enough, or, in default of knowledge, penetration enough, to be able to seize.

Fan had mentioned the Scripture quotations. At a time when religion penetrated society much more

than it does now and in the seventeenth century they were very common, and, if they are used seriously, I see no objection to them. Burke used them, even in his time. The Bible is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. "Where the State's treasure is bestowed," etc., for example, saved me at least half a column of disquisition. The Methodists do not mind it the least; they like it, and this is much in its favour. Did I tell you that Scott, the head of the Wesleyans, is enchanted with the article, and has taken a number of copies of the reprint for circulation?

I hope the Homer will be found readable. Perhaps there is some little doubt about the motto¹ to that, but I put it in the Vulgate Latin, as I always do when I am not earnestly serious. Tennyson's devoted adherents will be very angry with me, but their ridiculous elevation of him above Wordsworth was one of the things which determined me to say what I did. My love to dear Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

MAIDSTONE, *March 21, 1862.*

Your papa says it is quite impossible for him to go before to-morrow night if Erle wants him, as the business would not be got through if he did. But he very kindly tells me that I may go up to-morrow, and I certainly shall, though I do not

¹ "Multi, qui persequuntur me, et tribulant me: a testimoniis non declinavi."

quite know by what train, in time for dinner at the Forsters', however. But your papa is getting on so well that I think he will finish and come up himself, leaving Erle with only one cause to try, which he will be able to finish on Monday morning, if not on Saturday night. Your papa's trying causes is a wonderful help, as he goes fast; indeed it is quite beautiful to see him try a cause, he does it so admirably, and I think every one appreciates him. I have had five hours' work at my lecture to-day, and am getting on well, but it will be hard for me to keep my attention to it this next week, with the Education debate going on. I shall try what I can do, however, but I *must* manage to write a letter to the *Daily News* to put some matters clear and right about individual examination and about night schools. I see the Tories keep quiet in the House of Lords, letting one Ministerial peer speak after the other, and leaving the Bishop of Oxford to take care of himself. I think they are quite right to wait for the issue in the House of Commons on Walpole's Resolutions. I find every one here against the Code, and you see how numerous the petitions are. Still, everything depends on whether it is made a really Government question or no.

To his Mother.

IN COURT, CHELMSFORD,
March 24, 1862.

My DEAREST MOTHER—This morning I have your letter, which Flu forwarded to me from London. We are getting on slowly here, having had

very heavy business, but I think we shall finish this afternoon, and get back to London to a very late dinner. I have a lump in my throat and a good deal of flying headache, but I cannot at all complain of my health so far this year; it has been very good, and every one tells me how well I am looking. But the gray hairs on my head are becoming more and more numerous, and I sometimes grow impatient of getting old amidst a press of occupations and labour for which, after all, I was not born. Even my lectures are not work that I thoroughly like, and the work I do like is not very compatible with any other. But we are not here to have facilities found us for doing the work we like, but to make them.

You must certainly come to us first, and about the 7th of May will do very well. I think you will be struck with the aspect of London at that time — the wealth and brilliancy of it is more remarkable every year. The carriages, the riders, and the walkers in Hyde Park, on a fine evening in May or June, are alone worth coming to London to see. And by the 7th of May I hope to be back from Oxford, and to be settled in London for the summer.

I have just heard from Shuttleworth that my paper is reprinted, and that he has sent me twenty copies, and a copy to every member of each House of Parliament. I am extremely well pleased with Walpole's Resolutions. The first affirms just the principle I want to have distinctly affirmed — "To give rewards for proved good reading, writing, and arithmetic is *not* the whole duty of the State towards

popular education." It was reported by Lowe's friends that Lowe had information of the purport of these Resolutions, and that he was not dissatisfied with them, and I was afraid they would be very trimming and shilly-shally, so I am the more pleased at finding them so firm and distinct. Lowe cannot possibly accept them, or if he does, every one will see that he confesses himself beaten by accepting them; and if he opposes them, I think he will certainly be beaten. I see a great many members of Parliament and county gentlemen on circuit. I find their impression of the offensiveness of the schoolmasters is strong, their impression that too much is taught, and foolishly taught, in schools for the poor is strong; but their impression of the absurdity and probable expense of the individual examination is strongest of all. And it was this examination, on the basis of State-payments, that I have from the first attacked. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

LEWES, *Friday, March 28, 1862.*

I am puzzled to know how Greg¹ got my pamphlet. I never sent it him. I hope no one is sending it about in my name. I have no doubt the more it makes an impression the more incensed against me will the chiefs of the office become. I think perhaps the reason Lord Lansdowne does not answer my note is that Lord Granville has spoken to him about the matter, and he is puzzled what to say to me. I don't think, however, they can eject me, though

¹ W. R. Greg, author of *The Enigmas of Life*.

they can, and perhaps will, make my place uncomfortable. If thrown on the world I daresay we should be on our legs again before very long. Any way, I think I owed as much as this to a cause in which I have now a deep interest, and always shall have, even if I cease to serve it officially.

I am bothered about my lecture, which is by no means finished, and has then to be written out. Probably I shall have to end by reading it from my rough copy. I have a letter from Shuttleworth urgently begging me to answer Temple in the *Daily News*, but I think I have paid my contribution to the cause, considering what I risk by appearing for it, and I shall at any rate consider the matter well before I do anything more. What do you think?

To the Same.

EATON PLACE, *Sunday, March 30, 1862.*

At half-past twelve Dick and I started across the Park for Montagu Street, getting there just as they were going to dinner. They were delighted to see us. William was there, and we had some most interesting talk about this compromise, which you will have been delighted with, but which still leaves a great deal to be done. That it is as good as it is, is in great measure due to William, his earnestness, his thorough knowledge of the subject, and the courage which his reputation for honesty gave to other Liberals to follow him in opposing the Code. I shall now get off the task of answering Temple. I find William thinks my letter in answer to Lord Over-

stone one of the most telling and useful strokes in the whole contest. William, however, is of opinion they cannot touch me, and would bring a storm on their heads if they did.

I had a capital audience yesterday, and the Vice-Chancellor. Edwin Palmer told me every one thought my *Last Words* perfect in tone and convincingness. Tell your sister I shall send her my *Last Words* in a day or two.

To his Mother.

LONDON, April 14, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It was Saturday before I had your letter. I cannot quite remember whether I had written to you before receiving it, so I write now, and will write again this week if I find from your letter that I missed last week altogether. This horrible wind always makes me bilious and savage. People and things all look disfigured and hideous under it. It is particularly trying to London. But when you come to us I hope it will be over. I fully expect it to last till the first week in May. Tell dear old Edward that I have no doubt it is the Plymouth air which affects his little boy, and that he will be all right as soon as he gets acclimatised. Twice I have been at Plymouth, and twice I have been made feverish by the oppressiveness of its air, and I have heard other people say the same thing; it enjoys one of the worst sanitary reputations of any place in England. Tell Edward, too, that the Bishop of London¹ is a member of the Athenæum,

¹ Dr. Tait.

and that he could not have a better proposer; he should write to him at once. I will see to his interests when the election comes on. I think he is quite right not to lose this chance. Tell him also that I think he is quite right that Longfellow's hexameters generally "read themselves" easily enough, and that it is to be over-critical to complain of them in this respect; still, I don't think they are a good type of hexameter. But I think also that my weak syllables to begin a line don't do. Tell him, finally, that the last division of the Code will, in my opinion, by no means do, and that the least we will take as *maintenance-grant* is *one-half* the whole grant. The idea of making the scholar's examination the measure of the State's aid to his school I hold to be altogether false; it should only be the measure of a reward to that individual scholar. It is now, however, hardly possible to get rid directly of the *prize-scheme* element in the Code, worthless as I think it is; but for the grant which represents the State's real debt to elementary education we cannot accept a secondary character, it must be at least equal to the other. I believe Shuttleworth and his constituents would thoroughly endorse these views, and that the whole Tory party will go for the half grant (carrying their doctrinaires, like Stafford Northcote, along with them); the sound Liberals like Wm. Forster will join them, the Government will be beaten, the Code will be dropped, and Lowe will go out. This, at least, is what I now hope for. He has declared that he has been humiliated enough, and that he will not accept any further interference

with his Code, but give it up and go out, "and others," he says, "will go with me." Whether this means Lingen or Lord Granville, or both, I don't know. But I remain as still as a mouse to see how things turn. It is just possible the cry for "retrenchment at all events" may carry Lowe's one-third through, but I very much doubt it. I hear Disraeli, Pakington, Henley, and Walpole are thoroughly staunch on the question, and I know Wm. Forster thinks one-half is not too much.

Here is a long story about the Code, but just now I am much interested in all this. I hope to see Shuttleworth some time this week. We have fired a circular at Lord Granville denying that the inspectors have "neglected the examination of the lower classes in the three Rs. and based their reports on the examination of the highest class only," and I think it will embarrass him. It was not sent to the Assistant Inspector, nor to the Scotch inspectors, for the more you widen the circle of subscribers the more you increase the chance of refusals to sign; and the more refusals to sign you meet with, the more your document is discredited. I must carry this to the post myself. — Your ever affectionate, in the greatest haste, M. A.

To the Same.

CHESTER SQUARE,
Saturday, June 28, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Your letter, a truly delightful one, shall not go without an answer this week, although I am much pressed by my Latin

speech. I have not written a word of it, and it has to be spoken on Wednesday. The subject is very good — the postponement of the Prince of Wales's degree owing to his father's death, Lord Canning's degree prevented by his death, and, finally, Lord Palmerston receiving his degree. Such good matter as this will enable one to leap over all the tiresome topics which generally have to be treated in a Creweian,¹ and to go straight to what is interesting. I hear, however, that there will be a great row; both the Vice-Chancellor and the Public Orator write me this, so probably it does not matter much what I say, as I shall not be heard. However, I cannot compose without doing as well as I can, even if I know the composition will never obtain publicity. The Vice-Chancellor has asked me to dine with him on Tuesday, and he has a great party afterwards. This is almost official, and I do so little as an Oxford Professor, that I do not like to decline; besides, I shall probably meet Lord Palmerston at the dinner. So we have got off a dinner-party we were engaged to here, and Flu and I go down together on Tuesday to the Hawkinses, who have very kindly promised to take us in even at this eleventh hour. Our dinner-party last night went off very well. I think I told you the Lings were coming. They were both very amiable, and not the least allusion was made to the Code. To-night we have Chief Justice Erle, the Seniors, the Froudes, the Forsters, Drummond Wolff, and Montagu Blackett. We

¹ The Creweian Oration at Oxford, delivered in alternate years by the Professor of Poetry and the Public Orator.

went after our party last night to the Seniors, and found Thackeray there, who was very amusing, kissing his hand to Flu, and calling me a monster, but adding that "he had told all to her father." He asked us to dinner for to-morrow, Sunday, but we are engaged to the Forsters. We also met the Brookfields there, and we dine with them on Monday. I do nothing except my inspection, eat and drink much more than I wish to, and long for the circuit to bring me a little country air and peace.

× . . . On Wednesday we met the Grant Duffs. He is a member of Parliament.¹ It appears they are great likers of my poetry, and have long been so. He interested me with an account of his efforts to get *Obermann*, after reading my poem on the subject. The book is out of print. At last he saw a copy in a circulating library at Geneva, and offered five times the book's value if the library man would let him have it, which he did. I was interested in your extract from the Bishop of Calcutta's² letter, but most of all by your account of the changes at Rydal. What an improvement the lowering of that grim wall will be! You don't say anything about Rowland; we are quite serious in wishing to have her, if she can possibly come. I am now going to try and get stalls for *Lord Dundreary* for the week after next. Kiss Fan for me. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

¹ M. E. Grant Duff, M.P. for the Elgin Burghs, 1857-1881; afterwards Governor of Madras.

² Dr. Cotton.

To the Same.

DOVER, August 21, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I meant to have written to you the day before your birthday, but yesterday morning I was up at three, and was incessantly travelling until four o'clock this morning; so that it is on your birthday itself I must send you my love and earnest wishes for the continuance of a life of which every year we live makes us more feel the value. I went off on Sunday morning with much hesitation. The weather was rainy and unsettled, and I was not feeling very buoyant; however, I went. I could not shake off the languor and depression which my attack had left, and I know nothing which gets rid of this so well as travelling. I had a wet passage, but was not ill. I on Sunday night slept at Ghent. Late on Monday night I got to Viel Salm, and found the Henrards very glad to see me. Early the next morning I was out, but the river, which used to be so fresh and full in the wet season of 1860, is now terribly empty, and on a bright day like yesterday nothing was to be done. For the river to change there needs a thorough break in the steady fine weather there has been in that part of Belgium for the last few weeks. For this I could not wait, and at first I thought I would go to Aix la Chapelle, where I want to see all that has to do with Charlemagne; I have never yet seen the place thoroughly. At three o'clock yesterday morning I was up, and at four was in the diligence, having passed at Viel Salm a little more than

a flying trip
 Fish - Belgium
 - no fish. and
 - no time
 (Calais)

twenty-four hours. After a rather tiresome journey, in which there was much overcrowding but great good-humour — for in these remote parts where there is but one public vehicle every one thinks that all the world has a natural right to it, and must not be left behind, even though there may be no means of properly conveying him, — I got to Spa a little before ten, had a warm bath, and breakfasted under the trees at the principal café there. While I was breakfasting I determined not to go touring about without dear Flu, who likes it as much as I do, and as I could not get the fishing, which by occupying my attention and keeping me out all day does me more good than almost anything, I determined to come straight home. So off I set at twelve o'clock on one of the hottest days we have had. By changing and rechanging carriages I got to Lille about eight o'clock, dined there and came on by the eleven o'clock train to Calais, crossing to England at two o'clock in the morning on one of the stillest and most beautiful seas I have ever seen. I got here about half-past four, and by great good luck the master of the house happened to be awake, and let me in on my very first ring at the bell. The children have dined with us, and have all drunk your health in champagne. They enjoy this place more than I can say. Two nights without sleep have made me so tired that I must end this stupid letter and go to bed. Love to all within reach, and believe me ever, my dearest mother, your affectionate son,

M. A.

*To the Same.*2 CHESTER SQUARE, *November 19, 1862.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — If I am to keep my promise and write by this post you must be content with a very hurried letter, for a quarter past five has just struck, and at half-past they come for the letters. I have been all day inspecting at Westminster, having gone at ten, inspected a school from ten to half-past twelve, from half-past twelve to a quarter past one heard pupil teacher read, from a quarter past one to two dined, or rather lunched, with Scott, the Principal of the Training School, and from two to a quarter past four inspected another school. Then I got home, and went out immediately to get my daily snuff of air, foggy stuff as it is, and to try and get *Once a Week* for Flu. I am just returned, and after this is written I must report on a heavy school, which will take me till dressing time. We dine in Eaton Place,¹ where they have one or two people. We shall be back here about a quarter past ten, then I shall report on a light school, write two or three letters, read about a hundred lines of the *Odyssey* to keep myself from putrefaction, and go to bed about twelve.

I saw Stanley for a few minutes in Oxford the other day. Jowett was with him. There is a move to turn the latter out of his Fellowship for his heresies, and Stanley chooses this moment to revive in Congregation the question of his salary.² I suspect it is Colenso's book which has reanimated

¹ At Mr. Justice Wightman's.

² As Professor of Greek.

the orthodox party against Jowett and the Essayists. I think, *apropos* of Colenso, of doing what will be rather an interesting thing — I am going to write an article called “The Bishop and the Philosopher,” contrasting Colenso and Co.’s jejune and technical manner of dealing with Biblical controversy with that of Spinoza in his famous treatise on the *Interpretation of Scripture*, with a view of showing how, the heresy on both sides being equal, Spinoza broaches his in that edifying and pious spirit by which alone the treatment of such matters can be made fruitful, while Colenso and the English Essayists, from their narrowness and want of power, more than from any other cause, do not. I know Spinoza’s works very well, and I shall be glad of an opportunity of thus dealing with them; the article will be in *Fraser* or *Macmillan* — I don’t know which. Meanwhile my *Maurice de Guérin* is already in Froude’s¹ hands. I think it will be found interesting. Tell Jane she must read it. There is Williamson, the policeman, come for the letters and I must stop. All manner of love to all at Warfeseide. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, COUNCIL OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
December 17, 1862.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I was in some doubts whether I ought to write to you or Fan, but your letter this morning decides me. Give Fan my best

¹ Then editor of *Fraser’s Magazine*.

love, however, and tell her that I liked hearing from her very much, and that I think at least once a fortnight she might manage to write out of pure charity without expecting more than a weekly letter from an overworked man. They are getting more and more troublesome, *i.e.* more rigidly mechanical, at the Council Office, in laying down everything beforehand for the inspectors, and in suffering no deviation from rules often made without the least *connaissance de cause*; however, I go on with the hope that better days will come, and with the hope also of in some degree contributing to their coming. Certainly, as much as we surpass foreign nations in our Parliamentary proceedings we fall below them in our Administrative proceedings. But all this will not much interest you. Meanwhile, I find the increasing routine of the office work a good balance to my own increasing literary work, but unless I throw myself into the latter, the irrationality of the former would worry me to death.

I sent you Masson's¹ note, which I found when I got home late last night. You may burn it when you have read it. It is very satisfactory, for I don't imagine he would speak so strongly of anything he thought would not go down with the public, and how far anything of mine will go down with this monster I myself never feel sure beforehand. I was pleased with this performance on Colenso and Spinoza,² however, and glad of the opportunity

¹ David Masson, editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

² "The Bishop and the Philosopher." *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1863.

of saying what I had to say. I have not read Vaughan's sermons,¹ nor do I think it possible for a clergyman to treat these matters satisfactorily. In papa's time it was; but it is so, it seems to me, no longer; he is the last free speaker of the Church of England clergy who speaks without being shackled, and without being obviously aware that he is so, and that he is in a false position in consequence; and the moment a writer feels this his power is gone. I may add, that if a clergyman does not feel this now, he ought to feel it. The best of them (Jowett, for example) obviously do feel it, and I am quite sure papa would have felt it had he been living now, and thirty years younger. Not that he would have been less a Christian, or less zealous for a national Church, but his attention would have been painfully awake to the truth that to profess to see Christianity through the spectacles of a number of second or third-rate men who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time (and this is what office-holders under the thirty-nine articles do) — men whose works one never dreams of reading for the purpose of enlightening and edifying oneself — is an intolerable absurdity, and that it is time to put the formularies of the Church of England on a solider basis. Or a clergyman may abstain from dealing with speculative matters at all: he may confine himself to such matters as Stanley does, or to pure edification, and then, too, he is in a sound position. But the moment he begins to write for or against Colenso

¹ *The Book and the Life*, four sermons on Inspiration, by C. J. Vaughan, D.D.

he is inevitably in a false position. I have left myself no room to tell you of Miss Leech's¹ party last night, to which Lucy went in a black velvet frock, given her by her Aunt Georgina, with a broad lace tucker and a blue velvet band round her hair. She and Dicky looked a couple of beauties. Has Flu told you how great a favourite Dicky is with Miss Leech. She says she thinks him absolutely the most lovely boy she has ever had in her school. We are all well in health again. Love to all your party at Fox How. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *January 7, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I did not at all like the delay in getting an improved account of you, and am sincerely rejoiced to hear at last that you are really better. Influenzas are obstinate things, and have generally enough force with them to pull one down considerably. You seem to have had a sick as well as a wet Christmas at Fox How — still, I would have given a good deal to be with you.

I am now at the work I dislike most in the world — looking over and marking examination papers. I was stopped last week by my eyes, and the last year or two these sixty papers a day of close handwriting to read have, I am sorry to say, much tried my eyes for the time. They soon recover, however, and no reading ever seems to hurt them. At

¹ Two sisters of John Leech, the artist, kept a school for little boys in Lower Belgrave Street.

present I can do nothing in the day after my papers are done but write the indispensable letters for that day's post. I have had several to write about this Spinoza article, as you may imagine. You say, very justly, that one's aim in speaking about such a man must be rather to modify opinion about him than to give it a decisive turn in his favour; indeed, the latter I have no wish to do, so far as his doctrines are concerned, for, so far as I can understand them, they are not mine. But what the English public cannot understand is that a man is a just and fruitful object of contemplation much more by virtue of what spirit he is of than by virtue of what system of doctrine he elaborates. It is difficult to make out exactly at what Maurice is driving¹; perhaps he is always a little dim in his own mind as to what precisely he is driving at. They all give unfair turns to views they do not like, however. As the *Spectator*² gives to the undoubted truth that religious matters should not be discussed before the religious world unless edifyingly, the turn that it is proposed to throw a false religion as a sop to the multitude, so Maurice gives to the undoubted truth that the prophets did not arrive at their conclusions by a process of intellectual conception, the turn that they are represented to have "told shocking stories." I shall wait as long as I can before writing in the *Times*, that as many

¹ "Spinoza and Professor Arnold," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice. *The Spectator*, January 3, 1863.

² "Mr. Matthew Arnold on the Aristocratic Creed." *The Spectator*, December 27, 1862.

adversaries as possible may show me their hand. I shall probably write something for *Macmillan*, to remove the misrepresentation of my doctrine about edifying the many. The article attracts much notice here, particularly among the clergy. I long ago made up my mind that if one had to enounce views not current and popular it was indispensable to enounce them in at once the clearest and the most unflinching style possible. I am very glad you like *Guérin*; he and his letters are really charming. I mean to do his sister also when I can find time. I send a note (which may burn), because it is to the honour of human nature that a poor author should ask for a book in lieu of money. I have sent the poor man both my subscription and the Lectures. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 27, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I meant to have written to you and to Sainte Beuve, but the fire was warm and the article on Polygnotus (the Greek painter) I was reading in the *Revue des deux Mondes* was somewhat empty, the air outside had been very cold, the school I had been inspecting large, and the luncheon I had been eating more abundant than usual; above all, for the two last nights I have not been in bed till after one o'clock. Accordingly, I fell asleep, and now I have only time to write one letter, which shall be to you, then I must go home and dress to dine out.

x I have had a long and charming letter from Sainte Beuve about my article on Guérin. I would send it, but it is written in a hand which I have not made out without the greatest difficulty, and which I doubt if you and Fan could make out at all. For the same reason I have not sent you two letters from M. de Circourt about my Colenso article; it is a regular task to decipher them. When you come to London I will read them to you. I have been lunching to-day with Lady de Rothschild and her daughter, she having written me word that they were up for a few hours. I meant to have got her to mention Edward to her sister-in-law, Baroness Lionel, who is now at Torquay, but I find the Lionel Rothschilds leave Torquay to-morrow. At luncheon was Miss Copley,¹ Lord Lyndhurst's daughter, a very good-looking and lively girl, a favourite of Lowe, who has been just staying at Mentmore with the Meyer Rothschilds, and whom I should have met if I had gone to Aston Clinton as I was asked, for he dined there, and I was asked to go over and dine with the Aston Clinton party at Mentmore. I should also have met Delane (of the *Times*), Charles Villiers (the head of the Poor Law Board), and Disraeli. Lowe is extremely clever in conversation, though not very amiable. Lady de Rothschild says he confesses he has got into a great mess with the Code, and attributes it all to his over great anxiety to conciliate everybody. I am asked to go to Aston Clinton this week, from Friday to Monday, but

¹ Afterwards Lady Du Cane.

cannot. They are all great favourites of mine, however, and Lady de Rothschild is one of my best readers. She is now reading Arthur Stanley's book on the Jewish Church, and I have promised to bring him to see her. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

(February 3, 1863.)

MY DEAREST FAN — I was very glad to have your note, and to hear that you and dearest mamma had liked my article.¹ My conscience a little smote me with having been, in my first article, too purely negative and intellectual on such a subject. Now I have done what I wished, and no amount of noise or faultfinding will induce me to add another word.

It is so hard as to be almost impossible to discriminate between the intellectual and religious life in words that shall be entirely satisfactory, but if you will consider the difference between reading the last chapters of St. Matthew for the sake simply of what is recorded there, and reading them for the sake of making up one's mind how those chapters are likely to have come together by the process which Jowett and others say is the process by which the Gospels were formed, you will have a notion of what I mean. Protestantism has always imagined that it consisted more in intellectualism than, as vital religion, it ever really has consisted.

¹ "Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church." *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1863.

X

I have found many serious people, Dissenters and churchmen, who have understood the drift of my first article and been greatly pleased with it. The newspapers, which exist for the many, *must* resent a supposed insult to the many.

To his Mother.

CHESTER SQUARE, *February 4, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I send you two more notes, both of them very satisfactory. You need not return either. Grove is the Secretary at the Crystal Palace, and a contributor to the *Dictionary of the Bible*. The weekly newspapers will, I suppose, give tongue again next Saturday, but I think they will not quite know what to make of this last position of mine. But, whatever they make of it, I shall say no more. I hope before I come to Fox How (if I come there) this summer, to have printed six articles — one on Spinoza in the *Times*, one on Dante and one on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius in *Fraser*, one on *A French Eton* and one on *Academies* (like the French Institute) in *Macmillan*, and one on Eugénie de Guérin in the *Cornhill*. Perhaps I may add to these one on Joubert, an exquisite French critic, a friend of Chateaubriand. Besides all this I must write two lectures for Oxford, and I hope to compose one or two short poems besides. And then there is inspecting. So I have plenty to do. After the summer I mean to lie fallow again for some time, or to busy myself with poetry only. My great advantage is that every one of the sub-

jects I propose to treat is one that I have long reached in my mind, read and thought much about, and been often tempted to write of. The horrible thing must be to have to look about for *subjects*, and when this has to be done week after week, it must be enough to drive one mad.

In the January number of the *North American Review* there is an article on poetry which begins with two pages about me, which I have promised to copy out for Flu, and which you and Fan will like to see. There is more about me in the article, and several quotations from things of mine not often quoted which I think among my best, but all that is worth taking the pains to copy out is contained in the first two pages. A passage of Pindar is applied to dear papa and me in a way that gives me great pleasure.¹ I will also send you Sainte Beuve's letter when I can lay my hand upon it. This last you must be careful to return. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

¹ "Matthew Arnold had the happy fortune to have the great and good Thomas Arnold of Rugby School for his father; and, as we gather his character from his published works, he is not unworthy of parentage so noble. In connexion with the scholarly, consecrated, generous, manly spirit expressed in the writings of both, we think of the ode in which Pindar, celebrating the glory of Hippocleas, victor at the Pythian games, praises him because he has emulated his deceased father, Phricias, who before him was a conqueror in the Olympic stadium." — "The Origin and Uses of Poetry." *North American Review*, January 1863.

*To the Same.*HERTFORD, *March 5, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — My date will tell you that I am on circuit, but I received your letter just before I left town on Tuesday morning. On Tuesday night I slept at Royston, at an old place called the Priory, inhabited by a banker, who is the chief manager of the school. I inspected a school at Royston, and another at Baldock, and came on here in time for dinner last night. This place is a great favourite of mine. We are lodged in the castle, a large old house placed in a square green surrounded by old mounds and walls, part of which are Roman, and with a clear river, the Lea, running through it all. The country round is full of beautiful seats, Hertford being in the prettiest part of the prettiest county near London. The year is so forward that the violets, I hear, are out; a bunch was brought to me yesterday at Royston which had been gathered in the lanes, and as the woodlands hereabouts are full of wild flowers, I have hopes of finding even white violets if I have time to go and look for them. But I have presently to go to Court and swear the Grand Jury; then I have to write a testimonial for Walrond, who is standing for the Professorship of Latin at Glasgow; then I have to write to M. de Circourt at Paris; then I have to get ready an old lecture,¹ which I am going to give to Froude for *Fraser*; then I have to go off to Hoddesdon, three or four miles from here on the

¹ "Dante and Beatrice." *Fraser's Magazine*, May 1863.

railroad, to inspect a school, and shall get back only just in time to sit half an hour in Court with the Judge before dressing for dinner to receive the magistrates. To-morrow I shall return to London, whether the Judge has finished here or not, but in the morning before I start I shall try hard to get into the copses towards Panshanger along the side of the river Mimram.

Dearest K. dines with us in Chester Square to-morrow, and from her I shall hear all about Susy. My ticket will just do for that dear old girl, and Miss Nicholls will have the Judge's ticket and go with her. I shall escort and deposit them, but then, if the streets are passable, I shall get away and join Flu at 50 Pall Mall, as I want to see how the children like the whole thing. I wish dear Fan could be in London, as she would like the sight.¹ For my part I should be glad to be out of it. The really fine sight will be that which only the people in the procession will have — the line of gaily-dressed people all along the decorated streets. This will be a beautiful sight, I should think, but in the beauty of an English procession in itself I have no belief. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

CHELMSFORD, *March 13, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Though late, I write at last. I had your letter on Tuesday morning, but to answer it on that day was impossible. On

¹ The entry of Princess Alexandra of Denmark into London.

Wednesday I had the journey here, a school to inspect, and the magistrates to entertain at dinner, besides making abstracts of a dozen records for the Nisi Prius Court here. Yesterday I had a school to inspect ten miles beyond Colchester, from which I got back just in time for the bar dinner, and only just. To-day I have had a light school here, and hoped to get back to London, but the Judge is moving so slowly with his causes that I am much afraid we shall be kept over to-night. I am rejoiced the rejoicings are over. London was not liveable-in from the crowds in the streets all day and all night. We saw the entry very well from Cumin's rooms in Pall Mall. When we got there I found there was an attic above with a balcony, which was at our disposal, so I went back and fetched Mrs. Tuffin and Nelly, and established them there. Nelly passed some three hours on the balcony running backwards and forwards, picking out the mortar from between the stones, and making herself as black as ink. The show in the street sometimes seemed to amuse her for a minute or two, but she never attended to it long. On Tuesday night we started at seven, with the Forssters and Croppers, in a van. The proper person to have directed the route was Fanny Lucy, as she is a born cockney, and understands London sight-seeing thoroughly; however, it was William's van, and he and Jane had their own notions about the route, with which, of course, one did not like to interfere; the result was that they saw very little, and that little after immense delays. We got

jammed at Hyde Park Corner within ten minutes of our starting. I had resigned myself to my fate with a silent shudder, when happily Dicky announced that he was very tired and that he wanted to go to bed. I jumped out of the van, had Dicky handed to me, and soon found myself on the pavement. There Dicky began to dance about and to beg me to walk in the streets with him to see the illuminations. This we did, and were home a little after ten, having seen Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, and Westminster—all the best of the illuminations. In St. James's Street the crowd was very great, but it was very good-humoured, and every one was very kind to Dicky. In the City they seem to have had a shocking business. I hope there may be no more London rejoicings in my time, but, if there are, Fanny Lucy has determined to go on foot to see the illuminations. Budge has returned to Laleham rather disconsolately, but he seems to be doing well there, and is much improved in looks since he went. I send you a very interesting letter from the friend of Guérin who edited his *Remains*. The only surviving sister, Marie de Guérin, has sent me, through him, her sister Eugénie's volume. Marie de Guérin is, I am told, a nun at Toulouse. Their having found out the article in *Fraser* shows more attention to what is passing in English literature than I had believed the French paid; but they have what Guizot calls the "amour des choses de l'esprit" so strong that they manage not to miss anything

capable of interesting them when the subject is anything that is *marquant* in their literature. —
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

RICHMOND, April 8, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I rejoined the Judge at Kingston yesterday, and to-day, a little after three, we finished, and the Judge and I drove over here. Flu will think, when I do not return to dinner, that we are kept another day at Kingston, and will be agreeably surprised when I appear between ten and eleven to-night, bringing Budge with me, who came here yesterday, and slept here last night. Lady Wightman has a house on the hill for six weeks. It has been wet all the morning, and is still showery, but the air has been softened, and everything has taken a step. The thorns and chestnuts are in leaf, and all the other trees budding. I have had a delightful scamper through the Park with Budge and little Mary Benson, taking them into the wildest parts, through great jungles of dead fern, to the loveliest ponds, and over the slopes where the great oaks are standing, and the herds of deer lying under them. The children were perfectly delighted with the deer, having never seen deer close before, and Budge was never tired of putting the herds up and seeing them bound off.

*To the Same.**Thursday, April 9, 1863.*

I was interrupted by dinner. You ask about Greg's article.¹ Greg's it certainly is. He sent it to me. The direction was his handwriting and the stamp was the Customs stamp. It is very civil. You must have had an imperfect account of it. Of course, it controverts my doctrine, but without any vice at all. Greg's mistake lies in representing to his imagination the existence of a great body of people excluded from the consolations of the Bible by the popular Protestant doctrine of verbal inspiration. That is stuff. The mass of people take from the Bible what suits them, and quietly leave on one side all that does not. He, like so many other people, does not apprehend the vital distinction between religion and criticism. But I have no space for all this.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To the Same.**RAMSGATE, April 17, 1863.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—No doubt your letter is waiting for me in Chester Square, but if I do not write till I have read it, my letter will not reach you on Sunday; so I write from this place, which we leave to-morrow to return to Chester Square. We came down on Monday, bringing with us Dicky and Lucy. We are staying at the Royal Hotel,

¹ "Truth versus Edification," *Westminster Review*, April 1863.

which, as inns go, is not a bad one; at any rate, it is the best here, and looks full on the harbour and pier, the latter having its entrance within a stone's throw of the inn door. We have had east winds, and the cliffs are chalk cliffs, and Ramsgate is in the Isle of Thanet, and to the great charm of Nature — the sense of her inexhaustible variety, her infinity — east wind, chalk cliffs, and Thanet are all unfavourable. East wind makes the world look as if you saw it all before you bare and sharp, cold and bright. Chalk cliffs add to this impression, with their pettiness and clearness, and Thanet, which has no trees and a wonderfully bright atmosphere, adds to it further. The charm and mystery of a broken, wooded, dark-stoned landscape under a south-west wind one can never get a sense of here. Still there is the sea, and that is something even for me; for the children it is everything. You never saw such enjoyment. Out the moment we arrived on Monday with pails and spades at work on the sand; and out all day and every day since, digging sand, picking up shells, gathering daisies (they are cockneys enough to be delighted with even daisies) in the fields, at the top of the cliff, riding on donkeys, or going in a boat in the harbour and just outside. Then there is the pier to lounge about, and the shipping to watch. It has done them both great good. They are a very happy couple together, and Lucy's appetite has doubled. I have been out a great deal inspecting, but yesterday we drove to Broadstairs together, and to-day we have been to Margate together,

walked on the pier and gone on the walks at the top of the cliff. Unless the bill quite ruins us, I shall think it was well worth while to bring them. Flu has been delighted to have them. The sea does not suit either her or me so well as it suits the children, however; and we have both been rather bilious, and I have had some return of toothache. I am in fair work, however. I have done my Spinoza article for the *Times* (if the *Times* will but print it, now that the Session is going on), and I am half through Eugénie de Guérin, the *book*, not my article on her. After all they say about her I have been a little disappointed. I mean she is not comparable for genius, or at least for expression and poetical power, to her brother. My love to Fan. I must dress for dinner. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, April 25, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I don't know whether I shall have time to finish this before Flu appears, but I hope so, for I do not like you to pass a week without a letter. I came back yesterday from Oxford. Stanley took advantage of my visit to ask some of the Puseyite party whom he wanted to ask, but could hardly ask without the excuse of a stranger to meet; we had a very pleasant and successful party of this kind. Henry Bunsen was staying with Stanley, and him I always like. The weather was fine but with a detestable cold wind, so that a new poem about the Cumner hillside, and

Clough in connexion with it, which I meant to have begun at Oxford this week, I could not begin. I have been accumulating stores for it, however. I enjoyed the country in spite of the wind, and send Fan a "Turk's Cap," which I think does not grow at the lakes. There are white and purple, and in places they cover the meadows by the Thames. I have read through Eugénie de Guérin, and must now fall to work and make my article upon her this next week. It will not be such a labour of love as I imagined beforehand it would be, though she is a truly remarkable person. I have also engaged to give Macmillan an article on the French Lycées for their June number. So I have my hands pretty well full. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

May 9, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — The week shall not end without my writing, so at the close of a paragraph I have shut up my Eugénie de Guérin, and betaken myself to this sheet of note-paper. I had promised the article for to-day, but I have got an extension of time till Monday. I think the article will be interesting, but the sister is not so good a subject as the brother.

Flu and I went to Oxford on Tuesday. I left her at Wallingford Road Station, and walked through the meadows by the Thames, in a violent shower of rain (the only one we have had for weeks and weeks) to Benson. There I inspected a school, went back to Wallingford Road, got to Oxford just in time to

dress for dinner at Arthur Stanley's. There was a very grand party: Lady Westmorland and her daughter Lady Rose Fane, Lady Hobart, and all the young lords at Christ Church. Mrs. Charles Buxton was staying there, and I sat by her. Stanley is the pleasantest host possible; he takes such pains to make everybody pleased, and to introduce them to the people they will like to know. Flu and I were staying at the Listers, but my day was this: I got up at six, had a light breakfast alone, started by a train at 7.30, inspected a school, got back about two, worked in the Taylor Library till five, when the Library closes, then went out to make calls and do business in Oxford, and got home to dress for dinner. The Listers are very hospitable, and I hate staying at an inn, but I could hardly have used their house in this way unless I had had Flu with me, to give them a little more of her company than I gave them of mine. Yesterday I went to Chipping Norton, while Flu came up here, and I followed by a train at half-past three in the afternoon, arriving in Chester Square at seven to dress, and then having to be off to dine with the Lingens the other side of London at eight. To-day I have been here since about eleven, working. All this is a busy life, but I am very well, and enjoy it. Inspecting is a *little* too much as the business half of one's life in contradistinction to the inward and spiritual half of it, or I should be quite satisfied. To-night we dine with the Forsters. He seems better, but not well, and, I think, ought to get out of town for a few days. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, May 14, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. GRANT DUFF — Many thanks both to you and to your friend. I have no doubt there are many things in his edition of Heine which I have not read, but, as Napoleon said, "Il faut savoir se borner." I am even going, for the sake of a restricted *cadre*, to make my text the *Romancero* only, illustrating my remarks upon it by some quotations from the other works, but of these quotations I have more than I can use already. So with many thanks I will decline your offer. My object is not so much to give a literary history of Heine's works, as to mark his place in modern European letters, and the special tendency and significance of what he did.

I am glad Mrs. Grant Duff is better, and we shall certainly try and come to her on Saturday night. Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, May 19, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I don't think this will go to-night, but I will write it, to make sure of its reaching you before you leave Fox How. . . .

I shall see dear old Budge, who perhaps will come home on Saturday to stay Sunday. I think I told you he had, at my instigation, buckled to and got a *Bene* for his Syntax, in which, as it was quite new to him, he had been finding great difficulty. The

merit of Budge is, though he is an idle dog, that he can, and will, answer to a call. He says he likes school much better now, and that he is getting on very well. Matt Buckland told me he was a general favourite from his good temper; pleasantness I should call what he has, rather than good temper. Nelly is getting the most jolly, noisy, boyish, mischievous duck in the world; and her tongue is exceedingly pretty.

I have been bothered composing a letter to Sainte Beuve, who has sent me the new edition of his poems. Every one is more sensitive about his poems than about his other works, and it is not on Sainte Beuve's poems that his fame will rest; indeed, except in songs, I do not see that French verse can be truly satisfactory. I myself think even Molière's verse plays inferior to his prose ones. However, Sainte Beuve's poems have all his talent in them, although they have not exactly the true charm of poetry; but it was difficult to say this in a way he would like. I have at last written and sent to him a letter with which I am tolerably well satisfied, but it has given me a great deal of trouble. I saw the *Guardian*; it is a paper I like, and generally read. It is, however, getting alienated from me, and will get yet more so. To an eminently *decorous* clerical journal my tendency to say exactly what I think about things and people is thoroughly distasteful and disquieting. However, one cannot change English ideas so much as, if I live, I hope to change them, without saying imperturbably what one thinks and making a good many people uncomfortable. The

great thing is to speak without a particle of vice, malice, or rancour. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, June 16, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — A week missed in my correspondence with you! but that dear, good little Flu has more than supplied my place. I have been very busy indeed with my lecture on Heine, which much interested me. I have just been reading a foreign review article on the University of Oxford, and the writer, pointing out how the mere school-boy instruction of the colleges has superseded the University instruction, says: “Le vide se fait autour des chaires de l’Université: les hautes études ont des représentants que personne n’écoute et ne comprend; l’étudiant reste toujours écolier.” I have almost always a very fair attendance; to be sure, it is chiefly composed of ladies, but the above is so far true that I am obliged always to think, in composing my lectures, of the public who will read me, not of the dead bones who will hear me, or my spirit would fail. Tell Edward that there was, nevertheless, one thing which even a wooden Oxford audience gave way to — Heine’s wit. I gave them about two pages of specimens of it, and they positively laughed aloud. I have had two applications for the lecture from magazines, but I shall print it, if I can, in the *Cornhill*, because it both pays best and has much the largest circle of readers. Eugénie de Guérin seems to be much liked, but I

don't think anybody's pleasure in it gives me so much pleasure as dear old Tom's.¹

Did Flu tell you that I had a very civil note from the Senior Proctor offering me an invitation for her as well as myself to the banquet to be given to the Prince and Princess by the University of All Souls? My own single desire is to escape the whole thing, but if that old duck Edward had gone up to All Souls I don't think I should have been able to resist. They will have bad weather, I am afraid, however. It is now pouring. How you must be catching it in Cornwall! and the one consolation which I should have — that it is good for fishing — does not affect you. Still, with or without fishing, how I should like to be down with you in Cornwall!

Flu and I lunched with Lady de Rothschild on Sunday, and she gave us a splendid box of bon-bons for the children. Tell little Edward the box was like a trunk, and you take out tray after tray, and in each tray there is a layer of a different sort of bon-bon. Kiss that dear little man for me, and for Dicky also.

On Sunday night I dined with Monckton Milnes, and met all the advanced liberals in religion and politics, and a Cingalese in full costume; so that, having lunched with the Rothschilds, I seemed to be passing my day among Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. But the philosophers were fearful! G. Lewes, Herbert Spencer, a sort of pseudo-Shelley

¹ His brother, Thomas Arnold, afterwards Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland.

× called Swinburne, and so on. Froude, however, was
 × there, and Browning, and Ruskin; the latter and I
 had some talk, but I should never like him. P——
 was there, too, tell Edward, screaming away like
 a mill-wheel in full revolution. I have just met
 Eber¹ here, and asked him to dinner, but it is
 doubtful whether he will be able to come. Would
 Susy think it worth while to come up from Liverpool
 to see him once more before he dies? My love to
 Fan and Edward. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, July 1, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Many thanks for your
 letter, and thank dear old Edward for his, and for
 the hand-bill, which I shall send to one of my
 Wesleyan friends, who is a little sore about my
 “attack on Methodism.” I send Edward a slip
 cut out of the Proceedings, from which he will
 see the exact terms of Cecil’s² motion. Cecil has
 very strong ground, from the terms of the instruc-
 tions under which Watkins and all the full inspect-
 ors were appointed; these instructions say expressly
 that we are to report *for the information of Parlia-
 ment*, to enable the two Houses to determine what
 mode of distributing the Parliamentary grant will
 be most advantageous to the country. Lowe’s as-
 sertion in his speech the other day that the Inspect-

¹ General Eber, a Hungarian refugee, who taught languages.

² Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., afterwards Lord Salisbury, moved a Resolution condemning Mr. Lowe for “mutilating” the Reports of Inspectors of Schools.

ors "report to the Council Office, and the Council Office, *if it thinks fit*, prints their reports as an appendix to its own report," is at direct variance with the language of the instructions. Still it is difficult to foretell how the division will go, as, of course, Lowe will get a strong whip made for him; but the debate will probably in any case do good. I cannot go to the House, as I dine out on Friday night, but I am better pleased not to be seen in the matter.

The Forsters dine with us to-night, but Tom dines with the Lingens. William seems to have made a good speech, and Bright's mention of his father must have very much gratified him. No public man in this country will be damaged by having even "fanaticism" in his hatred of slavery imputed to him. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife.

CAMBRIDGE, July 26, 1863,
Sunday Evening.

It is a fine, warm day, and I have never seen Cambridge look so beautiful. We dined in the hall of Trinity at four o'clock (think of that!), and sat in Combination Room till half-past six; then Pollock and I strolled through the fields to Granchester, the only pretty walk about Cambridge. The ground is broken, the Cam, really a pretty stream, and tolerably clear, flows beside you; the woods of Trumpington Park and the pretty church and cottages of Granchester close the horizon. I should so like to have strolled about with you this

lovely afternoon at the backs of the colleges and heard your dear remarks. I have made up my mind that I should like the post of Master of Trinity. We strolled back from Granchester by moonlight; it made me melancholy to think how at one time I was in the fields every summer evening of my life, and now it is such a rare event to find myself there.

To Mrs. Forster.

NORWICH, August 1, 1863.

MY DEAREST K. — When do you go abroad? At this time of general moving I will not deny that I have desires which carry me out of England, but they are not very strong, as I more and more lose taste for the ordinary short hurried journeys, on or near beaten routes, among crowds of travellers, which one generally makes at this season of the year; and for the real enjoyable visit to Italy, which I will one day manage to have, and which will probably be the only thing of the kind I now shall ever have, much as I could have desired to see Greece, too, and the East, I know that my time is not yet come. So I shall go quietly to Felixstowe next Thursday, and from there, in some three weeks time, to Fox How. I have work to do both at Felixstowe and at Fox How, and, if I can get myself to do that, I am never dissatisfied or unhappy. One's bad time is when one has some work in one's head, but wants courage or free moments (though one seldom really wants the latter if he has the former) to set about it.

I have told you how I admire this old place. It is like a continental city, with its broken ground and its forty churches. We have been three days here, and three times I have been at service in the cathedral. That is one of the points in which I have an advantage over you. We are both of us by way of being without ear for music, but a musical service like that of Norwich Cathedral (it is said to be the best in England) gives me very high pleasure, and to you, I believe, it gives no pleasure at all. — Your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*¹

THE ATHENÆUM, October 13, 1863.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I have just found your kind note on my return to town. I cannot resist your invitation, though since my fatal fortieth birthday I have given up croquêt, but, as you say, there will be the woods. Will it suit you if I come on Friday, the 23rd, and depart on Sunday, the 25th? I shall thus be with you on the 24th, the day you name. Then I should come down, as formerly, by the fast train in the morning. I must get back to London on Sunday night, to be ready for my accustomed toils on Monday.

I am very much obliged to you for telling me of the article² in the *Westminster*, of which I had not heard. I have just read it here. It contains so much praise that you must have thought I wrote it

¹ See p. 165.² "The Critical Character," *Westminster Review*, October 1863.

✓ myself, except that I should hardly have called
 myself by the hideous title of "Professor." I am
 very glad you liked Heine; he was such a subject
 × as one does not get every day.

With kindest remembrances to your daughters,
 and compliments to Sir Anthony, believe me, dear
 Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, October 13, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I will write to-day, as I
 am not sure of to-morrow, but I hope that we shall
 still keep, as far as possible, our old days for writing.
 What a happy time we had at Fox How, and what
 a delightful recollection I have, and shall long
 have, of you with the children, particularly with
 the two dear little girls! Habit reconciles one to
 everything, but I am not yet by any means recon-
 ciled to the change from our Fox How life to our
 life here. Breakfast is particularly dismal, when
 I come into the dining-room to find nobody, instead
 of finding you, to look out on the whity-brown road
 and houses of the square, instead of looking into
 Fairfield, and to eat my breakfast without hearing
 any letters read aloud by Fan. At this time of
 year I have a particular liking for the country, and
 the weather on Sunday and yesterday was so beau-
 tiful that it made me quite restless to be off again.
 To-day it is raining, and that composes me a little.
 I send you a note of Lady de Rothschild's, which
 you may burn. The *Westminster* article she was

the first to tell me of. I must send it you. It is a contrast (all in my favour) of me with Ruskin. It is the strongest pronunciamento on my side there has yet been; almost too strong for my liking, as it may provoke a feeling against me. The reviewer says, "Though confident, Mr. Arnold is never self-willed; though bold, he is never paradoxical." Tell Fan to remember this in future when she plays croquêt with me. I also keep it as a weapon against K., who said to me that I was becoming as dogmatic as Ruskin. I told her the difference was that Ruskin was "dogmatic and *wrong*," and here is this charming reviewer who comes to confirm me.

My love to dear Fan, and thanks for her note; love too to dear old Susy. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

October 29, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have to-day inspected a school, and read some things here which I wanted to read. I am having a delightful spell of reading without writing before I begin my Joubert article. I must begin that in a week's time, however. I have left at home an interesting letter (in German) which I have had lately from a German in England on the subject of my Heine article; Fan will translate it to you, unless all the money paid to Eber¹ was quite thrown away. Papa is mentioned in it. I was in poor force and low spirits for the first ten days after I returned; now I am all right again, and hope to have a busy year. It is very animating to think that one at last has a

¹ See p. 228.

x chance of *getting at* the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it! Partly nature, partly time and study have also by this time taught me thoroughly the precious truth that everything turns upon one's exercising the power of *persuasion, of charm*; that without this all fury, energy, reasoning power, acquirement, are thrown away and only render their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule one must preserve a sweetness and good-humour. I had a pleasant visit at Aston Clinton, but the life of these country houses (as I now neither shoot nor hunt, both of which I should have done to excess had I not been so torn away from them) wearies me more and more, with its endless talking and radical want of occupation. But Lady de Rothschild I am very fond of, and she has given me the prettiest little gold pencil in the world. I made acquaintance with two more Rothschilds, Clementine de Rothschild of Frankfort, and Alice de Rothschild of Vienna—the first exquisitely beautiful, the second with a most striking character. What women these Jewesses are! with a *force* which seems to triple that of the women of our Western and Northern races. Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
October 30, 1863.

x MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Many thanks for the pheasants, which have arrived on a day of such furious rain that really one thinks the poor

creatures, for their own sakes, better dead than alive on it. I was glad Monday was fine for the shooting party.

I mean to offer myself to Baroness Meyer for the 27th, and if I go shall quite rely on meeting you there—all of you, at least, that Madame de Lagrenée¹ and “education” have left. But I hope that your goodness is rewarded as it deserves to be, and that your fatigues prove to be less than you could have expected. You know you are to fortify yourself with my article on *Marcus Aurelius*,² in which, I see, Miss Faithfull’s lady compositors have made some detestable misprints, to my great disgust.

I am going to-morrow night (the last) to hear *Faust*, entirely in consequence of the praise I heard of it at Aston Clinton. Remember me to all my friends at that friendliest of places, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENEUM, November 5, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was surprised when Tuesday morning came without your letter, but you made excellent amends yesterday. I shall not be able to repay you as you deserve, because, instead of beginning my letter in good time, as I intended, I allowed myself—having taken up the *Correspondent*, a review which is the organ of Montalem-

¹ An enthusiast about Education.

² In the *Victoria Magazine*, November 1863.

bert and the French Catholics — to go on and on with an article in it. But then the article was a very interesting one ; it was an account of the reception Renan's book had met with in Germany, and an analysis of the reviews of it by the representatives of the most advanced liberal schools — by Ewald and Keim. They treat the book as having no value beyond its graces of writing and style. No doubt, there is something of jealousy in this. Their Biblical critics, who have been toiling all their lives, with but a narrow circle of readers at the end of it all, do not like to be so egregiously outshone in the eyes of the world at large by a young gentleman who takes it so easy as they think Renan does. Still, their condemnation is important and interesting. All the more orthodox Protestant schools of Germany, as well as the Catholics, condemn the book as a matter of course, but Ewald and Keim are as far removed from orthodox Protestantism and Catholicism as can be imagined. As I said to Miss Martineau, when she sent me her friend's praise of Renan's admirable delineation of the character, etc., "*A character, not the character.*" The book, however, will feed a movement which was inevitable, and from which good will in the end come ; and from Renan himself, too, far more good is to be got than harm.

We have had bad blowing weather, but in London, as you say, one does not feel storms as one does at Fox How. I wish I was at Fox How for all that. We have had — — with us one day. He was quite full of the Lord Palmerston scandal, which

your charming newspaper, the *Star* — that true reflexion of the rancour of Protestant Dissent in alliance with all the vulgarity, meddlesomeness, and grossness of the British multitude — has done all it could to spread abroad. It was followed yesterday by the *Standard*, and is followed to-day by the *Telegraph*. Happy people, in spite of our bad climate and cross tempers, with our penny newspapers! . . . Flu told you of my seeing myself placarded all over London as having written on Marcus Aurelius and having walked up Regent Street behind a man with a board on his back announcing the same interesting piece of news. Now I must set to work at *Joubert*. My love to dear Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
November 11, 1863.

MY DEAREST FAN — Yes, you may occasionally take a Monday for mamma. Business first. There *was* a Plato at Fox How — a rubbishy little Tauchnitz edition in several volumes, half bound by the hideous art of Combe and Crossley, Rugby and Leicester; but it had the value of being the edition dear papa chiefly used when Plato was the lesson in the Sixth Form. I have not got it. I may tell you candidly that not even my reverence for papa's memory would induce me to read Plato in such a book. It is possible that Tom or Edward may have it, but I have a certain sort of notion of having seen the book in one of the upper shelves of the library

at Fox How. When last I saw it, a volume, if not two, was missing. But it is probably Plato's *Republic* which D—— wishes to read with his daughter. She will there learn how the sage recommends a community of wives. One or two copies of the *Republic, in paper*, there used to be close by the Aristotles.

It is your own fault that so much of my valuable space has been taken up by this rubbish. I am in low spirits, having taken the first volume of Joubert in a cab to the Fenchurch Street Station with me to-day, and left it in the cab. I am furious with myself; the book is gone, and the lecture at a standstill. My only hope is that the cabman, whom I overpaid, may calculate that the half-crown he might get from me for bringing it back is more than any book-stall keeper would ever give him for an odd volume, and may appear this evening with the lost one.

When you wrote you did not know that Stanley was Dean of Westminster. It is now said with so much assurance that he is going to be married to Lady Augusta Bruce that I begin to believe it. *She* is the one person I could hear without misgiving of his marrying. All I have ever seen of her I like very much. In my note of congratulation about the deanery I mentioned this other topic. You shall hear what he says. The only thing is I am surprised, if it is true, he should not have written to mamma to tell her of it.

The children are all very well, and Victorine¹ continues to give great satisfaction. You know all

¹ A French nursery-maid.

people say about maid-servants being educated to be above their place. Well, with English maid-servants, it is odd, there *is* some truth in it. They get information without any corresponding refinement, and that sticks them up; but this French girl is doubled in value by her good education, which, while raising her above servant-galism, has yet left her simple and willing to work. Nelly grows an immense duck, and is entirely Victorine's favourite. My love to dearest mamma. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

November 14, 1863.

MY DEAREST K. — You will have been greatly interested by Arthur Stanley's deanery and engagement. I have twice in Paris seen a good deal of Lady Augusta, and like and respect her exceedingly. The only thing I do not like in the whole change is that I am afraid Stanley will not have the right successor at Oxford, and that he himself is using his influence against the right successor (Church)¹ in favour of a wrong one, who is his immediate disciple. This I should greatly regret. I am glad to hear, however, that Gladstone, who in such an appointment ought to have great weight with Lord Palmerston, is most pressing for Church.

I have never had an opportunity of saying to you how good I thought William's speech at Leeds;² so moderate that I actually expected it to have

¹ The Rev. R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

² In favour of non-intervention in the American War; September 21, 1863.

somewhat carried the *Times* with it. This miracle it did not perform, but it attracted a general interest, and, I think, a general assent, which must have pleased you very much. I think in this concluding half of the century the English spirit is destined to undergo a great transformation; or rather, perhaps I should say, to perform a great evolution, and I know no one so well fitted as William, by his combined intelligence and moderation, to be the parliamentary agent and organ for this movement. That will be a post well worth a man's ambition to fill. I shall do what I can for this movement in literature; freer perhaps in that sphere than I could be in any other, but with the risk always before me, if I cannot charm the wild beast of Philistinism while I am trying to convert him, of being torn in pieces by him; and, even if I succeed to the utmost and convert him, of dying in a ditch or a workhouse at the end of it all. —
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, November 19, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Thank you for your letter, which I could not answer yesterday, and have been very near not answering to-day, so busy I am with reading for my lecture. The lecture has to be given on Saturday week, and not a word written yet! Like me, Fan will say, and you will take my part. And next week will be interrupted, besides that I shall have to inspect every day. On the Monday

week following I must be back in London for the Christmas examination, and during that examination I must write the second part of my *French Eton*¹ for *Macmillan*. I am anxious about this second part, as the prejudices are strong, and I want to prevail against them; this cannot be done without prodigies of persuasion and insinuation. But we shall see. Then after Christmas I mean to take a fortnight without thinking of any composition at all, merely reading one or two things I want to read, and doing my office business. Indeed, next year I mean to do nothing for the magazines except one article on the effect of institutions like the French Academy. But I hope to do some poetry and to ripen. Tell Fan I have got the volume of Joubert. That is the good of always overpaying cabmen. I gave the man who drove me that day, as I always do, sixpence over his fare; he thanked me, and his heart had a kindly feeling towards me. Then afterwards he found my book in his cab, and brought it back that evening to Chester Square, from whence he had driven me. I have not seen of Jean Ingelow more than I had seen in the *Guardian* when I spoke to Fan about her. She seemed to me to be quite "above the common," but I have not read enough of her to say more. It is a great deal to give one true feeling in poetry, and I think she seemed to be able to do that; but I do not at present very much care for poetry unless it can give me true *thought* as well. It is the alliance of

¹ *A French Eton; or Middle Class Education and the State.* 1864.

these two that makes great poetry, the only poetry really worth very much.

William has got the house in Eccleston Square. He dined with us last night. . . . He and Jane seem to have thoroughly liked my Marcus Aurelius. I have not yet heard whether you and Fan have read it. I am not quite pleased with my *Times* Spinoza as an article for *Macmillan*;¹ it has too much of the brassiness and smartness of a *Times* article in it. This should be a warning to me not to write for the *Times*, or indeed for any newspaper. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

December 2, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I hope to find a letter from you at Durham, whither we are going presently, but I shall begin this here, for fear of accidents. When last I wrote to you I was driven very hard; however, by dint of writing in the train and at stations in every bit of spare time I got on Friday, and of getting up at five on Saturday morning, my lecture was finished in time, and at half-past one I reached Oxford, and at two gave my lecture. Arthur Stanley was not there, as the Crown Princess of Prussia was being lionised over Oxford, and for the same reason many of my ordinary hearers were absent; but the room was full, there being many more undergraduates than usual.

¹ "A Word more about Spinoza," *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1863.

People seemed much interested, and I am convinced that the novelty of one's subjects acts as a great and useful stimulus. I had slept at Mentmore on Friday night, the Meyer de Rothschild's place. Meyer is the youngest brother, but Mentmore is the grandest place possessed by any of the family; its magnificence surpasses belief. It is like a Venetian palace doubled in size, and all Europe has been ransacked to fill it with appropriate furniture. In the great hall hang three immense lamps, which formerly did actually belong to a doge of Venice. All the openings in this great hall are screened by hangings of Gobelins tapestry, and when you stand in the passage that runs round this hall from the top of the grand staircase, and look through the arcades across and down into the hall, it is like fairyland. Lady de Rothschild and her daughters had come over from Aston Clinton to meet me, and at dinner I sat between Lady de Rothschild and Baroness Meyer. The latter is a very remarkable person, with a man's power of mind, and with great enthusiasm, but my unapproached favourite is, and will always be, Lady de Rothschild.

I went to bed at twelve, and at five I woke, found the fire hardly gone out and the room quite warm, so I lighted my candles, seated myself at a little Louis XV. table, and had three hours of splendid work, which finished my lecture. At eight I went to bed again for an hour, at nine got up and strolled on the terraces, looking at the splendid view across the vale of Aylesbury to the Chilterns till a little after ten, when we break-

fasted. Then I sat a little with the Baroness Meyer in her boudoir, and at a little after eleven they sent me to Leighton as they had fetched me from it—with horses that did the five miles in twenty-five minutes. Both the Baron and Baroness were very kind, and I have almost promised to go there again between Christmas and April, and to take Flu with me, who will be enchanted with the place. I got back to Chester Square about seven, found dear old K. and William there, dined with them, and got to King's Cross about nine. I had a capital night journey, having taken plenty of wraps, and making for myself a bed with my portmanteau and the cushions to fill up the middle space of the carriage. At five I got here, and found the people up waiting for me, and a blazing fire in my room; I went to bed, and slept capitally for three hours. In the afternoon I walked about Newcastle with the Judge. On Monday I worked all day at Office papers and cleared off my arrears while the Judge was sitting in court; we dined *tête-à-tête* afterwards. Yesterday he had finished his business, so we went to Tynemouth together. It was a sombre day, and blew tremendously, but I am very glad to have seen Tynemouth. I had no notion how open the sea was, how beautiful the situation of the Priory, and how grand the coast. There is a long new pier made, and standing on this watching the steamers tugging vessels over the bar, which, from the wind and swell, was a difficult operation, I got quite perished. Back here and dressed for dinner, and at seven we went

in the High Sheriff's carriage to Ravensworth Castle to dine with Lord Ravensworth. It is a very grand place. Lady Ravensworth is dead. He has three grown-up daughters at home, and there was a very small party staying in the house — Sir Matthew White Ridley, Morritt of Rokeby, and others. It was very pleasant, the Liddells being all an amiable family, and with nothing at all of the English *morgue*; and after dinner Lord Ravensworth seized upon me to consult me about his Latin poetry, of which I had to read a great deal, and he has given me a great deal more. I could have dispensed with this, though he is rather a proficient at it; but I like and respect these "polite" tastes in a grandee; it weakens the English nobility that they are so dying out among them. They were far more common in the last century. At present far too many of Lord Ravensworth's class are mere men of business, or mere farmers, or mere horse-racers, or mere men of pleasure. Here is a long letter which deserves a double letter next week, one from both you and Fan. My love to her. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
December 21, 1863.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Pray give Sir Anthony my best thanks for the kind present of game from Aston Clinton. From the game I conclude Sir Anthony has been shooting his covers, and from the covers having been shot I conclude

you have been having your house full; meanwhile, I have had a *triste* time of it, having been greatly shocked and grieved by the sudden death of Mrs. Arnold's father, Mr. Justice Wightman, at York, a day or two after I had left him in perfect health. When I saw you at Mentmore I was just going to join him on the winter circuit. Though nearly eighty, he had not shown the slightest failure up to the hour of his death. His hearing was perfect, and he did not even use glasses, so you may imagine what an unlooked-for shock his sudden death of a heart complaint—which no one ever suspected—gave his family, none of whom could reach him from London before he died. Then came all the time before the funeral, and the funeral itself—certainly, as we moderns manage these things, the most dismal and depressing business possible,—and one emerges into the light of day again, oneself half-effaced, and without spirit or tone.

Shall you be in Grosvenor Place in the next week or two? If I don't see you, look in the January number of the *National Review* for my article on Joubert; I think it will interest you. If I outlive you (you see how cheerful I am just now) I will send your daughters a description of Madame de Beaumont, taken from Joubert's letters, which wonderfully suits you. Remember me to them and to Sir Anthony. — Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Have you read *Pet Marjorie*?¹ If not, let me send it you.

¹ By the author of *Rab and his Friends*.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON,
December 24, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Business first. I am delighted with the wooden platter and bread knife, for which articles I have long had a fancy, the platter too I like all the better for not having an inscription, only a border of corn ears. Dear Rowland's book has not yet come. Thank her for it all the same, and tell her I will write to her when I receive it. And thank dear K. for her letter, and dear Fan for her note, and receive all my thanks for your own, my dearest mother.

While writing these last words I have heard the startling news of the sudden death of Thackeray. He was found dead in his bed this morning. If you have not seen it in the newspaper before you read this, you will all be greatly startled and shocked, as I am. I have heard no particulars. I cannot say that I thoroughly liked him, though we were on friendly terms; and he is not, to my thinking, a great writer. Still, this sudden cessation of an existence so lately before one's eyes, so vigorous and full of life, and so considerable a power in the country, is very sobering, if, indeed, after the shock of a fortnight ago, one still needs sobering. To-day I am forty-one, the middle of life, in any case, and for me, perhaps, much more than the middle. I have ripened, and am ripening so slowly that I should be glad of as much time as possible, yet I can feel, I rejoice to say, an in-

x
ward spring which seems more and more to gain strength, and to promise to resist outward shocks, if they must come, however rough. But of this inward spring one must not talk, for it does not like being talked about, and threatens to depart if one will not leave it in mystery.

Budge's letter which you sent us was a great pleasure to me, far the longest of his I have seen, and the *naïveté* of his reason for its length was charming. We are very well pleased with him, and with Matt Buckland's account of him; and that school does not harden his heart is a great peril surmounted. He cried bitterly at his grand-papa's funeral, and Matt Buckland writes me word that he could not sleep the night after. This was not his grief perhaps so much as his imagination, which had been strongly moved by the service, the hearse, the plumes, the coffin; but in a healthy boy like Budge one is pleased that the imagination too should be alive. Flu tells me that his account to her of the funeral was quite beautiful, and most affecting. He was a great favourite of his grand-papa's, and what one likes is that he should now feel this with tenderness, and not, with the hideous levity of our nature, instantly forget it.

We dine to-morrow in Eaton Place, where I have dined on so many Christmas Days. The first Christmas Day after our marriage we spent at Fox How; every one since that I have passed with the Judge.

My love to all at Fox How on Christmas Day.
— Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

THE ATHENÆUM (*January 1864*).

MY DEAREST K. — I was very much pleased with William's speech¹ at Bradford, and he seems to me more and more to be acquiring a tone and spirit in his public speeches which will give him a character apart, and distinguish him from the old stagers, whose stock vulgar Liberalism will not satisfy even the middle class, whose wants it was originally modelled to meet, much longer. This treatment of politics with one's thought, or with one's imagination, or with one's soul, in place of the common treatment of them with one's Philistinism and with one's passions, is the only thing which can reconcile, it seems to me, any serious person to politics, with their inevitable wear, waste, and sore trial to all that is best in one. I consider that William's special distinction is that he treats them with his soul, but whenever they are treated by either of the three powers I have named the result is interesting. What makes Burke stand out so splendidly among politicians is that he treats politics with his thought and imagination; therefore, whether one agrees with him or not, he always interests you, stimulates you, and does you good. I have been attentively reading lately his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and have felt this most strongly, much as there is in his view of France and her destinies which is narrow and

¹ Dealing with the American War, and with Parliamentary Reform; January 8, 1864.

erroneous. But I advise William to read it, and you too, if you have not read it or have forgotten it, and indeed to read something of Burke's every year.

I have the second part of my *French Eton* in this next *Macmillan*. It will take a third part to finish it. In this part I am really labouring hard to *persuade*, and have kept myself from all which might wound, provoke, or frighten, with a solicitude which I think you will hardly fail to perceive, and which will perhaps amuse you; but to school oneself to this forbearance is an excellent discipline, if one does it for right objects. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 14, 1834.*

MY DEAREST MAMMA — I am a'day behindhand, but I have been very busy. My toothache is gone, and I am at work again; but this depressing foggy weather hinders one from opening one's wings much. Will you ask Stanley how far the Regius Professors at Oxford or Cambridge are actually paid by the State? I know, of course, that the holders of canonries are not. But is Goldwin Smith? is Acland? is Kingsley? Please don't forget this, and let me know what he says. My love to him, and kind regards to Lady Augusta.

You don't say that you have received the Joubert, but I take for granted you have. Make Arthur¹ look at it, and tell him if he has ever read

¹ Dean Stanley.

better religious philosophy than Joubert's I have not. I expect him to order his *Pensées* on the strength of my specimens.

I like William's speech very much, and for a special reason — that the goodness, even the gentleness, of his nature comes out so much in it. This is so very rare a merit in public speeches; even if they have any goodness or gentleness in themselves, they so seldom can get any of it into their speeches. The very antithesis to the spirit of William's speeches is the spirit of the articles of that vile *Star*.

I have a very pleasant thing to tell you. A day or two ago I had a note from Sainte Beuve telling me that he had made a little mention of me in the *Constitutionnel* of the 12th, in an article on the Greek Anthology, as a sort of New Year's remembrance. Yesterday I read his article here, and what he had said was charming, as what he says always is. It was about my criticism of Homer, and he told excellently, quoting it from me, the fine anecdote about Robert Wood and the Lord Granville¹ of a hundred years ago. But the pleas-

¹ Lord Carteret became Earl Granville in 1744, and died in 1763. The anecdote is this: — "Robert Wood, whose essay on the Genius of Homer is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates of this passage a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris. 'I found him,' he continues, 'so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another

antest was this: towards the end of the article he mentioned papa, saying in a note that I was his son, and translated from him with warm praise the long passage about our first feelings of disappoint-

time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs:

“ ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγήρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,*
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μαχὴν ἐς κυδιάνειραν.
νῦν δ' — ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφειστᾶσιν θανάτοι
μυρταί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτῶν οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι —
ἴομεν. . . .

“ ‘ Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and Death's inexorable doom,
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe.

Pope's *Hom.* II. xii. 387.

“ ‘ His Lordship repeated the last word several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) “on the most glorious war, and most honourable peace, this nation ever saw.” ’ ”

* These are the words on which Lord Granville “dwelled with particular emphasis.”

ment at seeing great works like the Cartoons, St. Peter's, etc. The passage was beautifully translated, and I was extremely struck with its justness, clearness, and beauty on thus reading it in a new language. I always say that what so distinguished papa from Temple was the profound *literary sense* which was a part of his being, along with all his governing and moral qualities. I tried to get you the *Constitutionnel*, but one cannot in London, so I have asked Sainte Beuve to send it me. I have such a respect for a certain circle of men, perhaps the most truly cultivated in the world, which exists at Paris, that I have more pleasure than I can say in seeing papa brought before them so charmingly, and just in the best way to make them appreciate him.

I work here at my *French Eton* from about eleven to three; then I write my letters; then I walk home and look over grammar papers till dinner; then dinner and a game of cards with the boys; then grammar papers for an hour and a half more; then an hour or half an hour's reading before bed. I have got an excellent master from one of the Training Schools to come to Chester Square for an hour each morning to teach the boys arithmetic. It makes a capital holiday lesson. Budge has a cold. I think you have quite children enough, but if he really is bent on going I shall not dissuade him. The three boys were delighted with your letters. I hope and trust your cough is gone. I hate coughs. Love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To Lady de Rothschild.*2 CHESTER SQUARE, *January 22* (1864).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—You know that I always like to see you, and Disraeli, and the Bishop of Oxford¹—especially together. I should like to meet, but it is not easy to escape from my devouring schools, even for a day. However, you shall not say that I always refuse your invitations, so I will put off my Thursday school, and hear the Bishop preach, but I must positively be back in London by ten o'clock or thereabouts on Friday morning, as two days I cannot take from schools just now. I will be with you by dinner time on Wednesday, taking care (of course) not to arrive too early in the afternoon. I shall be eager to hear all about Paris.—Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To his Mother.*CROWN COURT SCHOOLS,
January 22, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have been quite unable to write till now. I have begun inspecting again, and at the same time I have my report to finish.

I was sure you would be pleased with Joubert, and you say just what I like when you speak of “handing on the lamp of life” for him. That is just what I wish to do, and it is by doing that that one does good. I can truly say, not that I would

¹ Dr. Wilberforce.

rather have the article not mentioned at all than called a brilliant one, but that I would far rather have it said how delightful and interesting a man was Joubert than how brilliant my article is. In the long-run one makes enemies by having one's brilliancy and ability praised; one can only get oneself really accepted by men by making oneself forgotten in the people and doctrines one recommends. I have had this much before my mind in doing the second part of my *French Eton*. I really want to *persuade* on this subject, and I have felt how necessary it was to keep down many and many sharp and telling things that rise to one's lips, and which one would gladly utter if one's object was to show one's own abilities. You must read this article, though it is on a professional kind of subject, and the third and concluding article will be the most general and interesting one. But you must read it that you may notice the effect of the effort of which I have told you. I think such an effort a moral discipline of the very best sort for one. I hope Dr. Davy will go along with me here as well as in the first article. Lend Mrs. Davy the *National*, that she may read Joubert; the true old Wordsworthians, to which band she and I both belong, are just the people for whom Joubert is properly meant.

My dear Lady de Rothschild has written me the kindest of notes begging me to come and stay at Aston Clinton next week to meet the Bishop of Oxford and Disraeli. It would be interesting certainly, but I don't see how I am to manage it. On

Tuesday fortnight Budge goes back to school. It was his own choice to remain at home, but I was glad of it, as you have so many children on your hands already. I am sorry to say he and Tom quarrel not unfrequently, so your praise in your letter to Flu this morning read rather painfully. However, my consolation is that we most of us quarrelled as children, and yet have not grown up quite monsters. Children with Dick's disposition are, I am sure, the exceptions. To-morrow between two and five think of me at the Princess's, with Lucy, Budge, and Mrs. Tuffin. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

ASTON CLINTON PARK, TRING,
January 28, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It will take at least this sheet added to the one I wrote the other night to make my proper weekly letter. I have so often refused to come here, alleging my inspecting duties, that I thought this time I would come, and I am glad I have. I inspected yesterday in Bethnal Green, got home to a late luncheon, and a little before five left home again in a hansom for Euston Square. When I got to Tring I found the court outside the station full of carriages bound for Aston Clinton and no means of getting a fly; but Count d'Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador, took me with him. We got here just after the Bishop, at half-past seven, just in time to dress, and a little after eight we dined. The house was quite full

last night. Count d'Apponyi, the Bishop of Oxford, the Disraelis, Sir Edward and Lady Filmer, Lord John Hay, the young Lord Huntly, the young Nathaniel Rothschild, Mr. Dawson Damer, Mr. Raikes Currie, Mr. John Abel Smith, Archdeacon Bickersteth, and one or two other clergy were the party at dinner, almost all of them staying in the house. I took Constance Rothschild in to dinner, and was placed between her and Mrs. Disraeli; on Mrs. Disraeli's other side was the Bishop of Oxford. I thought the Bishop a little subdued and guarded, though he talked incessantly. Mrs. Disraeli is not much to my taste, though she is a clever woman, and told me some amusing stories. Dizzy sat opposite, looking moody, black, and silent, but his head and face, when you see him near and for some time, are very striking. After the ladies went he was called over by the Bishop to take Mrs. Disraeli's vacant place. After a little talk to the Bishop he turned to me and asked me very politely if this was my first visit to Buckinghamshire, how I liked the county, etc.; then he said he thought he had seen me somewhere, and I said Lord Houghton had introduced me to him eight or nine years ago at a literary dinner among a crowd of other people. "Ah yes, I remember," he said, and then he went on: "At that time I had a great respect for the name you bore, but you yourself were little known. Now you are well known. You have made a reputation, but you will go further yet. You have a great future before you, and you deserve it." I bowed

profoundly, and said something about his having given up literature. "Yes," he said, "one does not settle these things for oneself, and politics and literature both are very attractive; still, in the one one's work lasts, and in the other it doesn't." He went on to say that he had given up literature because he was not one of those people who can do two things at once, but that he admired most the men like Cicero, who could. Then we talked of Cicero, Bolingbroke, and Burke. Later in the evening, in the drawing-room, we talked again. I mentioned William Forster's name, telling him my connexion with him, and he spoke most highly of him and of his prospects, saying, just as I always say, how his culture and ideas distinguished him from the mob of Radicals. He spoke strongly of the harm he and Stansfeld and such men suffered in letting themselves be "appropriated," as he called it, by Palmerston, with whom they really had not the least agreement. Of Bright's powers as a speaker he spoke very highly, but thought his cultivation defective and his powers of mind not much; for Cobden's powers of mind he professed the highest admiration. "He was born a Statesman," he said, "and his reasoning is always like a Statesman's, and striking." He ended by asking if I lived in London, and begging me to come and see him. I daresay this will not go beyond my leaving a card, but at all events what I have already seen of him is very interesting. I daresay the chief of what he said about me myself was said in consequence of Lady de Rothschild, for whom

he has a great admiration, having told him she had a high opinion of me; but it is only from politicians who have themselves felt the spell of literature that one gets these charming speeches. Imagine Palmerston or Lord Granville making them; or again, Lowe or Cardwell. The Disraelis went this morning. Of the Bishop and his sermon I must tell you in my next. I had hardly any talk with him. He too is now gone, but there is a large party to-night again; early to-morrow morning I return to London. My love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 29, 1864.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I stupidly left behind me this morning my dressing-case and an umbrella. Will you kindly let them come up the next time you are sending anything to Grosvenor Place. I can perfectly well do without them in the meantime. The umbrella was Mrs. Arnold's, so to the sin of carelessness I have added the sin of robbery.

If Mr. John Abel Smith is still with you pray tell him that I have posted his letter. And pray mention in another quarter that when I am invited to receive adieux I expect an interview, not a drowsy good-bye from the other side of a shut door. But I was born for ill-treatment; you know how Mademoiselle de Lagrénée treated me at Mentmore.

I had a most pleasant time at Aston Clinton,

and now I must again fix my mind on Bonstetten's excellent text: "Rien ne sauve dans cette vie-ci que l'occupation et le travail." — Most sincerely yours,
 MATTHEW ARNOLD. —

My hands are so frozen that I should refuse myself a grant if I had to mark my own handwriting.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *February 2, 1864.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I am glad you and Fan are going to the peace and warmth of Helme Lodge, and hope to hear you are quite set up again by it. Remember me very kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Crewdson.

I have a note from Macmillan, who is an extremely intelligent, active man, sending me a cheque for my article,¹ and saying he only wished he could afford to pay it in any degree in proportion to its worth — so excellent and important did he think it. If one can interest and carry along with one men like him, one will do. I have sent the articles to two men whom I think it important to interest in the question — Cobden and Sir John Pakington; Cobden because of his influence with the middle classes, Pakington because of his lead among the educationists. From Cobden I had an interesting letter, written on the receipt of the articles, before he read them, to say that he should certainly read them and was prepared to be interested, but that his main interest was in the condi-

¹ *A French Eton, Part II.*

tion of the lower class. But I am convinced that nothing can be done effectively to raise this class except through the agency of a transformed middle class; for, till the middle class is transformed, the aristocratic class, which will do nothing effectively, will rule. Tell Fan I don't want the September *Macmillan*¹ now. I don't think it worth while to send you these shilling magazines, but if you won't otherwise see my article, I will.

The Bishop of Oxford had a rather difficult task of it in his sermon,² for opposite to him was ranged all the house of Israel, and he is a man who likes to make things pleasant to those he is on friendly terms with. He preached on Abraham, his force of character and his influence on his family; he fully saved his honour by introducing the mention of Christianity three or four times, but the sermon was in general a sermon which Jews as well as Christians could receive. His manner and delivery are well worth studying, and I am very glad to have heard him. A truly emotional spirit he undoubtedly has beneath his outside of society-haunting and men-pleasing, and each of the two lives he leads gives him the more zest for the other. Any real power of mind he has not. Some of the thinking, or pretended thinking, in his sermon was sophistical and hollow beyond belief. I was interested in finding how instinctively Lady de Rothschild had seized on this. His chaplain told me, however, that I had not heard him at his best,

¹ Containing *A French Eton*, Part I.

² On the opening of a school at Buckland, near Aston Clinton.

as he certainly preached under some constraint. Where he was excellent was in his speeches at luncheon afterwards—gay, easy, cordial, and wonderfully happy. He went on to Marlow after luncheon. We had another great dinner in the evening, with dancing afterwards. I sat and talked most of the evening to Lady de Rothschild. The next morning I breakfasted in my own room, was off in Lady de Rothschild's little Viennese carriage to the station at a quarter past eight, and was at a school in Covent Garden at ten. These occasional appearances in the world I like—no, I do not like them, but they do one good, and one learns something from them; but, as a general rule, I agree with all the men of soul from Pythagoras to Byron in thinking that this type of society is the most drying, wasting, depressing and fatal thing possible. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 11, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I am glad you liked the second part of my *French Eton*, and I think it will in time produce much effect. I shall have several letters to send you which I have received about it, but have not got them with me at this moment — one from Cobden, very interesting. I send you one I got last night from a middle-class mother. It may burn. I also send you a note from Pakington. To him and Cobden I sent the *Macmillan*, because Cobden is a sort of representative of the middle classes, and Pakington is the statesman

most inclined, in education matters, to take the course I want to see taken. Pakington had not read my articles when he wrote, but what he says of my French book is valuable, because it is important that these people should have a good opinion of one's *judgment*. Pakington's note Fan may as well keep part of as an autograph, he having been a Cabinet Minister. I send, too, a note of Coventry Patmore's, in case she wishes to have the autograph of that worthy but mildish author. I send another letter from my German friend, which may burn.

I am so pressed by school work just now that I cannot finish my *French Eton* till the April number of *Macmillan*. In this next fortnight I have my lecture for Oxford to write, but I have a good subject which has been some time in my head.

In my notions about the State I am quite papa's son, and his continuator. I often think of this — the more so because in this direction he has had so few who felt with him. But I inherit from him a deep sense of what, in the Greek and Roman world, was sound and rational. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 16, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You will have seen the *Spectator* of this week, which pleases me very much. The *Nonconformist*, Miall's organ, has taken the alarm, and in an anxious notice in the last number says, "Mr. Arnold has no notion of the depth of the feeling against State interference," etc. But I

have — of the depth of the feeling among the *Dissenting ministers*, who have hitherto greatly swayed the middle class. But I shall come to this in my next article. I mean, as I told Fan in the autumn, to deliver the middle class out of the hand of their Dissenting ministers. The mere difficulty of the task is itself rather an additional incentive to undertake it. The *malaise* of the Council Office, as they see me gradually bringing to their fold fresh sheep whom they by no means want, will be comic. But the present entire independence of middle class education is here an advantage to me; it being not in any way an official matter, the Council Office cannot complain of my treating it, as one of the public, without appearing to think our existing Education Department the least concerned. Last night Laurie dined with us, and in the middle of dessert proposed to Tom and Dick to start for Astley's to see the Pantomime. You may imagine their delight at this sudden proposal, and off they went, and were not back till twelve. We have heard from Budge. He sent a valentine to each of his sisters. He seemed in very fair spirits, and is beginning Greek. Love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 15, 1864.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I am perfectly miserable with fret and worry in composing the last part of my *French Eton* under difficulties. The difficulties are the daily inspection of a large school,

where, instead of finding everything perfectly prepared for me, as it was in Bell Lane, I have to go through every schedule myself, correcting the errors and supplying the omissions of the Managers and teachers. Imagine the pleasure of finding out for oneself from each of 500 boys what his father is; and if, as generally happens, he is a tradesman, of finding out besides whether he is a small or great tradesman, and how many people he employs! Such is inspection at present. You saw, however, that Mr. Lowe had to give way the other night, and I think there are other and graver storms brewing for him. My very kind remembrances at Aston Clinton. — Yours ever sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

CHESTER SQUARE, *March 17, 1864.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send you a note from Smith and Elder, which may burn. To the last day I live I shall never get over a sense of gratitude and surprise at finding my productions acceptable, when I see so many people all round me so hard put to it to find a market. This comes from a deep sense of the native similarity of people's spirits, and that if one spirit seems richer than another, it is rather that it has been given to him to *find* more things, which it might equally have been given to others to find, than that he has seized or invented them by superior power and merit. My Oxford lecture¹ will be in this next *Cornhill*, but a

¹ "Pagan and Christian Religious Sentiment."

good deal about Protestantism is left out, as I think I told you it would be, as it could not be stated fully enough quite to explain and secure itself. I am bothered about the third part of my *French Eton*, but I hope to-morrow and Saturday may bring it to something I like. After Monday I shall have done with writing for a week or ten days. My love to all. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, *March 25, 1864.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — The *French Eton* could not be finished, owing to all the interruptions I told you of — interruptions which disabled me beyond the power of being revived even by your too flattering sentences. Now I shall go to work again in the comparative leisure of next week. But what an east wind this is, and how it exasperates everything that is furious, vicious, and contrary in one! Let me know if you are likely to be in London this week or next. Work thickens upon me, and I am afraid there is hardly any chance of my getting at present a delightful day's breathing space at Aston Clinton. With kindest remembrances to all my friends there, I am always, most sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

CHESTER SQUARE, *April 7, 1864.*

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I have again to go to Brentford to-morrow, but I shall be delighted to go to the play on Saturday, only there must be

no falling asleep. If you ask me what to go to, I say *Leah*, because I have not seen it, and I have seen most of the other things that are being given now; but I will go with meekness and contentment to whatever you please.

I hope Dicky's invasion was not too terrible this morning. He says you were all extremely kind to him. — Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

Haverhill B.S., April 29, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — This is a place on the borders between Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Essex — not three very lovely counties, yet this is their prettiest region, and any country would be pretty now, with the fruit-trees all in blossom and spring in full flush everywhere, if it were not for the horrible and hateful north-east wind. Edward thinks my life is all ease. Now I will tell him of my two last days and to-day. The day before yesterday up at seven. Wrote letters and so on till breakfast. At half-past nine off in the Woods' waggonette (how is the beast of a word spelt?) to the Mark's Tey station for Ipswich. Ipswich at eleven. A great British school, 250 boys, 150 girls, and 150 infants, and the pupil teachers of these schools to examine. I fell at once to work with the Standards. My assistant joined me from London at half-past twelve. I worked in the Girls' School, with the pupil teachers on one side the room and the Standards drafted in, one after the other, on the other side. My assistant

in the Boys' and Infants' Schools. I had a perpetual stream of visitors from the town — people interested in the schools. Biscuits and wine were brought to me where I was, and I never left the room till four, except for five minutes to run to a shop and buy a stud I wanted. At four I departed, and reached Copford at half-past five. My assistant returned to London by the six o'clock train, and between us we finished that school in the day. Yesterday off by the same train back to Ipswich, took the Wesleyan school, 120 children, and at half-past one took the train to Hadleigh, getting a biscuit at the station. Reached Hadleigh at half-past two. Could get nothing but a taxed cart and pony, and a half-drunk cripple to drive — six miles by cross country roads to Boxford. Got there at half-past three. By half-past four had polished them off — only thirty children — and was back at Hadleigh at half-past five. Got to Copford at half-past seven, in time for an eight o'clock dinner. This morning off as before. A school of sixty children at this little town. Began them at eleven and finished at one. Have since remained in the school, receiving visits from the Managers and writing letters, till I leave by the 3.15 train, which will get me to London at 6.30. Next week I have the same sort of days throughout, then I return to London, or rather to Woodford, for good. I have left Dicky behind me at Copford, where they are very kind to him. I pick him up there next Thursday, and take him with me to Woodford. We have got the Rectory at six guineas a week. You and Fan will see

it, for now, of course, you will have to pay your visit to us — only nine miles from the City, and trains every hour. Read my Part III.¹ in this *Macmillan*, and make Edward read it. I have written, to my own mind, nothing better. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENEUM, May 10, 1864.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Again and again I have meant to come and ask after your invalid, but I just get here, within reach of the Belgravian paradise, when I am swept back again into the outer darkness of Fenchurch Street and Essex. For we are now at *the Rectory, Woodford, Essex*, the rector being abroad for his health. How I wish you would drive down some day to luncheon and let your invalid breathe the fresh air, and see the cowslips, which the natives thought were exhausted in all that neighbourhood, and which I have rediscovered. We have a garden, and a field, and a shrubbery, and bees, and cows, and rabbits, and a dog. I think that is nearly all, but you will allow it is a long list; and a large rambling house, ill furnished, but that does not matter at this season of the year, and its size is a great comfort.

Find time to look at the last part of my *French Eton*, with which, after all, I am better pleased than I generally am with what I write on a subject I greatly care about. People say it is *revolutionary*, but all unconstrained thinking tends, perhaps, to be

¹ Of *A French Eton*.

a little revolutionary. Now I am reading the works of others -- all the Oxford prize compositions for this year, and terrible work it is, worse even than writing one's rubbish. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

WOODFORD, *May 24, 1864.*

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — Thank you for sending me your notice,¹ but I had already seen it in the notice-paper, to my great pleasure. As to the importance of calling attention to the general question, there can be no doubt of that; but it is well, also, to take the distinction which you have taken between *liberal* and *learned* education, because this is one of the things which the public has got into its head, and one can do most with the public by availing oneself of one of these things. To give the means of learning Greek, for instance, but not to make Greek obligatory, is a proposal, for secondary education, which half the world are now prepared to prick up their ears if you make. I am glad you have employed and given official stamp to that useful word *secondary*.

I shall come some day and see the honour that has been done to my poems. One is from time to time seized and irresistibly carried along by a temptation to treat political, or religious, or social

¹ "To call attention to the expediency of making the Secondary Endowed Schools throughout the country more available for the purposes of those who wish to give their children a liberal but not a learned education." — May 19, 1864.

matters, directly; but after yielding to such a temptation I always feel myself recoiling again, and disposed to touch them only so far as they can be touched through poetry. — Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

10 ST. GEORGE'S CRESCENT, LLANDUDNO,

August 7, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — This is last week's letter, and you shall have another this. Yesterday morning, instead of writing to you, as I had intended, I started with dear old Tom for the interior of the country, being sick of lodging-houses and seaside. We got by rail some four or five miles on the Llanrwst road, and then struck up a gorge to the right, where there is a waterfall. After this drought the waterfall was not much, but we continued up the valley, which was very austere and wild, till we got to Llyn Eigiau, or the Lake of Shallows, lying under very fine precipices, and stretching up to the roots of Camedd Llewellyn, the second highest mountain in Wales, some three or four hundred feet higher than Scafell. After sitting a long while by the lake, in loneliness itself, we came back by another valley, that of the river Duly, which flows from two small lakes, which we hope to explore on Tuesday. This mountain mass in which Camedd Llewellyn stands is very little visited, except the hills just over Aber, and yesterday we saw not a single tourist, though here and on all the great lines they swarm.

Cork
The charm of Wales is the extent of the country which gives you untouched masses which the tourists do not reach; and then the new race, language, and literature give it a charm and novelty which the Lake country can never have. Wales is as full of traditions and associations as Cumberland and Westmorland are devoid of them. The very sands we can see from this house, the Lavan Sands, or Sands of Waiting, between this and Beaumaris, have more story about them than all the Lake Country. You may imagine how I like having dear old Tom with me, and how he enjoys it. He stays till Thursday. The bathing in the sea is spoilt by the vile jelly-fish, which sting frightfully, and both Budge and I caught it the first day we were here. They used, I remember, to torment me at Abergele in old days. But it is the rivers and lakes of fresh water which my heart desires, and to these I shall get as much as I can while I am here.

This house is clean and comfortable, and the rooms are good; but lodging and everything else is very expensive. For our rooms only we have to pay £7 a week. I should not come here again, both on this account, and also because I think the Headland, fine as it is, gets wearisome when one has nothing else, and I hate to be cut off by a dull peninsula of some four miles from Conway and the Mainland.

I have a great deal to tell you. You will see the newspapers. I hear Goldwin Smith has attacked me as "a jaunty gentleman" in the *Daily News*,

but I have not seen it. The children all well and very happy. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

LLANDUDNO, *August 20, 1864.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — To-morrow is your birthday. May you see many more of them, for the good and happiness of all of us! I hoped dear old Tom would have passed the day with me and helped to keep it, but last night we had a line from him to say that he and Julia had decided to go to Clifton. The climate of Clifton at this season is as bad and oppressive as that of Llandudno is good and fortifying, and will do Mary¹ no good at all, whereas this would have been just the thing for her. Flu had been indefatigable looking for lodgings for them, but luckily had not actually engaged anything. Dear old Tom and I should have had some more walks, and I regret his not coming exceedingly; and they will probably pay just as much at Clifton as they would have paid here, only they will certainly get better rooms for their money. We have just returned from a delightful little excursion, on which I should much like to have taken Fan. Flu had never seen Llanberis, so the day before yesterday she, I, Dicky, and Lucy started by train for Carnarvon. The two elder boys preferred staying at home, or they would have been the two to go; but I find Lucy and Dick are the two real travel-lovers of the family. At

¹ Afterwards Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Carnarvon the children dined at the Uxbridge Arms, and then began, for me, the real pleasure. We started in a car, for the railroad ends at Carnarvon, and drove that beautiful eight miles to Llanberis. I don't know whether you remember the sudden change at the half-way house from the dull fertile flat which borders the sea to Llyn Padam and the mountains. And such a mountain as Snowdon is! We have nothing that comes within a hundred miles of him. We could not get in at the best inn, the Victoria, so we went to a new one, the Padam Villa Hotel, which turned out well enough. The day was perfectly fine and clear, and having ordered dinner at seven, we went to that beautiful waterfall on the way up Snowdon, about half a mile from the hotel. The fall was beautiful even in this weather, and indeed the green at Llanberis was as fresh and bright as in Switzerland, in spite of the drought. The children had their tea at one end of the table, while we had dinner at the other; and then, while Flu put them to bed, I strolled to the Dolbadam tower, and had a long look at the two beautiful lakes and the pass in the moonlight. Next morning we started at eleven in a carriage and pair for Llanrwst. A soft gray morning, with a little mist passing on and off the tops of the highest hills. Flu enjoyed the pass as much as I could have desired, and indeed it is most impressive; my recollection by no means did it justice. Then by Capel Curig and the Fall of the Llugwy to that beautiful Bettws y Coed and Llanrwst. At Llanrwst we

dined, and got back here by the train a little after eight o'clock. The people travelling about in Wales, and their quality, beggar description. It is a social revolution which is taking place, and to observe it may well fill one with reflexion. Now we are off for Penmaenmawr, which Flu wants to see. On Wednesday we leave for Liverpool, and you shall have notice at what time Budge and Dick are likely to reach you. How very pleasant to have had all the girls together! My love to all. Tell dear old Banks to get me some worms, if he is well enough for that. I have had no fishing here.—Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

LLANDUDNO, *Saturday (August 1864).*

MY DEAREST FAN — I *will* write my this week's letter, and it shall be to you, that I may send you the photograph of your goddaughter. If ever such a duck was seen on this earth! Flu will have told you that whereas they charge extra for doing children of that age, because they are so much trouble and have to be repeated so often, the whole affair with Nelly did not take five minutes. She stood exactly as she was bid, wearing the highly good face, and was a success the first time. I send you also one of myself, Maull and Polybank, that they have done for their series. It is not good, but perhaps somewhat less offensive than most that have been done of me. Now mind you answer this with a long letter, and tell me in it if you don't think Nelly looks a duck.

You know my habits, and therefore you can imagine what it is to me to be chained to the house, or very near it, by a troublesome toe. In the first place, a blister came from (I imagine) boots too tight across the toes; then this hardened into a sort of corn, and by trying to get rid of this I have made a painful place, which has not been improved by my persisting in walking with dear old Tom on these hard, hot ways. I have now taken to wet lint round the toe and nominal abstinence from walking. Yesterday, however, I was for three hours and a half on the Great Orme, most of it with bare feet, however, and this evening I shall manage to get an hour or two there. But what is this when I see Camedd Llewellyn opposite to me, and all the hills steeped in an ethereal Italian atmosphere that makes one long to be amongst them? Till yesterday I have thought this place bleak and harsh; and still I miss rivers and green fields, and would rather be at a Welsh farm among the mountains. However, this suits the children best. But yesterday brought an air and sun which perfectly transfigured the place.

x The poetry of the Celtic race and its names of places quite overpowers me, and it will be long before Tom forgets the line, "Hear from thy grave, great Taliessin, hear!" — from Gray's Bard, of which I gave him the benefit some hundred times a day on our excursions. We all liked having him, and he liked being here, and I think in a week will come back with Gertie and Mary. All interests are here — Celts, Romans, Saxons, Druidism,

Middle Age, Caer, Castle, Cromlech, Abbey,— and this glorious sea and mountains with it all. I am perfectly idle, or at least I study only Murray's *Hand-Book* (excellent) and the Ordnance Map. There are one or two people here: the Liddells, with whom we dined; the Scudamore Stanhopes, him I slightly knew at Oxford; the Dean of Chichester, a clergyman or two, who have called. We go to Susy, as I told mamma; and to you, I hope, this day fortnight. Budge says he does not care for this place much, but shall like coming to Fox How "awfully." I think we shall go to the Forsters at the end of our time—about the 1st of October—for two or three days on our way back to London. I have had a second letter from Bruce¹ thanking me in the most flattering manner for my suggestions as to the *personnel* of the Commission, and now asking me for my opinion as to the scope which shall be given to the inquiry. I would sooner write in this way than be stuck personally forward in fifty Commissions. My love to everybody. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To J. Dykes Campbell.

Fox How, *September 22, 1864.*

I am much tempted to say something about the Enoch Arden volume. I agree with you in thinking "Enoch Arden" itself very good indeed—perhaps the best thing Tennyson has done; "Tithonus" I do not like quite so well. But is it possible

¹ Vice-President of the Council; afterwards Lord Aberdare.

for one who has himself published verses to print a criticism on Tennyson in which perfect freedom shall be used? And without perfect freedom, what is a criticism worth? I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line — as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet, especially a poet at this time of day, is that, my interest in him is only slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm. But is it possible or proper for me to say this about Tennyson, when my saying it would inevitably be attributed to odious motives? Therefore, though the temptation to speak — especially because I should probably say something so totally different from what the writer in the *Spectator* supposes — is great, I shall probably say nothing.

To Lady de Rothschild.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
September, 25, 1864.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I have just come back from the Highlands, where no letters followed me, and I find here yours of last month, with its enclosure. It was just like you to send the *Cornhill* to Disraeli, and then to send me his letter. It¹ was the kind of article he was most likely to be taken by, and therefore excellently, and with your usual tact, chosen. I shall keep his letter unless you tell me you want it back. I

¹ "The Literary Influence of Academies."

saw Sir Anthony was at the Agricultural Meeting to hear him speak the other day, and wondered whether you were there too.

So you have been in the Saxon Switzerland and at Prague! I should, of course, have enjoyed the Saxon Switzerland with you and your party, but I do not greatly care for it in itself; but Prague I have never seen, and have the greatest possible desire to see. But at present I am full of the Highlands, which I had never seen till this year, except a glimpse of the outskirts of them which I got when a boy of eight years old. I have been up in Ross-shire, and a more impressive country I never saw. After being used to this Lake country, over which you could throw a pocket-handkerchief, the extent of the Highlands gives a sense of vastness; and then the desolation, which in Switzerland, with the meadows, industry, and population of the valleys, one never has; but in the Highlands, miles and miles and miles of mere heather and peat and rocks, and not a soul. And then the sea comes up into the land on the west coast, and the mountain forms are there quite magnificent. Norway alone, I imagine, has country like it. Then also I have a great *penchant* for the Celtic races, with their melancholy and unprogressiveness. I fished a great deal, and that is a distraction of the first order. You should make Sir Anthony take a lodge up there for two or three years. There is no such change, and no such delightful sort of shooting, and the lodges are as comfortable as London houses. And think of the

blessing you and your daughters would be to the Highland cabins round you!

If you have an opportunity, I wish you would ask some of your Frankfort relations to try and get a fragment of Goethe's handwriting. I am not a collector, but the other day I had a poem of Wordsworth's in his own handwriting given me, and I should like to have something of Goethe's as a pendant to it. They are the two moderns (very different) I most care for. There is an excellent article on Wordsworth in this last *North British*. Read it by all means. For my part, I have been idle "as a brute," as Victor Hugo says, and I have done nothing of all I meant to do. I have been very much pressed to write a criticism on Tennyson, *apropos* of his new volume; but is this possible to be done with the requisite freedom by any one who has published verses himself? I mean, for instance, I do not think Tennyson a *grand et puissant esprit*, and therefore I do not really set much store by him, in spite of his popularity; but is it possible for me to say this? I think not. My kindest regards to your daughters. — Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON,
October 14, 1864.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — If I were not obliged to be here I should come and see you to-day, though I daresay I should find you fled to

the country. Aston Clinton is always pleasant, but never so pleasant as when you are by yourselves; but next week I am hopelessly tied and bound — two days here, and three in the north of Essex. But I am so worried with work of different kinds that I should be very bad company even if my schools left me free. I have a bad time before me all up to Christmas. At the beginning of the year I am not without hopes of being sent abroad by the new Middle Class Schools Commission. But let me know some day when you will be in town, and I will come and see you at luncheon. Might we not, some day before the terrible reign of *Pantomimes* begins, go to some theatre? — something *franchement comique* this time. I hear Charles Mathews is in some new piece which is very good. You see I am ingenious in inventing palliatives to the hard destiny which keeps me from Aston Clinton. My kindest regards to your daughters and niece. I hope I shall see the latter when I come to luncheon (if you will let me) in Grosvenor Place; let it be before she goes back to Vienna. I hope *croquêt* is now played at Aston Clinton with one hand. I must go back to my charming occupation of hearing students give lessons. Here is my programme for this afternoon: Avalanches — The Steam Engine — The Thames — India Rubber — Bricks — The Battle of Poitiers — Subtraction — The Reindeer — The Gunpowder Plot — The Jordan. Alluring, is it not? Twenty minutes each, and the days of one's life are only threescore years and ten. — Ever yours sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *December 7, 1864.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must write a very hurried letter if this is to go to-day. I have been correcting proofs, and been so long over a note I have to put in that I have left myself hardly any time. When you wrote you had probably not seen the *Saturday Review*, which contains a long, elaborate attack on me, of nearly four columns.¹ It is by Fitzjames Stephen, and is due partly to his being Colenso's advocate, partly also to his ideas being naturally very antagonistic to mine. He meant to be as civil as he could, consistently with attacking me *au fond*; and yesterday he sent his wife to call, as a proof, I suppose, that he wishes amity. He begins, too, with a shower of polite expressions. His complaint that I do not argue reminds me of dear old Edward, who always says when any of his family do not go his way, that they do not reason. However, my sinuous, easy, unpolemical mode of proceeding has been adopted by me first because I really think it the best way of proceeding if one wants to get at, and keep with, truth; secondly, because I am convinced only by a literary form of this kind being given to them can ideas such as mine ever gain any access in a country such as ours. So from anything like a direct answer, or direct controversy,

¹ "Mr. Matthew Arnold and his Countrymen," *Saturday Review*, December 3, 1864; criticising M. A.'s "Function of Criticism at the present time," which appeared in the *National Review*, November 1864.

I shall religiously abstain; but here and there I shall take an opportunity of putting back this and that matter into its true light, if I think he has pulled them out of it; and I have the idea of a paper for the *Cornhill*, about March, to be called "My Countrymen," and in which I may be able to say a number of things I want to say, about the course of this Middle Class Education matter amongst others. Mr. Wright, the translator of Homer, has printed a letter of attack upon my Homer lectures, but it is of no consequence.—
Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 3, 1865.*

MY DEAREST K. — I send you the enclosed, because I know you and William will be interested. Lord Lyttelton is a gruff man, who says less than he means generally, so his "strongly approving" is very strong.¹ I wrote to him because I would not for the world have asked William, connected as we are, to start the matter in the Commission; besides, Lord Lyttelton knew what had passed about it in the last Commission; but now, when Lord Taunton brings the matter before the Commission and reads my letter, I daresay William will support it. I think I have made out a strong case for sending some one, and

¹ Lord Lyttelton was a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission, at whose instance Matthew Arnold undertook, in 1863, a foreign tour, to inquire into the Secondary Education of the Continent.

perhaps even the Anti-State Members of the Commission will be willing enough to collect *information* as to State systems. I must talk to William before the Commission meets, because I think some one should go to America also. France, Germany, Switzerland, Lombardy, and the United States of America are the important countries. Holland is said to be still, as it was in Cuvier's time, not up, in its middle class schools, to the mark of its primary schools.

Walter will have told you about Temple. It is like him thus to try and take a question *by force*. I had mentioned him to Bruce as a man who certainly ought to be on the Commission, *if* he could be there without offence to the private schoolmasters.

Did you notice what Bazley¹ said about the education of his own class at Manchester some weeks ago, and what Bright said yesterday, and the difference? I note all these things, however slight, with interest.

Is not Macmillan's new Shakespeare wonderful? He is going to bring out a large paper edition, which I will give you on your next birthday. Text and punctuation seem to me excellent.

I am afraid, as the Commission does not meet for some weeks, William will not come up much before Parliament meets. I have some wonderful St. Péray Edward gave me, waiting for him. I have had a blinding cold, but it is better. Kiss all your darlings for me, and love to William. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

¹ Sir Thomas Bazley, M.P. for Manchester.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 6 (1865).*

MY DEAREST K. — How long will William be in town when he comes up for the meeting¹ on the 24th? Will he dine with us on that day? I wish him well through his speech.² I am being driven furious by seven hundred closely-written grammar papers, which I have to look over, and an obstinate cold in my head at the same time.

American example is perhaps likely to make most impression on England, though I doubt even this just now. (The students in the Training Colleges had for their composition this year to write a letter from an English emigrant to the United States describing the state of things there, and there is not *really* 1 per cent who does not take the strongest possible side for the Confederates, and you know from what class these students are drawn.) However, the subject being secondary instruction, an instruction in direct correspondence with higher instruction and intellectual life, I cannot admit that any countries are more worth studying, as regards secondary instruction, than those in which intellectual life has been carried farthest — Germany first, and, in the second degree, France. Indeed, I am convinced that as *Science*, in the widest sense of the word, meaning a true knowledge of things as the basis of our operations, becomes, as it does become, more of a power in the world, the weight of the nations and men who have carried

¹ Of the Schools Inquiry Commission.

² On general politics; at Bradford, January 10, 1865.

the intellectual life farthest will be more and more felt; indeed, I see signs of this already. That England may run well in this race is my deepest desire; and to stimulate her and to make her feel how many clogs she wears, and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Mother.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, COUNCIL OFFICE,
DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
January 21, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Again I am at the very end of the week, but you will get my letter on Sunday morning, a morning on which it is always pleasant to have letters. My Essays are nearly printed, but they have taken a long time, and till I have finally got the Preface to stand as I like, I shall not feel that the book¹ is off my hands. The Preface will make you laugh. I see the *Nonconformist*, Miall's paper, of all papers in the world, has this week an article on Provinciality, and speaks of me as "a writer, who, by the power both of his thoughts and of his style, is beginning to attract great attention." And the new number of the *Quarterly* has a note speaking of my "beautiful essay on Marcus Aurelius," and urging me to translate Epictetus, so as to make him readable by all the world. So I think the moment is, on the whole, favourable for the Essays; and in going through

¹ *Essays in Criticism.* 1865.

them I am struck by the admirable riches of human nature that are brought to light in the group of persons of whom they treat, and the sort of unity that as a book to stimulate the better humanity in us the volume has. Then, of course, if this book succeeds, the way is the more clear for my bringing in my favourite notions yet further; if I can only, as Marcus Aurelius says, keep "the balance true, and my mind even." If I can do Vinet to my mind it will be a great thing, and I shall have reached the Dissenters and the Middle Class; then I shall stop for the present.

—'s speech was, as you say, good in style, and with much of what he puts forth I agree. He, however, with his liking for the United States and all that, always tends to foster the pure English element in us, as I think, to excess. I hate all over-preponderance of single elements, and all my efforts are directed to enlarge and complete us by bringing in as much as possible of Greek, Latin, Celtic authors. More and more I see hopes of fruit by steadily working in this direction. To be too much with the Americans is like living with somebody who has all one's own bad habits and tendencies. My love to Fan, and to Rowland, and to Banks. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 11 (1865).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I shook my head disapprovingly when I saw your handwriting this morning, though, of course, I could not help

reading the contents with pleasure and satisfaction; but I do hope you will go slowly, and not overtask yourself. I had read the Preface¹ to a brother and sister of mine, and they received it in such solemn silence that I began to tremble; then — is always thrown into a nervous tremor by my writing anything which she thinks likely to draw down attacks on me; so altogether I needed the refreshment of your sympathy. I am amused at having already received a note from Arthur Stanley asking for the reference to the passages in Spinoza which militate against his view of the prophets.

I write this at the Athenæum, having been both morning and afternoon at the Free School. The Baroness Lionel was there in the morning. What an awful morning it was! The attendance of children was immense, in spite of the day. I complained of the girls chattering and looking at one another's work incessantly, but they were so crowded that their sins in this respect ought not, perhaps, to be judged too severely.

I hope it will not be very long before I see you again. Meanwhile pray take all possible care of yourself, and believe me, with the most cordial regards to your daughters, ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 3, 1865.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am late this week again, but now my lecture is coming near, and the

¹ *To Essays in Criticism.*

mass I have been led into reading for it oppresses me and still keeps swelling. However, to-morrow I hope to fairly begin and write. It must be in the morning, as in the afternoon I have promised to go with the children to the Zoological Gardens. On Monday night I go with Flu, Tom, and Dick, to the Haymarket to see *Lord Dundreary* and other things, and on Wednesday poor Dick returns to school. It is time he went, as he is now quite well again; but we shall miss him awfully, and he has that slight look of delicacy which just makes one shrink from sending him away. But I believe the change of air to Blackheath will do him great service. He is perfectly good, and as happy as the day is long. Little Tom is, for him, all right, as you will judge from his going to the play. We have had a tolerable allowance of sickness this winter, and I should like to leave them all sound and flourishing. I have heard as yet nothing officially, but William says my going is as good as settled. Jane dined with us last night and told us so.

I hear my book is doing very well. The *Spectator* is very well, but the article has Hutton's fault of seeing so very far into a millstone. No one has a stronger and more abiding sense than I have of the "dæmonic" element — as Goethe called it — which underlies and encompasses our life; but I think, as Goethe thought, that the right thing is, while conscious of this element, and of all that there is inexplicable round one, to keep pushing on one's posts into the darkness, and to establish no post that is not perfectly in light and firm. One gains nothing

on the darkness by being, like Shelley, as incoherent as the darkness itself.

The *North British* has an excellent article, treating my critical notions at length and very ably. They object to my "vivacities," and so on, but then it is a Scotchman who writes. The best justification of the Preface is the altered tone of the *Saturday*.

I say nothing about dear Mary except to send her my love with all my heart. Love to dear Fan too.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Miss Quillinan.*¹

March 8, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS QUILLINAN—I was puzzled by your letter, for, I am sorry to say, the volume of my Essays did *not* come from me. The book is Macmillan's, not mine, as my Poems were, and I have had so few copies at my own disposal that they have not even sufficed to go the round of my own nearest relations, to whom I have always been accustomed to send what I write.

But I have just learned that the book was sent to you by my mother, and that removes the gift not so very far from myself. I hope you will find the Essays, or some of them, at any rate, pleasant reading.

We have had a bad winter — poor little Tom very ill, and most of the others more or less unwell, one after the other. And as the unwellness of Dicky and Nelly had a rash along with it, people uttered the horrible word *scarlatina*, though it was nothing of the kind, gave us a great fright, and caused our

¹ Elder daughter of Edward Quillinan of Rydal, commemorated in *Poems*, 1853.

house to be regarded with suspicion for weeks. However, all that is at last over, and to-morrow all the children are going to a party, which will show you there cannot be much the matter. Nelly looks like a little country boy in petticoats, but she is beginning to show an anxiety about dress which is truly feminine. Dicky has been kept away from school by his rash, but on Monday he returns. They all send their love, and so does Fanny Lucy, to you and Rotha. I am expecting to be sent abroad by this new School Commission, but that will not, I hope, prevent me from being in September at Fox How as usual. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 11, 1865.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It is settled that I go abroad. I got the Commissioners' letter on Thursday morning, got Lord Granville's consent last night, and this morning I have sent in my formal letter of acceptance to the Commissioners. It is an eight months' affair — at least, the pay is to last eight months. I have got leave of absence for six months, and the report I must write while going on with my schools as usual. I start on the 3rd of April. Of course, I do not like leaving Flu and the children, but it is a great satisfaction to me, as you and Fan will well know, to be going on this errand. You know how deeply the Continent interests me, and I have here an opportunity of seeing at comparative leisure, and with all possible facilities

given me, some of the most important concerns of the most powerful and interesting States of the Continent. It is exactly what I wanted. I did *not* want to be a Commissioner, I did *not* want to be Secretary, but I *did* want to go abroad, and to Germany as well as France.

There is a long letter in to-day's *Examiner* from "Presbyter Anglicanus,"¹ gravely arguing that I have done him injustice, and that he does understand a joke. I have sent my book to Keble. He sent me his Lectures.² I have also sent it to Newman³ — "From one of his old hearers."⁴ — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

(March 25, 1865.)

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — A thousand thanks, and will you not also give me a line to one of your family at Frankfort, where I shall certainly go, and to Madame Alphonse de Rothschild (your niece Julie, is it not)? I should like to see her again, if she is at Nice or Geneva when I am there; and, having only seen me once, she would probably, if I presented myself without a fresh introduction, require me to *decliner* myself at length, which I hate. And I should be sorry to be at Frankfort without seeing your niece Clementina, if she is there.

There is some little difficulty at the Council Office, at the last moment, about my going. I

¹ Satirised in the original Preface to *Essays in Criticism*.

² The Rev. John Keble was Professor of Poetry at Oxford 1831–1842.

³ Afterwards Cardinal Newman.

⁴ At St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

have no doubt, however, of its all being settled as I wish. But I shall not go quite so soon as I at first intended, so is it not just possible I may see you on your way back? Not that you had not much better stay at Torquay every moment you can; and to-day it is raining, and this horrible and never-to-be-enough-abused east wind is, I hope, doomed. I can hardly imagine any walks, even walks with your daughters, not suffering some loss of delightfulness by this wind blowing upon one while one takes them.

Mr. Lowe's examination before Sir John Pakington's Committee, which is sitting to examine into the working of our office, is said to have been most amusing. It lasted all yesterday, and he comported himself *en vrai enfant terrible*, insulted poor Sir John Pakington so that there was quite a scene, and took such a line about the Council Office that his hostile cross-examination had to come from Mr. Bruce, his own friend and successor, who managed it, I hear, extremely well. Nothing could be cleverer than Mr. Lowe's present exhibitions, and nothing more indiscreet, I should think, as far as concerns his chance of office.

I am afraid your good-will makes you exaggerate the favour my book finds, but, at any rate, it seems doing better than anything of mine has yet done. Think of me as its author or not, just as you like, only do not forget me.

My very kind remembrances to your daughters and to Miss Molique. — Yours ever most sincerely,

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, April 3, 1865.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — You left out the word “week,” and said you thought of coming up “to-morrow,” so, though I thought you were giving yourself too little time at Torquay, I called on Saturday, about two o’clock, in Grosvenor Place, and though nothing was known there about your movements, I came to the conclusion that as you did not arrive last Friday, and must be home by the 10th, it must be *next* Friday that you are coming. Very many thanks for the two notes.

x On Saturday morning I start, so I shall hardly, I am afraid, see you again. I have had so much to arrange before going, and the break-up is so great, that I shall now be glad when I am off; and when I see the chestnut leaves coming out in the Tuileries gardens under the April weather, I have no doubt I shall again feel the charm and stir of travel again, as I did when I was young. At present I feel dull and listless about it.

f I should like to have talked to you about some of the notices of my *Essays*. I think if I republish the book I shall leave out some of the preface and notes, as being too much of mere temporary matter; about this too I should like to have talked to you. I shall often think of you, and perhaps may inflict a letter upon you some day or other. My kindest adieux to you and to your companions. — Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Do not forget to look at my little girl's picture¹ in the Exhibition of this year.

To his Mother.

HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS, April 12, 1865. +

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I thought it possible I might hear from you to-day, but I daresay you are not yet clear as to the place where I have established myself. I am in my old quarters, in rooms that join the rooms where I was with Flu and the children six years ago, on the third floor, bedroom and sitting-room next one another, and the windows of both looking over the Tuileries gardens. I started in fine weather, had a splendid passage, and have had cloudless skies and a hot sun ever since. But there is something of east in the wind, which makes the weather, to me, anything but agreeable, and a great number of people are ill with influenza; for myself, I am bilious and out of sorts, and long for west winds and a little moisture. But the effect of the sun in bringing on the spring change is wonderful. When we got here on Saturday evening the trees in the Tuileries gardens were quite black and bare. One chestnut tree that always comes out before the rest had a little green on it on Sunday, but now the whole garden has burst into leaf, and has a look of shelter and softness in spite of the vile wind. I miss Flu and the children dreadfully, as you may suppose, though this weather

¹ A crayon drawing of his elder daughter, by Lowes Dickinson.

would suit none of them ; still they would so like to be here, and I should so like to see them. The shops are splendid. The new buildings I only half like. They make Paris, which used to be the most historical place in the world, one monotonous handsomer Belgravia. To be sure there are a great many nooks into which the improvements have not penetrated, but all that most catches the eye has been rebuilt or made uniform. There is a barrack, mean and poor as any building in England, on the other side the Seine, just opposite this hotel, where there used to be one of the most irregular picturesque groups of houses possible. And then I cannot get over their having pulled down the true cock-hatted Napoleon from the pillar in the Place Vendôme, and put up instead a sort of false Roman emperor figure in imperial robes. But the shops are splendid, and for show, pleasure, and luxury this place is, and every day more and more, the capital of Europe ; and as Europe gets richer and richer, and show, pleasure, and luxury are more and more valued, Paris will be more and more important, and more and more the capital of Europe.

I have had my nephew Star Benson¹ with me till last night ; he was on his way to a tutor at Geneva. He had much rather have stayed here, poor boy, but last night after dinner I drove with him to the Lyons station, took his ticket for Geneva, and saw him off, or at least saw him into the waiting-room, which is as far as they will let you follow a friend. Now I am alone. I have not yet

¹ Eldest son of General Benson. See p. 42.

been to the theatre, but with the horrid 5.30 *table d'hôte* one is almost driven to go there, but I do not care for it as I once did. I get up early in the morning, and work as if I was at home, but I have not yet got my habits at all settled. Flu is so fond of seeing things and going here and there that I have got to wait for her impulsion before I go anywhere, except on business errands. This morning I have been to the Embassy to settle about having my letters sent, and since then I have paid a long visit to Guizot, who is going to start me in this inquiry, as he did in the last. When once I get to work I shall do very well. Presently I am going to call on Mme. Mohl, then to call on Fanny du Quaire, then to dine by myself, between seven and eight, at a café. Then, probably, to Galignani's to read the papers, and then, after a turn in the Champs Elysées, to bed. Will you send to Flu Edward's *Murray for Central Italy and Florence*? I know he has it, and will lend it me; tell him so when you write to him. I am going to see Sainte Beuve to-morrow, and also to-morrow I am going to the Ministry of Public Instruction. I shall be glad this time year, if all goes well, to have made this expedition; but this is all I can say at present, while I think of poor Dicky's despair at the thought of my being away in his Easter holidays, and at the way they will all miss me. Write to me here. Even Westmorland must be disagreeable in this east wind, but I had rather be there than in the Rue de Rivoli. I will try and write to you once every ten days, at least. My love to Fan, and to

Walter, who I suppose is with you. I hope he brought Rowland her umbrella all right, and that she liked it. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Wife.

HOTEL MEURICE, *April 13, 1865.*

You are quite right in saying I am not enjoying myself. . . . I have sometimes thought of putting myself into the train and coming back to you for this next week, when the schools will be keeping holiday, and if I was not hampered by a dinner engagement I think I should.

I was up early, and worked away at my lecture till eleven, then I went down and breakfasted, and afterwards to the Embassy and saw Lord Cowley's private secretary, about my letters and packets. Then to Guizot's, and he has promised to give me directions for this mission, as he did for the last. He complimented me much on the *belle étude* which I had made on the primary instruction of France. Then I came back here and wrote to mamma, and read; then about three I went to Mme. Mohl's, and I must say it did me good to be received with such cordiality as she showed.

Tell that darling Lucy that in the Tuileries gardens yesterday I and a great many other people stopped to see an old man who knew how to say some words which made the beautiful blue pigeons come flying down from the trees and settle on his wrist and shoulders, and then, as he said something more, one after another picked grains of corn out

of his mouth as regularly as possible, never getting in each other's way, and making way for one another as he told them. This morning I went to Rapet's, and with him to the Minister's. The Secretary-General and the Minister himself gave me a most flattering reception, and will furnish me with all the letters I want without waiting for Lord Cowley's official letter. Then to the Sorbonne, where I was presented to the Rector of the University of Paris; he too was very civil. By this time I was a good deal beat, for I have again nearly lost my voice, so I got into a carriage and drove to the Palais Royal for lunch. I walked back, and have written this, and now I must go and call on Sainte Beuve.

To the Same.

PARIS, April 27, 1865.

I have had, as I thought I should, rather a struggle to get leave to be present at any of the lessons. They wanted me to be content with going over the buildings, and having a statement of what was done. However, I persisted, and I believe they will let me do what I want; but it is a great favour. It is curious how different is the consideration shown to these schools from that which is shown to the elementary schools. There the Inspector goes in whenever he likes, and takes whoever he likes with him; but in these *lycées* I have to go by myself, because the authorities do not like the Inspector appearing a second time after he has once made his inspection, and the Minister does

not like offending the authorities! I go to the *lycée* of St. Louis to-morrow.

The Cowleys have again asked me to dinner; it is for this next Sunday, and I am going. To-morrow I dine with the Schérers at Versailles, and shall meet some of the *Journal des Débats* set. What tremendous news this is about Lincoln!¹ As they have infringed the Constitution so much already, it is a pity Grant, for his own sake, cannot go a little further and get rid of such an incubus as Johnson. If Lincoln had been killed two years ago it would have been an immense loss to the North, but now he has done his work. All the recent matters have raised America in one's estimation, I think, and even this assassination brings into their history something of that dash of the tragic, romantic, and imaginative, which it has had so little of. *Sic semper tyrannis*² is so unlike anything Yankee or English middle class, both for bad and good.

Kiss my little girls — my darling little girls — a thousand times.

To the Same.

HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS,

April 30, 1865.

I do not feel quite certain that little Tom will not be more reconciled to school by the end of the week. If he does not, however, I suppose you cannot come to Italy. In that case you must really come here for a week.

¹ President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865.

² The exclamation of the assassin.

Paris is very beautiful just now — more beautiful than you have ever seen it; and we will go for a couple of days to Fontainebleau, and pass five days together here, and you can get all you want. I really think this is the best plan you can do if you do not come to Italy. The evening of the day you return to England I shall go to Italy, and when I am in movement I shall feel less. Every one says Italy is so fearfully hot, that perhaps travelling rapidly about might be too much for you.

I am beginning to have a great deal to do, and to have a great many invitations. To-night I dine at the Embassy, and go to the Princesse Mathilde afterwards. Her salon is the best in Paris, for she has all the clever men as well as the Court circle. It was very pleasant at Circourt's last night; no one but he, I, and Waddington; . . . and the Bruyères, Circourt's place, is quite beautiful on the high, wild, wooded ground between St. Cloud and St. Germain. We had coffee out in the grounds afterwards, and the nightingales were overpowering. Circourt gave us a model of a hermit's dinner, as he called it: very simple, but everything in perfection. He goes to a watering-place in the Black Forest on Wednesday, I am sorry to say. The day before I dined with the Schériers at Versailles; Schérier is one of the most interesting men I have seen in France. If you see the Bowyers tell them I saw Monsignore Chigi yesterday — the Papal Nuncio; he is charming, and has done for me everything I wanted. I am going to see the Père Félix on Wednesday, so I shall have plenty of the

Roman Catholic side. Did I tell you that I was introduced to Mme. de Boissy, Byron's Mme. Guiccioli, on Thursday night? She asked me to go to her house on Friday, but I was too late home from Versailles — not till twelve o'clock. The brilliant green of the whole valley of the Seine, with the bright white houses amongst it, is quite Southern. I had no notion this could be so beautiful. Tomorrow I was asked to dine at Mme. de Blocqueville's, Davoust's daughter, of whom I told you; but I dine with F. — you know how hospitable she is. On Tuesday I dine with Milsand, one of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* set. After that I shall make no engagement for the evening till I hear what you will do. They behave excellently to me at the *lycées*, but their morning hours for their classes — eight to ten — are rather trying.

I had such a dear note from Dick.

To his Mother.

PARIS, May 1, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Here is a dull first of May, but the clouds are very pleasant after so much hot sun. I have been a little out of sorts since I came back, and certainly have never cared so little for Paris; but I have now got plenty to do, and while that is so, one is at least preserved from low spirits. It was six years since I had been here, and the two salons which I most frequented formerly have disappeared; but one soon re-knits one's relations in a place like this, and I am beginning to find it very hard to get an evening to myself for the theatre;

and the theatre here, both for acting and for a study of the language, is just what the English theatre is not, where the acting is detestable, and the mode of speaking is just what one ought *not* to adopt. On Friday I dined with the Schériers at Versailles. He is one of the most interesting men in France, and I think I have told you of him. He called his youngest boy *Arnold*, after papa, and a very nice boy, of about nine, he is. Schérier has made a pilgrimage to Fox How, and saw some of the family, but not you. He interests me, from his connexion with *Vinet*, who has been occupying me a good deal lately; but he belongs now to the most advanced school among the French Protestants, and is a good deal troubled, I imagine, both from without and from within. At his house I met several of the writers in the *Journal des Débats*. *Sainte Beuve*, who is just made a senator, called for me at half-past ten, and took me to the Princesse Mathilde's. She received me very kindly, and said she knew that in my knowledge of France and the French language and literature I was a "Français"; to which I replied that I had read the writings of M. *Sainte Beuve*, he being a great *protégé* of hers. The Prince Napoleon was there, and a quantity of official and diplomatic people, also several literary notabilities, but none I cared very much for. The house, which formerly was Queen Christina's, is magnificent. To-day I am going to the Institute, to work an hour or so in the library, and then to the College Louis le Grand, to hear some lessons. I have seen the Papal Nuncio, who is charming,

and he has given me letters which will enable me to see the schools of the Jesuits, where the French Minister's letter avails me nothing. I have just seen an American, a great admirer of mine, who says that the three people he wanted to see in Europe were James Martineau, Herbert Spencer, and myself. His talk was not as our talk, but he was a good man. He says that my *Essays* are already reprinted and published in America, and that I shall get something for them, but we shall see. I hope Flu, who has decided that she cannot come to Italy, will join me for a week here. We shall go to Fontainebleau together, and that will be very pleasant. I shall hardly get away from here for a fortnight or ten days to come, so write to me here. My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

PARIS, May 14, 1865.

MY DEAREST FAN — I was delighted with your letter to me, and I would a thousand times rather be at Fox How at this moment than here; indeed, I have never cared for Paris so little, and the work I have to do, though interesting, is very harassing. We went down to Fontainebleau on Thursday evening, as I had a school to see in the neighbourhood. We drove about a little, and then came back to Paris. I had hoped to get off to-morrow night myself, after seeing Flu off in the morning for England, but I cannot. On Wednesday night, however, I hope to be off for certain. I have had to get rid of all my promises of articles for reviews

and magazines, for I am too much distracted to write anything that satisfies me. But if I live and come back, and get my report off my hands, I will fall to with a will. I dined with the Princesse Mathilde on Wednesday. Sainte Beuve, who has just been made a senator, was there; but the party was not otherwise interesting. She receives to-night, but I shall not leave Flu to go there. If one is in a place only at very rare intervals, to see people is all one much cares for; to knit close relations with them is not worth while attempting. Indeed, it is impossible. I was much interested by Lowe's speech on Reform.¹ I think I told you that what I saw of him in coming to Paris and going back to London struck me greatly. I found a side in him I did not know was there. I see by extracts from the *Telegraph*, etc., how furious he has made the vulgar Liberals; but he has necessitated a more searching treatment of the whole question of Reform, and the rank and file of English platforms and House of Commons speakers, though, no doubt, they will still talk platitudes, will, at any rate, have to learn new ones. Heaven forbid that the English nation should become like this nation; but Heaven forbid also that it should remain as it is. If it does, it will be beaten by America on its own line, and by the Continental nations on the European line. I see this as plain as I see the paper before me; but what good one can do, though one sees it, is another question. Time will decide.

¹ On the Borough Franchise Extension Bill; May 3, 1865.

I was at the same inn at Fontainebleau where Tom and I were with papa twenty-four years nearly ago. We did not go over the Palace then, but arrived late in the evening, and started early next morning — a wet morning, I remember it was. It makes me sad to think I shall not see Fox How this year; but yet dear mamma I must manage to see somehow. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To John Conington,
Professor of Latin at Oxford.*

PARIS, *May 17, 1865.*

MY DEAR CONINGTON — Many thanks for your ready kindness — kindness such as you have always been prompt to show me. I leave Paris to-night for Italy, but I cannot go away without a word of thanks to you.

Piles of exercise-books are sent to me to look through, and I wish you could see them with me. The Latin verse is certainly very good; but it is clear that Latin and Greek are cultivated almost entirely with a view to giving the pupil a mastery over his own language: a mastery which has always been the great object of intellectual ambition here, and which counts for more than a like mastery does with us. Perhaps, because it does not count for so much with us, a like mastery is, in fact, scarcely ever attained in England — certainly never at school.

I go to Germany after Italy, and finish with one or two country districts in France.

Swinburne's poem¹ is as you say: the moderns will only have the antique on the condition of making it more *beautiful* (according to their own notions of beauty) than the antique: *i.e.* something wholly different. You were always good to "Merope," and I think there is a certain solidity in her composition, which makes her look as well now as five years ago—a great test. The chorus rhythms are unsatisfactory, I admit, but I cannot yet feel that rhyme would do. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE, TURIN,
May 19, 1865.

This would be charming if you were but here. The best inn, I think, I have ever been in in my life; the room excellently fitted, and a tub, as in Paris; but the room would make two of the Paris bedroom and sitting-room rolled into one. And Turin is delightful. Things already begin to have the grand air of Italy, which is so much to my taste, and which France is as much without as England. At the end of every street you catch sight of the beautiful low, grand hills on the other side of the Po, or else of the Alps all mottled with snow, and with white clouds playing half way down them. I have a feeling that this and Germany are going to suit me a great deal better than France. But I must give you my history. Besides writing to you I had to write a quantity of other letters, but I

¹ "Atalanta in Calydon."

found time to call on the Mohls, and I am very sorry indeed you did not dine there. It appears there was Mignet there as well as Guizot, and Ranke, and Prevost Paradol, St. Hilaire, and quite a large party. I was off at 7 P.M., and most sincerely I wished that I was going to the Calais, instead of the Lyons station. Of course, the hotel commissionaire had utterly bungled my place. I found I had only an ordinary ticket, and had everything about the coupé to do for myself. I and an elderly Italian merchant from London, a very pleasant man, had a coupé together. I slept pretty well till Dijon. Then I slept no more. But it was light, and after watching the country for some time I read the *Causeries*. At Macon it began to rain hard, and at Culoz, where it for the first time became new to me, it was very wild and stormy. An Italian officer got in at Culoz, a very pleasant companion too, so we were three. All along the Lake of Bourget and by Aix-les-Bains in pouring rain, but I could see how lovely it was, and the lake with the sweet light blue colour, which our English and Scotch lakes never have. It was very interesting and beautiful all the way to St. Michel, but it got very chill and blustering. At St. Michel a great confusion to transfer us all to diligences, and I got a middle place in an interieur, which was detestable; and without a coupé I never again will cross the Alps in anything but a voiturier's carriage. I could see how beautiful it was as we got up the Cenis Valley, and the ground carpeted with flowers, among them I

an almost sure narcissuses, but the conducteur would let no one get out; they make great haste, I will say for them. At Lans le Bourg, at the foot of the zig-zags, a bad dinner, then rain off and on, but the mountains mostly clear. Near the top I and a German at last forced the conducteur to let us get out, and I had a good walk to the top. Snow was all round me, but I got a beautiful gentian and a snow flower, but things are hardly out. At the top we got in again, and down to Susa (the most beautiful descent possible, I believe) in the dark — a wretched way of travelling! At half-past ten off for this place, where I instantly got a carriage and drove here, arriving about twelve, very tired and dirty. I washed and went to bed, had breakfast at ten this morning, and went to see Elliot,¹ who has asked me to dinner to-night, so I cannot go and see the Superga, as I intended. The Minister of Public Instruction is gone to Florence, whither I must follow him to-morrow. There I hope to find a letter from you. Write after you get this to the Hotel d'Angleterre, Rome. Elliot says I shall have heaps of time to go there before the Ministers will be settled.

To the Same.

HOTEL DE FLORENCE, FLORENCE,

Tuesday, May 23, 1865.

You cannot think what a pleasure this letter of yours has been, and will be to me. It is a good

¹ Afterwards Sir Henry Elliot, British Minister at Turin, and Ambassador at Constantinople and at Vienna.

account, but I want to hear that you are quite right again. Now I must go back to my journey. I wrote to you the very day you were writing to me. After I posted my letter I had to dress as fast as I could and hurry off to Mr. Elliot's. There was no one but himself, his wife, and Mr. Jocelyn, the first Attaché. Mr. Herries, the Secretary of Legation, and the second Attaché are here. The house is a splendid one, but he has got an equally good one here; it was very pleasant. He said I had certainly better go to Rome for a few days while they were settling at Florence, for the Archives of the different public offices are at present in huge boxes on the bare floors. I dined at the *table d'hôte*, and at nine o'clock started by the train for Florence. You would have said all Turin was going; there was a special Bureau open for tickets to the Government employés, in fact, it is an immense migration, and such as there is no example of in modern times, a nation of 22,000,000 changing its capital and transferring its public business. My carriage was quite full — all men, among them the Minister of Grace and Justice; but there was no smoking, there being certain carriages reserved here for non-smokers, as elsewhere carriages are reserved for the smokers; but it is a great humanity to keep some place where one can be free from tobacco smoke, even if there are no ladies, and the Italians set a good example to the French here. It poured all night as if the sky was coming down. I slept moderately. At Bologna our numbers fell off to three, and we began to go through the Apennines. I could just see

what a beautiful place Bologna was on the lower slopes of the mountains, but mist and cloud were all round it as they might have been round Kendal. We slowly mounted up and up, the train going very slowly, and the country getting wilder and wilder, but nothing that to my thinking might not, except for the buildings, have been England. At last we got through a tunnel at the top, and the descent was before us. Everything was changed, it was the real Italy; the weather had cleared, it was all sunshine and white clouds; the snow sparkled on the highest Apennines, and round us the hills, covered with chestnut forest, sloped down to the Val d'Arno, which lay beneath us studded with innumerable domes, towers, and roofs, and cultivated like a garden. It was for this country I was predestined, for I found everything just as I expected. The cypresses on every height, round every villa or convent, are the effect which pleases me most. But the whole country is a pell-mell of olive, vine, mulberry, fig, maize, and wheat all the way to Florence. We got here about eleven, and I came to this new hotel of which Jocelyn had told me, and which is not in *Murray*. It was Sunday, so then I went to the Duomo, the church I had so often heard of with Brunelleschi's dome. Then I took a bath, then a drive, but a violent rainstorm came on and shut me up in the hotel all the evening. I dined late; yesterday I passed in running about leaving letters and making calls, but the confusion here is immense. I have not yet had time to see anything, except the outsides of things, beyond the glimpse I

had of the inside of the Cathedral; but I shall see the pictures at the Uffizi now, before Herries comes to tell me what the Minister can do for me. I think I shall go to Rome to-morrow. I see a letter from England here takes three days, so write to me *here* to this hotel. Let K. hear of me, I shall write to her soon. I can truly say I would far sooner be with you all at Dover than here, though I like this better than Paris.

Kiss the darlings for me.

To his Mother.

HOTEL DE FLORENCE, FLORENCE,
May 24, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It will be difficult for Rome itself to delight me more than Florence,—the Cathedral here I prefer to every church I have as yet seen in my life; but it is the look of the place from every point in the environs which so charms me, and for which I have such a thirst that it is difficult for me to attend to anything else. I am too old to travel alone, and I miss Flu here so much that it would be difficult to say that I precisely enjoy myself; but I have a deep and growing sense of satisfaction which was entirely wanting to me in Paris; a sense that I am seeing what it does me good through my whole being to see and for which I shall be the better all my life. I have had to run about so for my business that I have had very little time to do any sights properly. I have twice been for twenty minutes to look at Michael Angelo's famous tombs of the two Medici;

I imagine there is no work of art here for which I shall care so much. I have also been for about an hour to the Uffizi, and shall go for another hour to-day. I came on Sunday, and to-morrow early I start for Rome. The people here are so interesting, and the intellectual stir among them is so great, that my business has great attractions, attractions enough to console one for being prevented from fully seeing the sights. Through all Europe the movement is now towards science, and the Italian people is distinguished amongst all others by its scientific intellect — this is undoubtedly true; so that with the movement there now is among them there is no saying where they may go. They imitate the French too much, however; it is good for us to attend to the French, they are so unlike us, but not good for the Italians, who are a sister nation. Our Minister at Turin, Mr. Elliot, whom I like very much, was the first person who told me that I must certainly go on to Naples, because the centre of the present educational movement was there. I thought he spoke of *primary* education, but the Minister here, whom I have seen this morning, tells me that at Naples they have their best university, at Naples their best *lycée*, and at Naples, in short, at this moment “miracles are being done,” and he insists on my going there. The ministerial people are kindness itself; I think they are rather flattered at being included in such a mission as this of mine along with France and Germany. At Naples the Inspector-General is, oddly enough, a man whom the

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Italian Government sent over to our great Exhibition, whom a French inspector introduced to me, and who dined at my house. I hope to be in Rome about twelve to-morrow night; to stay three days there, and see the schools of the Jesuits; then to Naples and spend three or four days there. They have a great large school for young ladies, in competition with the convents, which I am to see; then I return here for three or four days to see schools in Tuscany; then I finish by Pisa, Genoa, Turin, Pavia, Milan; all university towns. Write to me *here*, and I shall find your letter on my return in ten days' time. I shall write to Flu from Rome, I hope, the day after to-morrow. She will keep you informed of my movements. You may imagine how I shall think at Rome of dearest papa. Tell Edward I shall write to him from my farthest point south; probably Salerno, where there is a university.

My love to Fan and to Rowland. I am very well.
— Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To his Wife.

ROME, *May 27, 1865.*

We got to Rome about twelve. It was pitch dark, and only omnibuses; I got here about a quarter to one and was comfortably lodged immediately. I found that letters would not go to-night so I did not write. I must say, I am at present more oppressed by Rome and by the sense of my want of time, than enchanted. I found Odo Russell gone to the country, but he was to return

to-day, and has just left his card while I was out. I want to see the great Jesuit School now I am here. Yesterday I went to St. Peter's and saw the Pope, and all the Cardinals; tell Tommy the horses, carriages, and costumes are beautiful, it was the *fête* of St. Philip Neri, the patron Saint of Rome, so everything was closed except the churches. I stayed a long time in St. Peter's, came back here to the four o'clock *table d'hôte*, and went afterwards with a French doctor from Havre, a very pleasant man, to the Pincian, with which I was disappointed, one has such a very imperfect view of Rome. It is a glorious place, but it overwhelms me. This morning I was up early, and have done a great deal since; I have kept myself to ancient Rome, the Capitol, Capitoline Museum (where the "Dying Gladiator" is), the Forum, the Palace of Nero and Baths of Titus, the Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Vesta, the Theatre of Marcellus, the Coliseum. To-night, I go to the Janiculum for a view of Rome and the country round. To-morrow I go to the Basilicas. The sun is tremendous, but the air is fresh. I think of you all continually. Write in a day or two after getting this to the Hotel Feder, Genoa.

To the Same.

NAPLES (*May 1865*).

When I wrote to you the other day I was feeling very unwell and knocked up, but I am much better now and have got through my work here. To-night I mean to go out and sleep at Castellamare or Sor-

rento, and on Sunday I set my face northwards. I think three days will do what is indispensable at Rome. I hope so, for Rome I rather dread, I feel the air and heat so oppressive there. Here the sun is tremendous, but the air is delightful, kept perpetually alive by the sea. In spite of the attraction, for you, of Rome and its churches and ceremonies, this is the place you would like of all others. I have been saying so to myself every moment since I have been here, and constantly to Fusco, who asks much after you. In the first place it is just the climate to suit you; then it is, at every moment and wherever you look, the most absolutely enchanting view in the world; then Naples is itself the most brilliant and lively of places, brilliant and lively as Paris, only in a natural, popular sort of way. . . . I have seen nothing except a run of about two hours through the museum between two schools, but I am perfectly satisfied. I shall carry away more from this place than from any other to which this tour takes me, even than from Rome. I have seen enough already to be sure of that. 1.30 P.M. Up to this was written before breakfast, and since then I have been out to the university to pay some official visits. I have also had a last interview with Fusco, who is a great personage here, and whom I like much. And now I find it is too late to go to Sorrento or to go even to Pompeii, so I must give them both up, dine at the *table d'hôte* here, and go to the Camaldoli afterwards — for this time I must be contented with that. I am not so very much

disappointed after all, for I leave something to be seen with you, — till one has seen Pompeii and Sorrento one has not half seen Naples. We will come straight here, by Marseilles, in September when the boys have gone back to school. September and October are the glorious months here; no mosquitoes, the vintage, a perpetual sea breeze, and the perfection of climate, and then we will see the environs, Pompeii, Sorrento, Baiæ, and all which I cannot see now. The Camaldoli even must wait till then, for I have just heard that it is too far to go in the evening, after the *table d'hôte*, so I must confine myself to the Castle of St. Elmo and the convent of San Martino. I have had very hard work, but I have seen a great many institutions. On Wednesday Fusco called for me at eight o'clock and took me to the great Lyceum here; it, and all such establishments are in fine buildings, because the Government gives them convents which it has suppressed. The professors are very inferior to those in France, and generally, I must say, the impression of plain dealing, honesty, and efficiency, according to their own system, which one gets in France, is very different from what one gets here. But the Government is doing a great deal; beggars, for instance, are almost suppressed. I have not seen half a dozen, and I am told two or three years ago you could not go out of this hotel without being besieged by them. We were all day seeing the *lycée* and the trade school annexed to it; the trade school is held in a church taken from the Jesuits. All the splendid marbles and all the paintings and

gilding still remain, but there were drawing-desks set up all over the floor under the domes, and the pupils drawing at them. I dined alone at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards took another drive through the grotto of Posilipo with Fusco, who had come to fetch me. It took me out, like the first drive I had here, to the view of Ischia and Cape Misenna, the most beautiful I have ever seen in my life. This country is very insecure at present, from the Pope having turned all his own brigands loose upon it. Fusco would not allow me to go to the Camaldoli as I had at first intended, because I had on the day before told the driver that I would go there, and he says this is not safe. The next morning I was up very early, and at nine was with Fusco at a great girls' school, under Government, held in an old convent of the Benedictine nuns; the vast space and cool corridors of these great Neapolitan convents are delightful; all their gardens are full of orange and lemon-trees laden with fruit, and the cool-looking plane, and the exquisitely graceful pepper-tree. But I liked better the other girls' school at the Miracoli, an old convent of the Franciscan nuns, which we went to in the afternoon,—the girls in both are of the best classes in Naples, but I liked their looks better, and their directresses better at the Miracoli. I am so glad you are at Dover, and on the Marine Parade. Kiss the darlings for me. I saw a little duck of a girl running about stark naked (the best costume for her) at Maddaloni yesterday, who made me think of my Nell.

To his Mother.

ROME, June 5, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I must not be in Rome without writing to you, for, as you may suppose, I think of you very often; and I hope this will reach you about the time of dearest papa's birthday. I have two of his maps here with me, and his handwriting upon them — a clearer and easier looking print than anybody else can write — and his marks here and there in one of the maps themselves are a continual pleasure to me. I think I wrote to you from Florence and told you that I should probably come here. . . . So this day last week I started for Naples. My first real impression of Rome was on looking back on it from the railway between this and Albano. All that is said of the impressiveness of the country round Rome — the Campagna and the mountains — is true and more than true. It is the sight of a country itself, its natural features and views that I like better than everything else, and here I quite sympathise with dear papa and his liking for being always in a carriage, though perhaps he did not give quite enough time to towns and interiors. But no doubt the towns and interiors are not, to me at least, exactly delightful; but they are a lesson one has to learn, and one has the benefit of it afterwards. But the pleasant thing is moving through the country. The railway goes round to the south of the Alban Hills, and then, instead of crossing the Pontine Marshes to Terracina, goes to the north of the Volscian Highlands, and it was this part of

the journey, with the Volscian Highlands on one's right, and the Hernican country on the slopes of the Apennines on one's left—the old Via Latina, with Anagnia, Alatra, Frusino, Signia, Arpinum along the route or not far off it—that made me, as I went along with his Westphat's maps in my hand, think so perpetually of him and how he would have enjoyed it. The beauty of the country exceeds belief,—the Volscian Highlands particularly, of which I had so often heard him speak, are for shape, wood, and light and colour on their northern side, as beautiful as a dream. Then we passed Monte Casino, after crossing the Liris; and at St. Germans, the town under the great Benedictine Monastery of Monte Casino, we crossed a river, the Rapido, which satisfied me for volume and clearness of water; that is the great want I feel in the plain or valley; when I see them, all the streams have got earthy and turbid. I have not been enough into the hills to see them in their pure state, and to see the lakes. At Capua we came on your old route again, and I thought of your uncomfortable night there. And then, about five in the afternoon we came in sight of Vesuvius, smoking, and, about half an hour after, I was free of the railroad and emerged in an open carriage upon the shore of the bay, and followed it to Santa Lucia, where my hotel was. My dearest Mother, that is the view, of all the views of the world, that will stay longest with me. For the same reason that I prefer driving through the country to seeing sights in towns I prefer, infinitely prefer as a

matter of *pleasure*, Naples to Rome; did not you feel this? Capri in front, and the Sorrento peninsula girdling the bay: never can anything give one, of itself, without any trouble on one's own part such delectation as that. It was very hot at Naples, and I had much to do in a short time, so much that I could not even see Pompeii, or Sorrento, or Baiæ, or any of the things that are to be seen; but every evening, when I had done my work, I got to some point above Naples, and saw Naples and the bay, and that was enough. The rest I keep to see with Flu. I came back yesterday to Rome; again a most beautiful journey. I am excellently lodged here, and this morning Odo Russell has brought me a letter from Cardinal Antonelli, promising to let me see the Collegio Romana, the Sapienza, and the whole thing here; we go to the Cardinal to-morrow; to-day is Whit-Monday, and no business can be done. This morning before breakfast I went to the English burying-ground by the pyramid of Cestius, and saw the graves of Shelley and Keats, and — what interested me even more — that of Goethe's only son. I came upon it unexpectedly, not knowing — few English do know — that it was there; the short inscription must certainly have been by Goethe himself. How I feel Goethe's greatness in this place! Here in Italy one feels that all time spent out of Italy by tourists in France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., etc. is — human life being so short — time misspent. Greece and parts of the East are the only other places to go to. I am well

on the whole, though some days I have been much knocked up, as it is very hot. I live chiefly on bread, black coffee, and ices; but in England no one knows what ices are — the water ices of Naples. To-night I am going to the opera with Odo Russell, who is kindness itself. The country on the Neapolitan frontier is much disturbed, or I should go for the one day's excursion I mean to give myself here, to Arpinum, Cicero's birthplace; it is among beautiful scenery. Russell says, if I like to go, he will get me an escort from the French commander here; but I think this would rather spoil one's day's holiday. At Naples the dread of the brigands is something quite inconvenient.

Now I must stop. I hope to cross the Alps within three weeks from this time, at any rate. Write to me at the Poste Restante, Coire, en Suisse. It will be a welcome to the other side of the Alps, which I shall not be sorry to reach. I say to myself that I keep all about Naples to see with Flu — there is no place she would so much enjoy. My love to Fan. — I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son, M. A.

I daresay there is now a letter of yours lying at Florence for me. I shall get it when I go back there, as I shall for a day or two.

To Mrs. Forster.

TURIN, June 21, 1865.

MY DEAREST K. — I heard the other day of your virtuous contrition for not writing to me, and I

have for some time been feeling the same for not writing to you, so often are you in my thoughts, and so much do I still connect you with whatever interests me. Here I am again, this time with my face to the north. You can hardly imagine the delight with which I have noted each fresh degree northward, as I made it. Yesterday two great stages were accomplished. I crossed the Apennines, and I crossed the 45th degree of latitude; and last night, the first time for about a fortnight, I slept without the buzz of mosquitoes in my ears; and to-day the venerable Alps are in sight at the end of the street, with their glaciers, their snow, their eternal waters. The dry water-courses in the Apennines ended by becoming a positive pain to me: they actually spoiled my perfect enjoyment of the landscape. And nowhere has Scotland, as I saw it last year, so gained upon me as here in Italy: the charm of those innumerable clear rivers is so infinite to me. I have only once, in Italy, seen an abounding stream — what I call abounding — of pure water: that was the Rapido, which flows at the foot of Monte Casino, by the ancient Casinum; and how he manages to do so well I can't imagine. The sea is delicious, and on the Riviera, between Spezia and Genoa, I for the first time saw the Mediterranean as one imagines it; even at Naples it had not been the right blue. But the sea does not make up to me for the want of streams. I had a memorable day, however, on Saturday: I could not get on to Genoa till the next day, and I was not sorry for a day of rest, on which my only

business was to write a letter in French to an Italian member of Parliament who had written to me about education in Italy. I was at the Croce di Malta, an inn with only the road between it and the gulf. Spezia is at the very recess of the gulf of that name, one of the best harbours in the world, of immense depth, protected by mountains on almost all sides, and running I know not how many miles into the land, with the high Apennines, and their off-shoot the marble mountains of Massa and Carrara for a background. The gulf is well enlivened by shipping, for the Italian Government are going to make it their great military port, leaving Genoa for commerce; and there were two men of war, and some twenty steamers for the works of the port, and so on, besides light sailing craft. After breakfast I strolled out along the east arm of the bay, towards Porto Venere, and coming to a great combe, at first terraced for olive, vine, and fig, then becoming chestnut forest, then ending in bare bright mountain, with an unfinished fort, which the first Napoleon began, crowning the top, I could not resist striking up it. There was a rough path, and I got high enough to command the whole gulf, so interesting to me for Shelley's sake too, Lerici in front, and the open Mediterranean beyond; and then I made the whole sweep of the combe, beginning at the side farthest from Spezia, and going round through the chestnut forest, and down again through the olives on the side nearest Spezia. In the recess of the combe, where a beautiful torrent ought to break down, all

was now dry and stony; but this was the only drawback, and I thoroughly enjoyed observing and taking in the details of the vegetation. What most strikes me is the number of characteristic features which the hill vegetation in Italy has in common with that with which I was familiar at home. For instance, the fern is everywhere, and what a feature that is! I had no notion of this till I found it to be so by experience. Then again the dog-rose is everywhere, growing nearer the ground than ours, but the same flower; then the juniper, with a fuller berry, but the same plant; then masses of the wild clematis, and this, too, I noticed in the lanes about Rome. Stonecrops somewhat different from ours, but the effect the same. The myrtle, and in flower, I found all about me on this walk; that and the wild sweet pea, and a plant something like a stock, which sheds abundance of white juice if you break it (the *Euphorbia*, I think) were the great novelties. But on the whole, what I am most struck (and delighted) with, is the identity, on the whole, of the effect of the hills and their vegetation in Italy and with us.

As to the people, that is a long story. I have more and more come to papa's way of feeling about the Italians, and I cannot but think this a mere fair-weather kingdom. 80,000 French, English, or Germans might, I am perfectly convinced, enter this country to-morrow, overrun it in three months, and hold it for ever against all the opposition they would meet with from within. The Piedmontese is the only virile element—he is like a country

Frenchman — but he is a small leaven to leaven the whole lump. And the whole lump want backbone, serious energy, and power of honest work to a degree that makes one impatient. I am tempted to take the professors I see in the schools by the collar, and hold them down to their work for five or six hours a day — so angry do I get at their shirking and inefficiency. They have all a certain refinement which they call civilisation, but a nation is really civilised by acquiring the qualities it by nature is wanting in; and the Italians are no more civilised by virtue of their refinement alone than we are civilised by virtue of our energy alone. The French detest them, and are always speaking of us and themselves together in contrast to them; and you cannot see the French soldiers in Rome without noticing in them the look of rusticity and virility, and of capacity for serious business, which is just what the Italians want — the feeling of the French towards us seems to me to be constantly getting better and better — and really the two nations have more in common than any other two modern nations. Both French and Italians dislike the Americans, and call them a *nation mal élevée*, and so they are: such awful specimens as I was in the Coliseum with! and by moonlight too. But I was much taken with a young American *attaché* at Florence; he might have been a gawky young Scotchman, and indeed he told me he had Scotch blood in him, but he has the temper and moral tone of a gentleman, and the making of a gentleman, in the European sense of the word, in him;

and that is what so few of his countrymen have.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

The Government is omnipotent here at this moment, and the ministers are the only people in the country who really work. They do. They have to make the nation, and I hope in time it may be done. The R. C. Church is *here* a great obstacle; you know I am not its enemy, but here in Italy it seems to me utterly without future, untransformable, unadaptable, used up, and an almost fatal difficulty to the country.

To his Wife.

TURIN, June 22, 1865.

It repays one for absence in heat and fatigue and everything to get such a letter as that of yours which I found waiting for me here the night before last, or rather I did not get it till yesterday morning. Your account of the children is delightful—those dear little girls!

I left Genoa on Tuesday evening, having passed a long day school-seeing there. It is a beautiful place—one of the places you would thoroughly like—next to Naples, I think. I was much hurried at Genoa, and did not see the town from the environs as it deserves to be seen. The mountain setting of the place is finer than anything I had imagined; but this, too, is left to be seen with you. Since I have been in Italy I have rather wished you wore ear-rings—the great gold ear-rings of this country, in such a variety of styles, please

me so much — however, it is perhaps as well you do not. At half-past six on Tuesday evening I left Genoa; we turned straight up from the sea into the mountains, and in an hour's time a tunnel, two miles long, had taken us through the Apennines. After the day's sun the sight of the hill-tops and the chestnut forest was refreshing, and in the river whose valley we followed down on the north side there was a little water; in the river on the south there was none, and all the water-courses are stony and dry. This is what breaks my heart in the Apennines; for, as Dicky used to say at Viel Salm, "Papa loves rivers." By eleven we got to Turin, and before twelve I was in bed again in this best of all possible inns — the Europe — the best on the whole, I think, that I have ever been at. I have a charming little apartment on the premier. The air was sensibly different as I drove through the streets of this place — and the olive, and fig, and cypress have ceased, and at the end of the streets one sees that glorious wall of the Alps sparkling with snow and ice (though there is very little snow this year), and forming an immense reservoir of coolness and moisture. And for the first time for a fortnight I slept in peace — the mosquitoes have ceased.

Yesterday I paid school and other visits. Among the latter, one to Mr. Marsh, the American minister, who is a savant, and has written an excellent book on the English language. He is a tall, stout, homely-looking man of about fifty-five, redeemed from Yankeeism by his European residence and

culture. I like him very much, and his wife is a handsome woman; and the young *attaché*, Clay, I liked very much too. When you find that *rara avis*, a really well-bred and trained American, you feel the bond of race directly. I saw also M. Manteucci, the ex-Minister of Public Instruction, who knows the subject better than almost anybody in Europe. I like him more than any Italian I have seen — he is more like a Frenchman or Englishman. My opinion of the Italians, from all I have seen of them, is very unfavourable. I have got to speak the language, for practical purposes, tolerably; but I generally find French does. M. Manteucci, for instance, spoke French like a Frenchman, and French is a kind of second language in this country. With the two months' practice, and knowing it as I did before, I think I may say I have got to speak French really well. I am glad you are doing a little at German; directly I get to Berlin I mean to take a master, for in Germany French does not do as it does here.

I should like to have been on that expedition to the Castle with you. Tell Tommy to write me a line. I send a new stamp expressly on his account. Write as before to Berlin. — Ever yours, M.

To the Same.

MILAN, *Sunday, June 25, 1865.*

I got here at midnight on Friday, having left Turin after dinner, and travelled through a thunderstorm which cooled the air deliciously;

one put one's hand out of the window for the pleasure of feeling the moistened air and the cool drops. I am at the Hôtel de Ville, in an apartment *au premier*, a charming sitting-room and a vast bedroom. There is a great balcony before the windows, and the rooms both look out on the principal street, with the Church of San Carlo opposite, and the Cathedral some hundred yards to the left. There is not a cloud in the sky, and the saints and angels on the white marble pinnacles of that incomparable church stand out against the deep blue sky as if they were going to take their flight into it. A great deal has been done towards peopling the niches with statues, adding white marble fretwork on the roof, repairing, etc., since you were here. It would fill you with delight to see it again; and the nave this morning, with the light and shade, and the numbers at mass, and the chairs on the floor, was the most beautiful of pictures. You would like it better than the Florence Cathedral, and I am not sure whether I do not like it as much. Milan always affected my imagination as representing the splendour and wealth of the middle age—the noble, grandiose splendour and wealth, as Antwerp represents the bourgeois splendour and wealth; then its situation in this splendid plain, with the sun of Italy, but the Alps and the lakes close by, I like extremely. And it has the look now, more than any place in Italy, of the luxury and civilisation of a great modern city, like Paris or London. This gives it something brilliant and gay which the other Italian towns have not.

The streets delight me; nowhere have I seen street architecture and great houses which I so thoroughly like. I find this inn excellent, though it is not the one we were at; but the situation is much better. At certain points yesterday — the gardens, the Corso, a particular church with columns let into the side — you cannot think how vividly you were brought to my mind. The Provveditore here is a very agreeable and a distinguished man, and he speaks French well, as almost everybody does here. I went to him about nine yesterday morning, and saw institutions with him till one, when all school work stops here; then I went back to my hotel and breakfasted. Then I made up my notes and journal; then I got a carriage and went to my Provveditore at his office, who drove with me to the Brera, where the secretary showed us through the gallery, though it was after hours, and the gallery was closed. Of course in this way I saw the pictures to perfection. One gets very much interested in pictures, at least I do; as I see more of them, the whole history and development of art gradually becomes a matter of more reality to me. The frescoes of Luini, for example, interest me now in a way I could not have believed possible when I came into Italy.

To his Mother.

BERLIN, July 5, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I found a letter from you on arriving here, and for these last few days it has been on my mind to answer it, and now

comes another letter from you to-day to decide me. I had descended with the intention of looking at the pictures in the Museum here for an hour before I go to a school Zumgrauen Kloster; but as I went down the porter gave me four letters, yours among them; I went out and sat on a bench Under den Linden to read them, and when I could read them for the little school-boys surrounding me, and clamouring to me to give them one of the English postage stamps, I determined to come in and write to you at once, as there are many hindrances unless one does a thing at the moment. I meant to write to you about Chiavenna, and to tell you how entirely I agree with you about it; I looked at it with great interest for your sake. I left Milan in the afternoon of last Sunday week, crossed the great plain in gloom and thunder and rain, but found it all clear by the time we got to Como, everything new washed, and the lake sparkling in the sun. The plain of Lombardy, with its grass, rivers, and water-courses, had already refreshed my eyes, which were weary of the rocky, parched ground of Italy proper, for the vegetation of the south, splendid as it is, is all *above* the ground in the branches and leaves of the trees, and not muffling and cooling the ground itself in the way I so love; but the waters of the Lake of Como were a delightful sight, with the thought how deep they were, and what a plenty there was of them. I made out distinctly the chestnuts and papa's favourite walk; I had missed them when I was at Como before. But what gave me most pleasure

was the true mountain lawns above the mountain forests, grass stretching up to the indescribably elegant, delicate outline of these mountain tops. There was a German on board so like Edward that I took a fancy to him, and, really, till he opened his mouth I could have sworn he was an Englishman. There was also a charming Italian family with whom I afterwards travelled from Coire to near Nuremburg, and with whom I became great friends. We passed Cadenabbia, where I was with dear Flu in 1851, but it was blustering, gloomy weather that summer, and Cadenabbia, the most beautiful point of the whole lake, looked very different this year, with its olives and double lake, and the Villa Sommariva and Bellaggio. Como is a return to real Italy before leaving it, for the olive, which you lose in Lombardy, reappears, and even the cypress in moderation, and the orange and lemon in gardens. The Colico end with its mountain towns and villages I was very glad to see, some of the campaniles I could have looked at for ever. From Colico I went on with the diligence to Chiavenna; it got dark soon after we left Colico, and we did not reach Chiavenna till half-past eleven, when I had some tea and went to bed. I was up early next morning and went out, a beautiful morning, of course, and then I saw what the place was. First I went to the church with its cloister and campanile, beautifully Italian, in the best style, then I got the key of a vineyard, and went up through it to the top of a rock which commands a celebrated view of the town and valley. I don't

know whether you went up there. I suppose not, but no doubt papa did. The luxuriant chestnuts among the dark shattered rocks, the southern serrated outlines of the mountains towards Como, with a few spots of snow lying among their rocks, then the town with its Italian houses and towers, and its valley to the south and turbulent river, in the valley mulberry and olive, and fig and vine all in luxuriance, and three tall cypresses in a garden just below the vineyard rock, and even an orange and lemon tree looking, to be sure, as if they did not perfectly like their life, then closing in short on the north, the high mountains, watered and wooded, with a sort of beginning of Swiss chalets on their sides,— it was a perfect last look of Italy. I posted over the mountains with one horse, changing five times between Chiavenna and Coire; this is the way to enjoy it thoroughly. It deserves notice that the stream which makes this pass on the Italian side is clear water, and not a turbid snow stream; I cannot say how this added to my pleasure. Soon I came to waterfalls, and hay-making, and pine trees; then the ascent, during which the sun grew clouded; and, when I got to the very top, opposite to me on the north all was gray and cloudy, and a few drops of rain beat in my face; while looking back towards Italy I could see a last band of blue sky over her sharp-cut un-Swiss-looking mountains. At Splugen, where I dined, I was quite cold, the Via Mala I did not very much care for, and the whole valley, I thought, as Alpine valleys are apt to be, terribly long. At

Coire everything was changed; the inn clean and comfortable, but Swiss Germanic and bourgeois; and instead of the dark-eyed Roman and Florentine women looking out of their lattices, four German women dressed and hatted as only German and English women of the middle class can dress and hat themselves, sitting at the top of the table, taking tea and talking loud in their hideous language; and when the travellers' book, which they had just signed, was brought to me, the last name was, "Linda Walther, Universitäts Professors Gattin!" You may imagine my feelings, and how my Italian family were a relief to me to break the hange; but now I am left alone with this, the most *bourgeois* of nations; that is exactly the definition of them, and they have all the merits and defects which this definition implies. But I cannot write about them now. Their schools are excellent. Thank dear Edward for his letter, which I got just after I had written to him. Tell dear K. that I forgot to say to her that I have had a number of packets addressed to me at her house, as ours is let. Every one floods me with books and documents which I am obliged to send home for the most part, or I must have ten portmanteaus; but I shall want them, and I shall be glad if she will let them be put in one place in Eccleston Square, where I can find them on my return in the autumn. Please don't forget this with my love. I got you a bit of mountain pink at Chiavenna, but it is in a *Murray* I have sent home. The flowers I was too late for on my Alpine journey back. I

shall never get over my Mont Cenis loss. I have charming letters from Tom and Dick; they all come to join me on the twelfth. I cannot yet tell you where to write to me, but you shall hear. Papa's name and work are very well known here. Berlin is a fine city, but its sole interest for me comes from Frederick the Great, one of the half dozen really great moderns. How I wish we were all going to be at Penzance with you and Edward, but why will not you come to the Rhine? I have such an exquisite picture of Dicky. Love to dear old Edward. I have seen no notice of my book,¹ and wish to forget all such things for the present. I am working hard to learn to speak German availably. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

HOTEL ROLAND, ROLANDSECK,
RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 17, 1865.

MY DEAREST K. — You have not answered my former letter, but I write to you again because you are so often in my mind, and because Flu has been telling me so much of your kindness and William's to her and the children in my absence, and because I want you to tell William, if he comes abroad, to look in upon us either in going or returning. We are here at the most beautiful point of the Rhine, with only the road between us and the river, woody rocks with the ruins of Roland's tower behind us, in front the island of Nonnenswerth with its con-

¹ *Essays in Criticism.*

vent, and beyond, across the river, the beautiful volcanic line of the Siebengebirge, clothed in wood, and reminding me something of the Alban hills. The vineyards are everywhere, and the country with its sun and its Byzantine churches has a sort of look of distant relationship with Italy, the mark of the Roman occupation and civilisation everywhere present, which in North Germany is so entirely absent, more even than in England. The heat is great, but to me after Italy seems nothing very particular, and the great body of water in the Rhine—pale green water, no mud and a bed all stone, pebbles, and sand—gives one a sense of freshness and coolness which one seldom has in Italy. It is very dear here—one has to pay as much for rooms as at Llandudno, or even more, though one gets more accommodation for the money; but it is said the expense of living is less, though of this I shall know more when I have had my bill for the past week. Next week we go on to Baden, and of that I shall be glad, for the Black Forest is a far more true mountain country than this; but for another week I shall not have finished what I have to do in this Rhine district, and indeed my to-day's date (21st July), and the gap between it and the date on the other side, will show you how much I have to do here, for it is the going out in a morning and not returning till night which has interrupted me. The trains are so few that one cannot get back at all hours of the day as in England. But by Thursday in next week I shall have seen and heard what I want in

this Rhine district, and then I shall go on to Baden, which I am going to take as my specimen of a smaller German State—it being impossible and useless to go through them all—and Baden having the advantage of possessing at this moment, besides very good schools which are open all August, a very pretty religious difficulty. I see a great deal of George Bunsen here, and find him very interesting. He has the house in Bonn which was bought for his father, and goes there when the Berlin session is over. He has been over here, and I have passed two days with him in Bonn, he going through the Gymnasium there with me, which I found, of course, of great use, and I dining with him in the middle of the day. I like his wife too. He is brimming with interest on almost every interesting matter, and not political only, but literary and spiritual also, and this makes him good company. At present he and every one here are full of the Abgeordneten Fest, or dinner to the Liberal Members to be given at Cologne and here on Saturday and Sunday. The Government have forbidden it, and the newspapers are filled every day with letters of notice to this and that person, from the Cologne police authorities warning them not to attend, and the answers. Yesterday the *Cologne Gazette*, the chief German paper, was seized, because it contained an advertisement to the effect that the dinner would still take place. It appears that the Government has no legal right to stop these dinners, and the police authorities at Cologne have no status or latitude of powers like those of a French prefect; and these

worthy Germans have a trick, which they say is English and Teutonic, of stickling for the letter of the law, and objecting to the assumption by Government of arbitrary and undefined powers. English this trick is, but what is specially English, and what has made this trick successful in England, is that in England men have been ready to hazard person and fortune to maintain this view of theirs and to resist Government's setting it at nought; whereas our German cousins talk, and lament, and do nothing — have not, indeed, our genius for doing something, and just the something most likely to embarrass Government and to be successful. This Bismarck knows, and it is the secret of the contempt with which he treats the Liberals. It is, however, to be said that their position is hard, as the great English power of refusing the supplies is taken away from them by the clause in the Constitution which gives Government the power of continuing the old taxes till the new budget is voted. Also the King has always been so much in Prussia that there is all through the country a sense of his having the right to govern, of which we in England have no notion. I saw in Berlin a great deal of Lord Napier, a very able man, or at least a man of a wonderfully active and open mind, and I could see that he thought Prussian constitutionalism a rather hollow affair, and that he even doubted whether its triumph over the King would be good for the country, which has formed its habits and is wonderfully prosperous. Tell William that the effect on the people and property of

Prussia of the land measures — called by the great proprietors Confiscation — of Stein, the great Prussian minister, seems to me one of the most important things for a politician to study, with Irish tenant right a present question in England, and the land question undoubtedly coming on for the whole kingdom, sooner or later. To return to the Abgeordneten Fest: to-morrow the place of meeting in Cologne will be surrounded with troops, there are 40,000 soldiers in Cologne and Deutz, and every one will be turned back. On Sunday the six steamers chartered to bring the party here will be stopped, probably before they leave Cologne; at any rate we are to have some squadrons of hussars round this hotel, and the rest to prevent any Cologne guests from meeting here. You may imagine how exciting all this is. About this country, its classes, their relative power, their character, and their tendency, one might fill sheet after sheet, but I spare you. I will only say that all I see abroad makes me fonder of England, and yet more and more convinced of the general truth of the ideas about England and her progress, and what is needful for her, which have come to me almost by instinct, and which yet all I see keeps constantly confirming. You may imagine how delightful it is to have Flu and the children again, all well, and the children so happy, and their looks doing credit to their country with foreigners. Write to me at Kiefernadel Bad, in Gernsbach, Baden Baden. The elections, of which I only see the accounts in the German newspapers, appear to be all right. I

am sorry about Gladstone.¹ But Oxford is moving still, though in its own way. Kiss the dear children, we have often talked of dear Willy here. —
Your ever affectionate
M. A.

We shall be some four weeks at Gernsbach, the most beautiful country in the world, and I believe William has never seen Baden or the Black Forest.

To his Mother.

ROLANDSECK, *Sunday, July 23, 1865.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — We had your and Fan's joint letter this morning, and that we may hear again as soon as possible I will give you our address at once — Kiefernadel Bad, in Gernsbach, Baden Baden. Kiefernadel means "pine-needle," and smacks agreeably of the Black Forest and its firs. Tell Fan that when she writes abroad a large round hand is not allowed, nor thick envelopes, to give an excuse for putting as little in them as possible. Why, oh, why do not you and Edward come to the Black Forest and join us? No mention is ever made of this proposition of mine. I shall prefer the Black Forest, as it is a real mountain country, with a mountain river flowing by Gernsbach, where we are going to stay. The Rhine here is a great highway. The Drachenfels Group, beautiful as it is, is soon used up, besides, it is on the opposite side of the river from us, and this broad, swift Rhine is a great barrier. What is truly beautiful

¹ Mr. Gladstone lost his seat for the University of Oxford at the General Election of 1865.

is the views of the Rhine from the hills on this side: the hills are not high, but wooded, and with a fine wild character of upland and fir when you get to their tops and look inland: the volcanic region of the Eifel, too, with its weird, low peaks and domes, comes in very well. But the great charm is the Rhine, like a long lake stretching through the country, and the endless towns and spires on its banks, so unlike the monotonous gloom of the banks of Windermere, which Edward and I never used to look at without thinking of the cheerful edging of the Lake of Zurich. Then the mass of Cologne Cathedral on the horizon, and the wonderfully delicate and beautiful outline of the Seven Mountains for the near foreground. But this hotel is very dear, and the whole Rhine is too much in the world, and too much flooded with tourists, chiefly rich *Dutch* families. The Hollanders have lately discovered the Rhine. It is very accessible from Holland, and they swarm in every hotel. Incredible to relate, Dutch newspapers are more common now in the Rhine hotels than French or English. Here, for instance, the two papers taken in are the *Kölnische Zeitung*, German, and the *Haarlem Courant*, Dutch. I like the Dutch, and they have the best possible will towards England, while the good-will of the Germans certainly diminishes as they become more of a political nation, and get imbued with all the envy, hatred, and malice of political striving. The Dutch, being rich, come with their children, as the English do. There are two families of children here besides ours;

and Bonn is full of Dutch, too. . . . The *table d'hôte* bell has rung. Mind you write. My love to Edward and Fan. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

How *can* you live in a place with the absurd, and worse, name of "Marine Retreat"?

To the Same.

GERNSBACH, August 18, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — We have been expecting to hear from you or Fan, but the post is, if we may judge by the intermittences of our *Galignani*, so irregular here, that it is quite possible you may have written and we not received your letters as soon as we ought. But I must write to-day, to be in time for your birthday. May you see many, many more of them — the more you see, the less we can afford to miss you. While you are at Fox How, the dear place still seems like itself; without you I do not like to think how changed it would be. If it were not for your being still there I should feel the gap of dear old Banks's place in the world being left vacant a thousand times more; even as it is, I feel it a great deal, and here when I go out fishing, and Dicky takes to it as I used to take to it myself, it brings Banks to my mind as I have so often seen him up in Rydal Head, or by the Rotha, with his brown velveteen coat and fishing-rod and fine sagacious face, more than I can say. You were sure to do everything that was right and kind about his funeral — every word

about that and about his illness was most interesting. It was quite right in Tom to come over, and I am grieved that I could not be there. You must let me know what I am still in debt to you for the dear old man's allowance, and I should much like to join in doing whatever may be necessary to keep his wife comfortable for the remainder of her days.

Certainly this year must not pass without my seeing your dear face, but when it will be I cannot tell — perhaps not till Christmas, or the days after Christmas and before the New Year. But about all this we shall see. This place has suited the children exactly. We have just dined at the *table d'hôte*, and now they are all gone down to the Murg, which is a broad, shallow stream which skirts the bottom of the garden. Dick has his trousers rolled up to his hips and his feet bare; Budge has an old pair of waterproof leggings which a gentleman has given him. He and Dick will take the poles in an old punt, and Tom and the girls will go as passengers, and backwards and forwards over the Murg they will go all the afternoon. When they strike on a rock Dick or Budge, according as it is in the department of one or the other, flops into the water like a water-rat and pushes the punt off, and at this stage of their operations a faint scream is sometimes heard from a party of German tourists who are watching them from the bank. Dick takes very much to fishing, and will come out with me to carry the landing net and follow me for hours, deeply interested in all

my proceedings, and willing if necessary to enter the river up to his neck to land a trout or grayling. Budge cares nothing for fishing, and the punt and the river are his great delights—boating and bathing. Dear little Tom is wonderfully well, and sits in the middle of the punt with the title of Captain, more for ornament than use. When the punt cannot quite get to the bank, Budge and Dick get into the water, take their sisters in their arms, and carry them to land. You have no notion how Nelly is improved, with her rich, brown colour, sweet eyes, and brown hair cut across her forehead. Her likeness to Dicky strikes every one, and struck me the moment I saw her at Cologne. She and Lucy are the greatest pleasure to me possible. They go everywhere with me that I will take them, and their talk is delightful. We passed a yard the other day where there were cows, and Nelly said, “What a nice smell from those dear cows, papa! *Isn't it kind of the dear cows to give us smells?*” They get very much noticed and made of for their spirits and good looks, and certainly going about the world so much gives them life and animation. We go very often into Baden, where the little I can at this holiday moment see of schools is to be seen. Arthur Stanley comes there to-day, I believe, to see the Baillies. Mr. Baillie is the English Charge d’Affaires in the Duchy of Baden, and married a sister of Lady Augusta’s. My love to Fan, and I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate

M. A.

To George von Bunsen.

KIEFERNADEL BAD, GERNSBACH,

August 21, 1865.

MY DEAR BUNSEN — I must not leave this place without thanking you for your letters, which I hope to make use of next month. To-morrow week Mrs. Arnold and the children start on their journey back to England. I accompany them as far as Cologne (how I wish you were going to meet us on the down-Rhine as on the up-Rhine journey!), and from thence go to Dresden, Weimar, Coburg, and so on. They have had a delightful time here, and I shall not like to lose them. On the other hand, as I am abroad for a special purpose, that of observing the educational machine, I shall not be sorry when it begins, in September, to grind away again. Here the influence of the holidays is felt, though the actual holidays are not, as in Prussia, going on. Mr. Baillie, the English Charge d'Affaires, was not at Carlsruhe, but I saw your brother-in-law, who was kindness itself, and who took me to the Director of Schools, and to Dr. Deimling, your friend. But the Director and Dr. Deimling were both just starting for their holiday, and though the Director gave me a letter opening all public schools to me, he said (what others have told me also) that the regular school work was over, and that all which was now going on was examination work preparatory to the break-up of the schools for the holidays. So I have sauntered about here, seen a little of what was going on in Baden and the immediate neighbourhood,

but, in fact, pretty much myself taking holiday. Arthur Stanley is at Baden with his wife. They are staying with the Baillies, who have just arrived, and to-day they are coming over to see us here, Baillie having promised to see the Foreign Minister of Baden (a very able, well-informed man, he says), who is now at Baden, and through him to put me in relation with some one at Baden whom I can thoroughly *pump* on school matters, which, after all, is what I want, even more than to see the schools themselves, those which I have seen already giving me a pretty good notion of the average remainder.

This is the real Black Forest, the silver fir, my favourite of all firs, covering the hillsides, and the Murg, a clear rushing stream, carrying its timber-rafts past our windows to the Rhine. The climate is what chiefly strikes me, for in these dark-looking mountain valleys we are surrounded by fruit-trees, vines, and Indian corn, so unlike Wales and the English Lake country, mountain districts on much the same scale as this. On the other hand, the very climate, which carries vegetation up to the top of these hills, prevents their having the bare Alpine summits which make our English hills, even at 3000 feet, so striking.

I shall be at Vevey in September, and shall ask whether any of your party are still to be found there, but I fear they will not. Remember me most kindly to your wife, to your mother, your sister Frances, and all who retain any remembrance of me. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to

me to have seen so much of you when we were in the neighbourhood of Bonn. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. This is a much cheaper, as well as pleasanter place than Rolandseck, though not *primitively* cheap.

To Wyndham Slade.

DRESDEN, *September 12, 1865.*

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — I must write one line to say with what intense satisfaction I have just heard from Mrs. Arnold that you are made a revising barrister. I do not know when a piece of news has given me such lively pleasure. She does not say which judge had the merit of doing it, but that does not so much matter. I thought you were supposed to be too well off to have much chance, and therefore the news comes upon me with the more delightful shock of surprise. I congratulate you again and again.

I remember your being at this place, and all sorts of stories about it. You were at the Hotel de Saxe, but I am at a much better place, the Hotel Bellevue on the Elbe, where you must come when you bring Mrs. Slade. The Gallery is delightful, the best ordered, arranged, lighted, and catalogued I have ever seen. I am so fresh from Italy, that when I look out of the Gallery window here I cannot help thinking, with a regretful sigh, of the look out of the Uffizi windows of Florence, and certainly the pictures here strike one as having been more tampered with than the

Italian ones, and there are no statues, which are what I liked even better in Italy than the pictures; still this Gallery is a great thing to see. To-day I am going on into Austria, and I shall try hard to get another look at Salzburg, and some part of the scene of our delightful journey together, which seems only yesterday, and was so long ago. Now I am here I must see everything in this direction, for I shall never come to Germany again, partly because all time passed in touring anywhere in Western Europe, except Italy, seems to me, with my present lights, time misspent, partly because the Germans, with their hideousness and commonness, are no relief to one's spirit but rather depress it. Never surely was there seen a people of so many millions so unattractive. Tell Mrs. Slade, with my warmest congratulations on the revising barristership, that her friend Dicky was the most wonderful success in Germany, and that I attribute it entirely, not to his good looks, but to everybody else being so inconceivably ugly. Now I must go to breakfast. As I look up out of my window, I look at the Elbe and the great bridge with people and carriages going over it, and the high formal houses of the Neustadt, a view you must remember so well. — Ever most sincerely yours, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

VIENNA, September 22, 1865.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Again and again I have been meaning to write to you, but then I thought I would wait till I could tell you I

had carried to their destination the letters with which you so kindly furnished me; but time is passing, I shall not be able to go to Frankfort at all, and Geneva I shall visit only just before I return to England. You remember that at Easter I came back from Paris to London for a week; when I returned to Paris again I found a note from the Baroness James asking me to go and see her on one of the days I was in London, and when I *did* go to see her I found her unable to see any one. Then Frankfort I have missed altogether, but at Geneva I shall certainly make an attempt to see the Baroness Adolphe — September is a month when I have, I suppose, a good chance of finding her at Geneva. My operations have been paralysed in Germany by the summer holidays, which are immensely long, far longer than ours in England, but then they have little or no winter holidays: the right six months for my business would have been the six months from October to April. I did not reach Germany from Italy till the end of June, and luckily went straight to Berlin, there I saw a good deal so long as the school machine kept going, but it stopped about the 10th of July, and ever since I have done little real work: even the people I had to see were so dispersed that I missed a great many of them. However much one likes being idle, and no one likes it more than I do, one likes to be *freely* idle, and not obliged to be idle when one wants to do something, and the hanging about in great towns in this splendid weather, and making official visits which take up a good deal of time

and lead to nothing, wearies me to death. Then, too, I find, after all, the education of the middle and upper classes a less important and interesting affair than popular education, as a matter of public institution I mean. So many other influences tell upon those classes that the influence of a public system of education has not the same relative importance in their case as in that of the common people, on whom it is almost the only great civilising agency directly at work. Then, too, I am getting old, and don't like to have all my habits and pursuits violently interrupted for so long a period of one's term of life as six months. As I go round the Picture Galleries, where the names and dates of the artists are always painted over their works, I am quite startled to see how many of them finished and came to an end at only two or three years beyond my present age; and here for the last six months I have not been able to do a line of real work, of the work I really care for. However, I am very glad to have made my grand tour; I think that every one should make his grand tour; only I feel as if I should never want again to come abroad for those little six-week rushes which the English are so fond of, and which I once used to think the height of felicity. . . . Here in Austria there is a great change in the population, and one again sees such a thing as grace, light movements, and attractive faces, but then here there is evidently a strong infusion of a lighter and more mercurial blood. And Vienna is not a German place as Berlin and Dresden are.

At Dresden I thought of you and at Prague also. At Prague I had windy, dusty weather that blurred everything, but I could see what a splendid place it was. For the Saxon Switzerland, what I saw of it, I did not, I confess, care much. The rock and valley scenery is curious, but the Elbe is muddy, and of clear water there is a great want. Now I have a perfect passion for clear water; it is what in a mountain country gives me, I think, most pleasure. I hope to have a glimpse of the lakes about Ischl as I go westward, and there I expect to find my beloved element in perfection. It will be very kind of you if you will let me have a line at Geneva (Hotel du Rhin) to tell me about yourself and yours. I have just heard of you from Julian Fane¹ with whom I dined last night and with whom I dine again to-night. I like him very much. My compliments to Sir Anthony, and very kindest regards to your daughters. I wonder if you have all gone to Scotland? — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To W. E. Forster, M.P.

BERNE, *September 30, 1865.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM — I should be glad to have lectured at Bradford because it would have given me an opportunity of coming to you and Jane, and because I know you would have liked it; but the thing is impossible. The distractions of my present business entirely prevent my writing anything,

¹ The Hon. Julian Fane, Secretary of Embassy at Vienna.

I am in arrear at Oxford and getting fined, and with this foreign report and its ocean of documents on my hands I do not see how I am even, within the next year, to make up my Oxford arrears.

I am persecuted by holidays and the absence of official people; the Minister here is absent, but I have just seen the Chancellor of the Confederation, and he tells me that none of the Swiss schools reopen till the 15th of October — after the vintage. I have just come from Austria, where they none of them reopen till the 1st of October, and I thought that was late enough. It comes, I find, from their having no holidays at Christmas, or next to none.

But the Swiss schools I really must see. I had reckoned on them to make up my gaps in personal acquaintance with the German schools; no one will go further on a mere diet of documents and divination than I will, but there are limits even to my powers. There ought, in fact, to have been a separate Commissioner for Germany or the one Commissioner ought to have had double time.

I saw Count Larisch, the finance Minister — charming, a man of some £30,000 a year, keeps hounds in Silesia, English in all his tastes, speaks English perfectly, an English gentleman of the best type in simplicity and honourableness, with more suavity, but without the backbone to save the Austrian finances; and he and all his class alarmingly without the *seriousness* which is so English, the faculty to appreciate thoroughly the gravity of a situation, to be thoroughly stirred by it, and to put their shoulder earnestly to the wheel in conse-

quence. There is the danger for Austria, and I cannot see that she has any middle class to take the place of this aristocracy, which is a real aristocracy, perhaps the most real in Europe — far more real than we have any notion of in England — with immense estates, perfect simplicity and *bonhomie*, but impenetrably exclusive; so exclusive that even the diplomatic body, except in certain exceptional cases, are not admitted to any real intimacy with them, and the late Princess Esterhazy (Lady Sarah Villiers)¹ was made miserable by having to live in a world where every one felt that her husband had made a *mésalliance*. In Austria one feels that there is some truth in the talk which in England sounds such rubbish about the accessibility of the English aristocracy, but what is really the strength of England is the immense extent of the upper class — the class with much the same education and notions as the aristocracy; this, though it has its dangers, is a great thing. In Germany there is no such thing, and the whole middle class hates refinement and disbelieves in it; this makes North Germany, where the middle class has it, socially though not governmentally, all its own way, so intensely unattractive and disagreeable. This too made them all such keen Northerners: “They say he is a tailor,” said Haupt, the great classical professor of Berlin, of Johnson the American president: “Gott sey dank dass er ein Schneider ist!” And so on. They all dislike

¹ Daughter of the fifth Earl of Jersey, and great-granddaughter of Mr. Child, the banker.

England, though with their tongue perhaps more than their hearts; but the present position of England in European esteem is indeed not a pleasant matter, and far too long to be begun upon at the end of a letter. The English diplomatists are all furious at the position to which Lord —, the *Times*, etc., have gradually brought them. The conclusion of the whole matter is, *men* are wanted everywhere; not wealth, freedom, institutions, etc. etc., so urgently wanted as *men*; and we have all to try, in our separate spheres, to be as much of men as we can. My love to dear K.; a letter at the Hotel Baur au Lac, Zurich, in the next eight or nine days will find me. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

ZURICH, October 24, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I don't know when I wrote to you last, but I found here a long and very faithful letter from Fan, which tells me a number of interesting things, and among them that there is a letter of yours waiting for me in Chester Square. I wrote instantly to Geneva for Edward's, which I have got. Tell the dear old boy that I will certainly try and get the proceedings of the Congress for him, but I am not going again to Geneva; however, this is such a centre for Swiss intellectual matters, that I should think they were to be got here. Tell him, too, that what he says about England entirely agrees with my own experience; but the English in general seem to be living

in a dream, and when one meets them abroad it is in batches such as one we have just left at Lucerne, living together and getting little chance of "seeing ourselves as others see us." If it was not for this consideration, the exaggerated language of all the English newspapers about Lord Palmerston¹ and what he has done for England would be perfectly unaccountable. I do not deny his popular personal qualities, but as to calling him a great minister like Pitt, Walpole, and Peel, and talking of his death as a national calamity, why, taking his career from 1830, when his importance really begins, to the present time, he found his country the first power in the world's estimation and he leaves it the third; of this no person with eyes to see and ears to hear, and opportunities for using them, can doubt; it may even be doubted whether, thanks to Bismarck's audacity, resolution, and success, Prussia, too, as well as France and the United States, does not come before England at present in general respect. The mass of the English public, too, with the want of ideas of its aristocratic class, the provincial narrowness and vulgarity of its middle class, and the nonage of its lower, is exactly at Lord Palmerston's level and not a bit beyond it; and even if it were not so, I do not myself feel such cordial reliance as some people do on what a foreign newspaper calls that "robuste Pleiade des Bright, des John Stuart Mill, des Milner Gibson, des Gladstone, à qui appartient l'avenir." But we shall see.

¹ Lord Palmerston died October 18. 1865.

25th October. — I was interrupted for dinner; there are two Hotels Baur here, one on the lake, the other in the town. This is the third time we have been here this year, and the two times before we were at the hotel on the lake; that is now closed, and we are at the hotel in the town; excellent, but with Swiss and not English habits; for instance, the *table d'hôte* is at half-past twelve o'clock. Yesterday we dined at seven and avoided the *table d'hôte*, but to-day I had to go out very early, so the half-past twelve o'clock *table d'hôte* just suited me, and we shall have supper, answering to dinner in England, about eight. We have very good rooms on the third floor which enables us, though we are in the town, to look over the houses opposite, and right away to the splendid line of the Glarus and Uri Alps; all now deep in snow half-way down. Yesterday was a regular day of storm, the wind so violent as to shake the house, and the rain spouting. This sort of weather is greatly wanted, even here. To-day the furious wind continues, but there is no rain; the weather is thoroughly broken, however, the stove is lighted in our room, and all the tourists are gone home. Zurich is a great commercial centre, and this inn is full, as it is all the winter, with travellers chiefly of the commercial class. The dinner we have just had—half-a-crown a head, including wine, and excellent—reminds one of Switzerland as it was before the English remade the hotels. We have been at Lucerne, as the schools here are only just reopened, and I wanted

to see something of those in a Catholic canton. At Lucerne we had good weather, the first time I have ever had good weather at Lucerne, and certainly there is no more beautiful place in the whole world. And the blaze of colour now that the rain had brought the purple that was wanted, the bright green, still of the pastures, the black green of the firs, the yellow gold of the poplars, walnuts, chestnuts, and wych elms, and the red gold of the beeches, and at the foot of it all the lake, and at the head of it all, the snowy line with Titlis, a mountain for whom Obermann has always given me a peculiar interest; then Lucerne itself with its curtain of old wall and trees and bridges, and the broad blue-green Reuss going through it. It required a day of mist and rain and penetrating damp, showing what the late autumn and winter at Lucerne are, to make it possible for one to depart. Tommy and I took the steamer on Sunday afternoon to Alpnach; the Alpnach arm of the lake goes among the recesses of the mountains as the Kussnacht arm goes among the opener pastoral country; and I have never seen anything more impressive than Pilatus as we gradually half-rounded him, and more solemn than the whole folding-in of the hills, at this autumnal season. Tommy is the best little traveller possible, and hitherto has had nothing the least like even a day's illness. But there is so much to do that I shall be glad to get home. To-morrow we hope to go to Basle, and on Saturday to Strassburg; in Paris we shall make very little stay, and hope to reach

home by this day week at latest, or possibly tomorrow week. About Eber¹ how much shall I have to say to you! Flu sends all possible love. She has had so much to do in writing to her mother and sisters, or she would have written. Did she tell you of Nelly telling Mrs. Tuffin to take care of a little comb I had given her? "I wouldn't lose that comb, for *all my means*, Tuffy, because papa gave it me." — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

THE ATHENÆUM (*November 1865*).

MY DEAREST FAN — Thank dear mamma for her letter, but this week I will write to you, as I have two notes to thank you for. I have had a good deal from America, and was therefore the more interested in reading what you sent me. The *North American Review* for July had an article² on me which I like as well as anything I have seen. There is an immense public there, and this alone makes them of importance; but besides that, I had been struck in what I saw of them on the continent in the last few months, both with their intellectual liveliness and ardour, with which I had before been willing enough to credit them, as one of the good results of their democratic régime's emancipating them from the blinking and hushing-up system induced by our circumstances here — and also with the good effect their wonderful success had produced on them in giving them some-

¹ See p. 228.

² "Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*."

thing really considerable to rest upon, and freeing them from the necessity of being always standing upon their toes, crowing. I quite think we shall see the good result of this in their policy, as well as in the behaviour of individuals. An English writer may produce plenty of effect there, and this would satisfy people like Bright who think successful America will do quite as well for all they want, or even better, than successful England; but it will never satisfy me. Whatever Mary may say, or the English may think, I have a conviction that there is a real, an almost imminent danger of England losing immeasurably in all ways, declining into a sort of greater Holland, for want of what I must still call ideas, for want of perceiving how the world is going and must go, and preparing herself accordingly. This conviction haunts me, and at times even overwhelms me with depression; I would rather not live to see the change come to pass, for we shall all deteriorate under it. While there is time I will do all I can, and in every way, to prevent its coming to pass. Sometimes, no doubt, turning oneself one way after another, one must make unsuccessful and unwise hits, and one may fail after all; but try I must, and I know that it is only by facing in every direction that one can win the day.

I send you two American letters, which illustrate the notices you sent me. You need not return them. In all that has been said I have been struck with the much greater caring for my poems and knowledge of them than I had any

notion of. This is what is chiefly remarkable in the *British Quarterly* article,¹—this and the expressions of sympathy on the part of the Non-conformists with which the article concludes; but the review, I would by no means buy to see this. You can get it from Mudie's. There is also a curious letter to me in a curious book just published by a man who calls himself Henry Holbeach.²

This is a long letter all about myself. To conclude with a stroke of self-effacement, I am of opinion that my giving autographs is still "premature."

What would I give to be at Fox How? But I see no chance of it at present. A thoroughly uncomfortable four or five months is before me—and then—we shall see. Meanwhile I am pretty well, more disturbed by apprehension of the work before me, perhaps, than I shall be by the work itself. My love to dearest Mamma. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

November 18, 1865.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am feeling a little tired, but I am getting on with my lectures, and when they are once given I shall be able to set to work in earnest at my report. I took up by accident the other day at the club this new life of

¹ "Matthew Arnold, Poet and Essayist," *British Quarterly Review*, October 1865.

² *Henry Holbeach, student in life and philosophy.* 1866.

Frederick Robertson¹ which has just come out, and after I had read a page or two I could not stop till I had gone through the two volumes. It is a most interesting, remarkable life. I had once seen him, heard him preach, but he did not please me, and I did him no justice. Now I shall read his sermons which, from the impression I took, I had abstained from reading, and, very likely, I shall make him the subject of a lecture at Oxford. It is a mistake to put him with papa as the *Spectator* does: papa's greatness consists in his bringing such a torrent of freshness into English religion by placing history and politics in connexion with it; Robertson's is a mere religious biography, but as a religious biography it is deeply interesting. And as the English do not really like being forced to widen their view, and to place history, politics, and other things in connexion with religion, I daresay Robertson's life will be all the more popular for its being so eminently and intensely a religious biography. The bits about papa are an account of his first lecture at Oxford, and an occasional mention here and there: Robertson had imbibed so much of him that there must be more about him somewhere in what he has left, one imagines, and one wants to know how and when the influence came.

You cannot think what a pleasure to Dick your letter and the presents were: it so happened he had had no letters on his birthday, and yours just

¹ The Rev. F. W. Robertson, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53.

put things right, for he had felt a little disappointed. And he is really now able to appreciate Scott, and was constantly looking at the book and asking about it. He is now gone back to school; we thought him not in his best looks, but he must grow and change. The two little girls have been with me to the city this morning by river, and Nelly insisted we were going back to "Germany" again: it was a very pleasant expedition; little Tom was with us, and walked capitally all the way from here to Westminster. My love to dear Fan.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

CHESTER SQUARE,

Wednesday Morning (December 1865).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Your kind but imprudent invitation transported the boys with excitement, but in the first place they have engagements here to-morrow and Monday which they must keep; in the second, two youthful schoolboys are, for all but their own parents, a luxury to be enjoyed with moderation and for no unnecessary number of days at a time. Heaven forbid that any of them should be represented as having histrionic talent; on the contrary, they appear, giggle, and look sheepish, according to the most approved fashion of youthful actors. What I said to your daughters was that their musical turn made the songs which generally occur in the pieces they choose for acting, no difficulty for them.

When is the performance to take place? They might come down on Tuesday (with a maid) if that would give them time to learn their parts before the play came off. The two must be Trevenen and Dicky, for little Tom has one of his winter coughs, and is a fixture at home. But I really think you hardly know the avalanche you are attracting, and that you had better leave it. I must go for a few days to Westmorland, though I can ill spare the time, but my mother is not very well, and it is nearly a year and a half since I saw her.

I hope your invalid is, at least, no worse. Many, many happy years to you. — I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
Sunday (January 1866).

MY DEAREST K. — If it is *perception* you want to cultivate in Florence¹ you had much better take some science (botany is perhaps the best for a girl, and I know Tyndall thinks it the best of all for educational purposes), and choosing a good handbook, go regularly through it with her. Handbooks have long been the great want for teaching the natural sciences, but this want is at last beginning to be supplied, and for botany a text-book based on Henslow's *Lectures*, which were excellent, has recently been published by Macmillan. I cannot

¹ Mrs. Forster's niece and adopted daughter.

see that there is much got out of learning the Latin Grammar except the mainly normal discipline of learning something much more exactly than one is made to learn anything else; and the verification of the laws of grammar, in the examples furnished by one's reading, is certainly a far less fruitful stimulus of one's powers of observation and comparison than the verification of the laws of a science like botany in the examples furnished by the world of nature before one's eyes. The sciences have been abominably taught, and by untrained people, but the moment properly trained people begin to teach them properly they fill such a want in education as that which you feel in Florence's better than either grammar or mathematics, which have been forced into the service because they have been hitherto so far better studied and known. Grammar and pure mathematics will fill a much less important part in the education of the young than formerly, though the knowledge of the ancient world will continue to form a most important part in the education of mankind generally. But the way grammar is studied at present is an obstacle to this knowledge rather than a help to it, and I should be glad to see it limited to learning thoroughly the example-forms of words, and very little more—for beginners, I mean. Those who have a taste for philosophical studies may push them further, and with far more intelligible aids than our elementary grammars afterwards. So I should inflict on Florence neither Latin nor English grammar as an elaborate discipline; make her

learn her French verbs very thoroughly, and do her French exercises very correctly; but do not go to grammar to cultivate in her the power you miss, but rather to science. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 3, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It already seems a long, long time since I was with you, though you and dear Fan and the dear country often rise to my mind. I am now at work at my third lecture,¹ to be delivered this day fortnight, and from then till Easter I shall be incessantly at my report. I mean to do hardly anything for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, partly because it is not much use writing letters when I am immediately guessed, and so what I urge does not get the benefit of coming with the weight of impersonal newspaper authority — partly because the habit of newspaper writing would soon become too fascinating and exciting. I have the three next articles for the *Cornhill* as good as done. I think I told you that I cannot manage to send them to America, as Smith and Elder have an agreement with an American house which prevents me. But I shall publish in April my poem about Clough,² in *Macmillan*, and that I can send to America, and so fulfil my promise. There will be a good deal of talk about my *Corn-*

¹ A Professorial Lecture at Oxford on Celtic Literature.

² “*Thyrsis*: a monody, to commemorate the author’s friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861.”

hill article.¹ I gather from Jane that you do not quite like it, but I am sure it was wanted, and will do good; and this, in spite of what the *Spectator* says, I really wish to do, and have my own ideas as to the best way of doing it. You see you belong to the *old* English time, of which the greatness and success was so immense and indisputable, that no one who flourished when it was at its height can ever lose the impression of it. Sir James Shuttleworth, who is a good judge, has just told me that without agreeing with every word, he entirely, on the whole, went along with the contents of the article, putting all questions of style and clever writing out of question, and that he thought the article timely and true. At the Stanleys' last night a good many people spoke to me about it, and with great amusement. I have received an indignant letter of expostulation from Lingen, however; but he thinks I want to exalt the actual aristocracy at the expense of the middle class, which is a total mistake, though I am obliged to proceed in a way which might lead a hasty and angry reader to think so. But there are certain things which it needs great dexterity to say, in a receivable manner, at all; and what I had to say I could only get said, to my thinking, in the manner I have said it. The *Spectator* you will see; the *Saturday* keeps silence; most of the other weekly newspapers mention it as the event of the *Cornhill*, very witty and suggestive, and so on.

¹ "My Countrymen," reprinted in *Friendship's Garland*.

To-night we have a dinner-party — the Forsters, the John Duke Coleridges, Lord and Lady Robert Montagu, Mallet of the Board of Trade, and Georgina. I think that will do very well. A kiss to Fan and my love to Rowland. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *February 23, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have just finished my lecture, am not satisfied with it, and feel bilious and good for nothing. Happily it is often the case that what I am dissatisfied with at the time of writing, turns out afterwards to be better than I expected; and when one has to treat a subtle matter such as I have been treating now, the marks of a Celtic leaven subsisting in the English spirit and its productions, it is very difficult to satisfy oneself. However, I shall see how it looks to-morrow; at any rate, the lecture is finished, and now I can turn with uninterrupted constancy to my report. We dine to-night at Lady Wightman's; last night we dined with the Slades; the night before dear K. dined with us, and that was the pleasantest dinner I have had for a long time; the night before that we dined at Lady Westmorland's, and that was pleasant, though not so pleasant as my dinner with Julian Fane¹ at Vienna. I think I told you of Carlyle's being so full of my article; I hear that Bright is full of it also, but I

¹ Lady Westmorland's son.

have not yet heard any particulars of what Bright says. Carlyle almost wholly approves, I hear; I am going to see him. The country newspapers have had a great deal about it; two leading articles in the *Edinburgh Courant*, not by any means unfavourable, but trying to use it for their own Tory purposes. The Whig newspapers are almost all unfavourable, because it tells disagreeable truths to the class which furnishes the great body of what is called the Liberal interest. But I will really put my hand on what I can collect and send it to you. I have been so bothered with my lecture I have done nothing else I meant to do. Thank dear Fan for sending me the *Westmorland Gazette*. Every one is beginning to talk of a new religious book called *Ecce Homo*.¹ Macmillan wanted to give me the book when it first came out, but I said I should not read it till I must. I imagine it will be infinitely more palatable to the English religious world than Renan's book was; indeed, the review in the *Guardian* may be taken, I suppose, as proof of this. Still the book is by all accounts very far from what is called orthodoxy; it must be, when many people attribute it to George Eliot, Miss Evans. However, James Martineau told me to-day he was quite positive it was not by her. My love to dear Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ *Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* 1866.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, Feb. 28, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— I am rather headachy and out of spirits, as often happens to me at the beginning of a troublesome job, such as my report will be; but when I have got my hand fairly in with it I shall be all right again, I have no doubt. The great thing is, as Napoleon said, *savoir se borner*, there are such numberless temptations to be led off into non-essential matters, which, both to study and to write of, take valuable time, that to fix clearly in one's mind what information one wishes to give, and to give no more, is indispensable.

I am more interested than I can well say in the thought of Fan going to Paris; indeed, at first I said to Flu that I thought I must go over for two or three days to be with her there, which notion Flu greatly approved; however, I have no time. She must have me with her in her first visit to Switzerland. I care for that more even than to see her in her first sight of Paris, though I should very much like that too. Paris will not astonish her so much as if it was the Paris of twenty years ago, and she had arrived at it by post instead of rail; one comes too rapidly upon Switzerland also nowadays; but what is unchangeable in Switzerland itself remains, and I know no one who would feel it more than Fan, or whose pleasure in it I should so like to share. And we will go some day when there is a short time in my life of cares.

We shall not leave town till the beginning of May, so we shall certainly see you, and indeed would on no account miss you, above all, when there is this journey of Fan's to hear about. You can take us or K. first as you like, but I think it is perhaps best to take the little house before the big one. We dine with them to-night; the De Greys and Goschens are to be there. There is an article in the *Times* to the effect that the Ministry¹ are out; but I believe there is no truth in it; and, if this should prove to be the case, the credit of the *Times*, already somewhat suffering, will sink still more. I had a good audience on Saturday, but not so many as last time; in truth, the subject² is not fitted for show-lectures, and I am even doubtful whether it is not a little too scientific for the *Cornhill*, the dose of science which the general reader in this country can stand being so very small. You will tell me what you think of the first part in this *Cornhill*; no other part, unluckily, will have so much that is light and popularly readable in it. . . . Tom³ was all right, dear old boy, and we had an hour's walk by the Cherwell, which did me more good than any walk I have had for a long time. If I had Tom near me he would be the greatest possible solace and refreshment to me. Now I must go home and dress; dear Dick comes home on Saturday, but returns Monday. Kiss Fan for me, and give my love to Rowland. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ Lord Russell's second Administration.

² Celtic Literature.

³ His brother.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, March 10, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — First of all thank dear Fan for her letter. I had not seen the *Examiner* or the *Illustrated London News* till she told me of them. The *Examiner* was very amusing, and I must get it for Flu. Our morality is something, no doubt. Our being able to say what we like is, in my opinion, absolutely nothing to boast of or exult in, unless we are really made better by it, and more able to think and say such things as be right-ful. We may like it and imagine it impossible to do without it; but it is, in itself, no *virtue*, it confers no excellence. I should be sorry to be a Frenchman, German, or American, or anything but an Englishman; but I know that this native instinct which other nations, too, have does not prove one's superiority, but that one has to achieve this by undeniable excellent performance.

I do not think papa thought of the Saxon and Celt mutually needing to be completed by each other; on the contrary, he was so full of the sense of the Celt's vices, want of steadiness, and want of plain truthfulness, vices to him particularly offensive, that he utterly abhorred him and thought him of no good at all. Jane, too, to whom I spoke of this, is clearly of the same opinion, and indeed I have not a doubt of it. He thought our rule in Ireland cruel and unjust, no doubt. He was not blind to faults in the Saxon; but can you show me a single line, in all he has written, testifying to his

sense of any virtues and graces in the Celt? Ask Tom what he thinks.

I have wasted a week in applying for a vacant Charity Commissionership, which I shall not get, but I was rather egged on by my friends at the Council Office to apply to Lord Russell for it. It would have given me £300 a year more salary, and an independent instead of a subordinate position, and I am much interested in the possible application of the Charities to some great and sound education scheme. But I believe a lawyer is thought necessary for the place, and very likely this is quite right, and I believe they have a remarkably good lawyer offering himself. But my friends have been very kind about it, and it will probably do me no harm to have brought my name thus before Lord Russell.

My dearest mother, you must certainly come to us first if you do not come to town sooner than you say, for on the first or second of May we shall be departing. But more of this another time. I have a note from Tennyson which Fan will value as an autograph. I meet him at dinner at Lord Strangford's this day week. — Yours ever most affectionate,

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 17, 1866.*

MY DEAR MOTHER — Pray do not ask me about my report, for it only worries me, till I have done it, to have inquiries made about it and to have to answer them. I am, if you ask me, getting on as

badly as possibly with it, but done it will be in the course of the next six weeks, and I daresay when it is done it will not be so bad. But it scarcely ever happens to me that everything I am about runs smooth or gives me satisfaction while I am about it. This makes me shrink from setting to work till the last minute. I have got the proofs of the second part of my "Celtic" papers corrected, and the third part written, though I am not satisfied with it, or sure whether I shall publish it in May. This next month I have two things, a poem¹ in *Macmillan* and the "Celtic" paper in the *Cornhill*. I don't know whether you see the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but there has been a long letter this week, professing to be by a Frenchman, in answer to "My Countrymen." I am sure it is by a woman I know something of in Paris, a half Russian, half English woman who married a Frenchman. The first part is not good, and perhaps when the second part appears I shall write a short and light letter by way of reply. To-night I meet Tennyson at dinner at Lord Strangford's. Last night Flu and I dined with the Forsters, and it was very pleasant: only ourselves, and William did not go back to the House till eleven o'clock. To-morrow we are at home. On Monday the Forsters and, I hope, Walter dine with us; on Tuesday we have a dinner-party — the Henleys (she was Agnes Walrond), Frank Lawley, the Bensons, the Curries, and Mrs. Slade, Wyndham being on circuit; on Wednesday we dine with the Walronds; on Thursday with the John Peels (he is

¹ *Thyrsis*.

his cousin's colleague at Tamworth, and the daughter admires my poems); on Friday we dine with the Bensons; on Saturday I dine with the Grant Duffs, a men's party, to meet a Russian traveller. So we are pretty well supplied for this week. I am rather troubled to find that Tennyson is at work on a subject, the story of the Latin poet Lucretius, which I have been occupied with for some twenty years. I was going to make a tragedy out of it, and the worst of it is that every one, except the few friends who have known that I had it in hand, will think I borrowed the subject from him. So far from this, I suspect the subject was put into his head by P——, who knew I was busy with it. I shall probably go on, however, but it is annoying, the more so as I cannot possibly go on at present so as to be ready this year, but must wait till next. The children are very well, and dear little Tom getting on most successfully at his school. I did not get the Commissionership, but I had heard enough to convince me that only a lawyer would be appointed, and I had been so frightened by what I was told of the terrors of the post for one who was not a lawyer, that it was a relief to me when it was given to some one else. The truth is, I see nothing except a Secretaryship for Middle Class Education, which would really suit me, under my circumstances, better than the post I hold. My love to dear Fan. I will send her Tennyson's note. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

The first spring day, and what would I not give to have spent it at Fox How!

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *March 24, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send Fan Tennyson's note. If you can let me have a line of papa's writing — if possible with his signature — I shall be glad. I send you also an extract which came anonymously to me yesterday. It will show you what it is so hard to people who flourished about 1815 to believe, how foreigners actually do at the present day speak of us.

I daresay Edward, if he sent you the *Pall Mall* with Horace's letter, will have also sent you the *Pall Mall* with my answer. If not, you shall have it from me. I was glad to have an opportunity to disclaim that positive admiration of things foreign, and that indifference to English freedom, which have often been imputed to me, and to explain that I do not disparage freedom, but take it for granted as our condition, and go on to consider other things. All this I have said in the way which best, perhaps, enables these notions to penetrate, for penetrate they certainly do. People seem much taken with my answer, and now I can leave the matter. I do not know whether you saw an article in the *Pall Mall* on my Celtic paper. It was by Lord Strangford, a *savant* of the very first force on these subjects, and gave me great pleasure. This forthcoming *Cornhill* will contain the second Celtic paper, which I should have thought might be too much sheer disquisition for the *Cornhill* readers. However, the editor wished to have it, and I am glad to

deal in sheer disquisition sometimes, and to leave irony and the Philistines. ✕

I dine out to-night, and again on Tuesday, but then Easter makes a fortnight's break in our engagements, which I shall not be sorry for, that I may do something in an evening, too, at my Report. We are expecting Budge home to-night. He has been complaining of headache in the top of his head, and the doctor there seems to have a notion of his having had some slight sunstroke in the summer, of which we know nothing. We are anxious to have him home, that Dr. Hutton, and, if necessary, some one else, may see him. Delightful letters from Dick, who comes home on Wednesday. We have not yet entirely settled about letting the house — at any rate, we shall be here all April.

A south-west wind to-day, and what would I give to be in Rydal Head, or at this moment — six o'clock — coming down by Mirror Pool, with daffodils and spring flowers about me, to get to Fox How about dark and dine with you and Fan! . . . Alexander, the Dean of Emly,¹ is going to give one of the Dublin Lectures this year on my poems. A pleasant journey to you. I shall have a bad month or six weeks still with my Report, but May and June I hope to be in a condition to enjoy. I heard the debate on Oxford Tests. Coleridge very good, but manner even better than matter. — Your ever affectionate M. A. ✕

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Derry.

To the Same.

2 CHESTER SQUARE, S.W.,
April 7, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Many thanks for your letter, and tell that dear old Edward that I keep his note as a memorial of his duckishness. Tell him that the diction of the poem¹ was modelled on that of Theocritus, whom I have been much reading during the two years this poem has been forming itself, and that I meant the diction to be so artless as to be almost heedless. However, there is a mean which must not be passed, and before I reprint the poem I will consider well all objections. The images are all from actual observation, on which point there is an excellent remark in Wordsworth's notes, collected by Miss Fenwick. The cuckoo on the wet June morning I heard in the garden at Woodford, and all those three stanzas you like are reminiscences of Woodford. Edward has, I think, fixed on the two stanzas I myself like best in "O easy access" and "And long the way appears." I also like "Where is the girl," and the stanza before it, but that is because they bring certain places and moments before me. I have heard nothing about the poem, except that Bradley is greatly pleased with it. It is probably too *quiet* a poem for the general taste, but I think it will stand wear. The number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* just out has an article on me, which came upon me quite unexpectedly. It is by a M. Etienne,

¹ *Thyrsis.*

of whom I know nothing. I will send it to you in a few days, as you will all like to see it. The spring weather about Good Friday made me long to be in the country, but the return of this harsh weather has made me quite content to be in London, and to put our country move later. I think I told you we had let the house from the third of May till the middle of July.

I think the defections from the Ministry are showing themselves to be more numerous than was imagined ten days ago. Gladstone's speech was by no means a rallying-cry. Bright did the Bill¹ great harm (in London at least) by his letter,² and I think things look rather shaky for them.—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To J. C. Shairp.*³

THE ATHENÆUM, *April 12, 1866.*

MY DEAR SHAIRP—To prevent all mistakes, and leave you without excuse in case of misconduct, I write a line to tell you that we have let our house (2 Chester *Square*) and are going out of town on the 1st of May. But we shall not go far—perhaps to Woodford in Epping Forest, where I heard, two years ago, the cuckoo I have brought in in *Thyrsis*; and, wherever we go, our address may be got at the Privy Council Office, and you will be inexcusable if you do not get it and communicate with me. I

¹ The Reform Bill.

² To a public meeting at Birmingham; demanding a demonstration in favour of Reform.

³ See p. 23.

will take care that we meet, if you do not, in your shabby way, slip through London unperceived.

It gives me great pleasure that you and Sellar like *Thyrsis*. *Multi multa loquuntur: ideo fides parum est adhibenda*, says Thomas à Kempis; but the voices I do turn to are the voices of our old set, now so scattered, who, at the critical moment of opening life, were among the same influences and (more or less) sought the same things as I did myself. What influences those before and after us have been or may be among, or what things they have sought or may seek, God knows. Perhaps the same as we, but we cannot know, cannot, therefore, be sure of understanding them and their criticisms on what we do.

x *Thyrsis* is a very quiet poem, but I think solid and sincere. It will not be popular, however. It had long been in my head to connect Clough with that Cumner country, and when I began I was carried irresistibly into this form; you say, truly, however, that there is much in Clough (the whole *prophet* side, in fact) which one cannot deal with in this way, and one has the feeling, if one reads the poem as a memorial poem, that not enough is said about Clough in it; I feel this so much that I do not send the poem to Mrs. Clough. Still Clough *had* this idyllic side, too; to deal with this suited my desire to deal again with that Cumner country: anyway, only so could I treat the matter this time. *Valeat quantum*. Do not let Mrs. Shairp forget me. — Yours ever affectionately,
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

WEST HUMBLE, DORKING,

May 24, 1866.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I was very near giving up some business in the City yesterday in order to come and see you in Grosvenor Place. I find now it was as well I preferred business to pleasure, as I should have neglected my duty and yet been disappointed of my visit. I thought Sir Anthony told me one day that I met him in Piccadilly that you were coming back early in May. I have let my house in London, and am living in a little place, of which the name, as you see, perfectly suits the occupant's nature. As for paying you a visit at Aston Clinton, I have in the next two months, besides my usual school work, to look over thirty sacred poems, the same number of Newdigates (the Oxford prize poem), ten Latin poems, and several English essays; to give a lecture on Celtic poetry, of which, as the *Saturday Review* truly says, I know nothing, to write a Latin speech, and to report on the secondary instruction of the Continent of Europe. So I think I had better keep quiet at West Humble. Why do not *you* come over and hear me lecture at Oxford on Saturday at two in the afternoon? This is just the moment for seeing Oxford, and the gardens would repay you for the bore of a lecture. The country hereabouts is perfectly beautiful. We heard of our farmhouse quite by accident from the Hobarts, who often come here. The Miss Thackerays are, I hear, es-

*

tablished in another farmhouse somewhere near. I look out of my window on the woods and roof of Deep Dene, of which I remember your talking to me. Let me hear of you, pray, and when you leave Aston Clinton, and where you go to. My kindest remembrances to your daughters. — Yours ever sincerely,

M. A.

Dicky has just been at home for the holidays at Whitsuntide. He had been enchanted to find in his geography book that Frankfort was the native place of the Rothschilds.

To his Mother.

WEST HUMBLE, DORKING,
May 25, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It was a great pleasure to me to have your letter. I do not at all object to the word *interesting*, which I often use, and, indeed, it is indispensable. But the Dean of Emly's *interesting* lecture on me I have not seen, nor any notice of it. He is a man with a dash of genius in him, so what he says is worth seeing. I have not seen any notices of myself lately, though I have heard of several, and the Celtic papers are certainly producing an effect far beyond what I had ventured to hope. This is a great pleasure to me, and a proof how much there is in the way of presenting a subject, for certainly a more hopeless subject in itself to approach the British public with one could hardly imagine. Few things I should like better than for Fan to hear the lecture I am going to give at Oxford to-morrow. It is the best of the four, I think,

and the most interesting. It concludes the series. I never wish to be heard by my parents. I should not have liked papa to hear me lecture, and that is why I say Fan and not you. But I very much liked your being interested in the last of my Celtic papers, the more so as I had made up my mind, to prevent disappointment, to expect none but the special dealers in the subject to be interested. This lecture which I am going to give to-morrow will not appear till the July *Cornhill*. In the June number I have nothing, nor shall I have anything in the August one. I am now entirely given to my Report, so far, at least, as I can get freedom to give myself entirely to anything. At any rate, I stay quietly here a great deal. The beauty of this county has perfectly astonished me. Herman Merivale says it is the most enchanting county in England, just this neighbourhood of Dorking between Box Hill and Leith Hill, and I am not sure but he is right. It has the climate, vegetation, and old, made places of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, and the shaping of the hills is far beyond what I had expected. Box Hill comes down upon us like the side of Loughrigg, and Leith Hill is 900 feet high, only some 100 feet lower than Loughrigg. The box and juniper are everywhere. Edward, who is not easy to please out of Devonshire, was in raptures. It was very pleasant to have him, and see him between Lucy and Nelly at lunch, choosing to be there rather than with a side of the table to himself, in the highest spirits, and turning from one child to the other. Dicky was at home too, looking his very best; and Nelly is brown with

health, and Lucy red. Tom is, for him, blooming. The little girls go out with their mamma and me, and twitter like two little birds all the way, the cowslips, wild hyacinths, and may making them beside themselves with joy. We have the run of the places round us, and Evelyn,¹ who sent very kind messages to you, gave us before he went to Norway the run of Wotton, which is five miles off on the side of Leith Hill — an excellent object for a drive. And it has a well-preserved trout stream, to which I shall pay my respects when the wind changes, but so long as that is in the east no amount of sun can make me think the weather anything but disagreeable. I am plagued with lumbago. That, too, is a benefit of the east wind. Lady Wightman comes down to us to-morrow. Fan's letter just received. Is that the long detailed account of your visit to Oxford she was to send me? We dine out to-night — a horrid bore. Kiss the two boys for me, and give my love to Aunt Jane. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

WEST HUMBLE, June 10, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I meant to have written yesterday, but by the time I had written seven letters the carriage was at the door, and we had to start for a drive to Cold Harbour, a little village lying in the gorge between Leith Hill and Ridland, with heather, and pine, and sandy cliff, and im-

¹ W. J. Evelyn, of Wotton, afterwards M.P.

mense views across the weald of Surrey and Sussex to the South Downs by Chichester and Arundel. We have not hired a carriage here, having had so many misadventures with our hiring at Woodford, but from an inn near, where the horses and carriages are good, we get what we want as we want it. Yesterday we had a waggonette, and our party was Flu, myself, Tom, and the two little girls. Flu gets a drive in this way about three times a week, and enjoys it very much. This is our wedding day. We have been fifteen years married, and it seems as if it was only last week. Certainly I feel no older, and that is one great benefit of going on reading and thinking, one's sense of a freshness and newness in things remains. I send you a note I have just had from Lytton Bulwer, as I am not sure whether Fan has the autograph. If she has, she had better send it back to me, as I have some few friends—children—who are collectors. I am now plagued with my Latin speech for Wednesday. Not a word written yet, and I do not even know what to write about—what have been the University events of the year, and who are to have degrees. But I shall make it very short, and not a syllable will be heard in the uproar of that absurd scene.¹ I shall go up on Tuesday evening, and sleep at Tom's; thus I can avoid all dinner-partying, and go by the last train from London. On Wednesday after luncheon I shall return here again. I shall offer Julia my semi-circle ticket, though Lady Mayne has asked for it,

¹ The Encænia at Oxford.

because I think Julia has the first claim. It is very hot, and seems blowing up for a storm. Is the Rotha very low? I find myself with a great desire for the rivers of mountain countries. I saw Dr. Davy after my lecture, and was glad he had been pleased. The old Head¹ of Jesus said audibly after a pause when I finished, "The Angel ended. . . ." I have done all, and more than all, I hoped to do by these lectures, whether a Professorship of Celtic is immediately founded or not. To-night the little girls, who are in glorious health, dine with us and drink champagne. This day week I hope we shall have the Forsters and Walter with us. Kiss Fan for me, and my love to Aunt Jane, whom I should much like to set eyes on once again. This is a shabby note, but it is to save my honour. I will write again about Thursday.—Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

WEST HUMBLE, *June 30, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Your long double letter and anecdotes deserved a speedier answer. Everything about Wordsworth and Coleridge is interesting. Papa's letter was curious. Certainly if one of our boys now wrote such a letter we should call it prim, if not priggish. Much is due, no doubt, to the greater formality of sixty years ago, but I imagine that it really was not till after he had grown up that papa got that freedom of nature and humour which we all associate with him, and which were

¹ Dr. Williams, Principal of Jesus College.

so charming. In return for your anecdotes I must tell you one about Lucy. She was on the lawn with Flu and Mrs. Slade when the cat jumped out of the bushes with a bird in her mouth. Mrs. Slade called out, "Oh, that horrid cat has got a bird"; but, as she herself says, for a thousand birds she should not have ventured to interfere. Lucy sprang on the cat, seized it by the throat, made it drop the bird, pushed it away, and stroked and smoothed the bird for a minute or two till it flew off quite happy. The charming thing is, she had not a notion of doing anything remarkable, and is troubled about having given the cat a violent push from her, and says, "I couldn't help giving the cat a slap, but I hope I didn't hurt it, because you know, mamma, it was its nature to kill birds."

Dicky came home yesterday, looking splendidly well. To-day he goes with me to Wotton, to fish and bathe in the bathing-house. We had a beautiful drive yesterday between slopes red with the wild strawberry; and the wild flowers are so abundant and so curious, this confluence of the chalk and the greensand being extraordinarily favourable for them, that I often wish for Fan to see them with me. We have got Miss Pratt's book,¹ and verify unceasingly; but a third volume is much wanted, as so many flowers are absent from the two published; for instance, there is not a single saxifrage in them.

William turned up yesterday for an hour, on his way to Dover to get lodgings. I am very glad for

¹ *Wild-flowers*, by Anne Pratt. Published by the S. P. C. K.

his sake they are out. I think he had held his Under-Secretaryship as long as was desirable, and is now much better free. For the out-going Government¹ I have no attachment whatever, and at this moment, when foreign affairs are so all-important, I am glad that the Ministry which is directly answerable for the ignoble figure we at present cut in the eyes of the Continent should not represent us. The Tories may, and probably ought to, do nothing; but, at any rate, it is their good fortune not, like Lord —, to have made us look ridiculous and vain-boastful; and they do not, like a Liberal Government, lean on that class whose vulgarity makes it hard for a Minister, who wants to please them, not to make England look ridiculous, vain-boastful, and ignoble. Neither Liberal Governments nor Conservative Governments will do for the nation what it most wants; but perhaps a Liberal Government flatters and foments most its worst faults. Now I have said enough to drive Miss Martineau stark mad. Dicky has just come in *in trousers*. It breaks one's heart to think of his changing the dress that one knows him so by. Budge does not come for a fortnight. My Report plagues me dreadfully. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

¹ Lord Russell's Government, having been defeated on Lord Dunkellin's amendment to the Reform Bill, resigned office, and were succeeded by the Conservatives under Lord Derby, June 26, 1866.

*To the Same.*THE ATHENÆUM, *July 27, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have just inspected my last school. Budge goes back to Dr. Vincent's on this day month, the 27th of August, and my present notion is by this day month to have got my Report off my hands, to deposit Budge at Dr. Vincent's, and to go on either into Scotland or to Wales for ten days or so to get some change and rest, then to return home and bring Flu to Fox How. But all this is of necessity somewhat uncertain, only I shall at least work the better for having it as my plan before me. I am doing better with my Report, but I cannot yet say that I am getting on as I should like with it. But I hope this next week will bring a great change. While other people read the cholera returns, I hope to fix my mind entirely on this Report, and to work at least three hours every morning and three hours every afternoon at it.

We have had a disturbed time, and both last night and Tuesday I was under the gallery of the House of Commons to hear what was said about the rioting.¹ On the Monday night we were on our balcony, and saw the crowd break into our square, throw a few stones at Sir R. Mayne's windows opposite us, and then be dispersed by the police. The whole thing has been an exhibition of mismanagement, imprudence, and weakness almost incredible; but things being as they are in this

¹ Consequent on the loss of the Reform Bill.

country, perhaps the turn the matter has taken is not to be regretted. Even W——'s absurd behaviour and talking and shilly-shallying and crying have been of use in bringing about a state of good feeling in which the disturbance may gradually die away without either side getting a victory. Not that I do not think it, in itself, a bad thing that the principle of authority should be so weak here; but whereas in France, since the Revolution, a man feels that the power which represses him is the *State*, is *himself*, here a man feels that the power which represses him is the Tories, the upper class, the aristocracy, and so on; and with this feeling he can, of course, never without loss of self-respect accept a formal beating, and so the thing goes on smouldering. If ever there comes a more equal state of society in England, the power of the State for repression will be a thousand times stronger.

My letter on Geist¹ has been a great success, and I hear of it wherever I go. I understand what you feel about my graver and gayer manner, but there is a necessity in these things, and one cannot always work precisely as one would. To be able to work anyhow for what one wishes — always supposing one has real faith that what one wishes is good and needful — is a blessing to be thankfully accepted.

¹ In the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 21, 1866.

*To Mrs. Grant Duff.*THE ATHENÆUM, *September 17, 1866.*

MY DEAR MRS. GRANT DUFF — My visit certainly was delightful, and I shall long feel the better for it. Imagine the *Morning Star* copying the paragraph from the Banffshire paper! But it is unlucky so much stress was laid upon its being my “first salmon capture,” as all my friends maliciously ask me if I have caught any more.

A dreadful, canny, Scottish youth at the station endeavoured to defraud me by promising to give me change presently, taking my money, and handing me my ticket; and then, just as the train was coming in, and I asked for my change, telling me that he had none, and was not bound to give it. “Then give me back my sovereign,” said I, “and here’s your ticket.”

“Na, na,” said the ingenuous youth, “*ye’ve bought that ticket!*” A carpenter at work there kindly got me out of my difficulty by producing the change and promising to get it out of the young usurer; but beg your husband, the next time he passes that way, to exhort the youth, with menaces of pit and gallows, against such tricks upon travellers.

I slept at Perth, and found the inn at the station better than the other. The next morning was beautiful at Perth, but it changed as we got southward, and we passed the Lake country in rain worthy that district’s reputation. Our train was an hour late in London, but I found Mrs. Arnold and the boys still up and waiting for me. If the

doctor will let us, we start to-morrow week for the lakes, but we shall be back here before the end of October, and mind that we have notice when you are coming through in your descent upon Italy.

My very kind regards to your husband; I did not half enough tell either of you how I enjoyed myself during my week at Eden.—Yours ever sincerely,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *September 17, 1866.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I virtuously made up my mind that nothing should induce me to stay more than ten days away from my Report; and as these ten days were all wanted for the visit I had promised to pay, four of them being taken up by travelling, and as I wished to be kept out of temptation, I thought it best to know nothing of your whereabouts till my return, and therefore I did not write to you. Now I am come back, having as perhaps you have seen from the "Public Journals" caught *a* salmon. They did not add that I caught no more, the weather being detestable and the rivers ink-black, and that I missed all the birds and fourfooted things at which I fired. I was entirely on the plain (in all senses) side of Scotland, but from Stirling and Perth I looked with longing eyes at the Highland hills. I wonder whereabouts among them you have been; pray write and tell me. I feel sure you never got to Skye, and indeed should not be surprised to hear that with your vast party and uncertain plans you

had never got beyond Edinburgh, or perhaps even Scarborough. I have come back to this deserted but still agreeable city for a week's work; and we shall then go to Westmorland till about the end of October, taking your friends Lucy and Nelly with us. You have of course seen with pleasure the inhuman attacks of which I have been made the victim in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*. I shall perhaps do penance in a little preface when I publish my Celtic articles in a book. My kindest regards to your daughters, and remember me to Sir Anthony. — Yours ever most sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, October 13, 1866.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — I read through your speech in the *Times* last night with the greatest possible pleasure and concurrence; it seems to me the best "deliverance" you have yet made (as your Presbyterian friends would say), but perhaps it is only that it is so especially well timed. You have not yet had your deserts in public life, but as things are now going you are in a fair way to have them. All you say about Lowe is good, but the *Times* wrests it to a special praise of his education policy, which I assure you does not deserve praise, and was actuated, I believe, mainly by an unintelligent contempt and bore at the educationists; boring and contemptible in many ways they are, I admit, but I call it unintelligent in a statesman to condemn them and be bored by them when he ought, like

Shuttleworth, to turn them to account. This is a long story, however, and I do not see in your speech any special commendation of Lowe's education measures to justify what the *Times* says. I am sorry you did not put in a word about Bruce;¹ business without clap-trap ought to be encouraged. But I think the speech excellent, and will not go on regretting and excepting any more.

We have the sort of weather you told me we ought to have had at Eden. The fishing here is absolutely nothing, but I daresay you need a fortnight's drought to take the ink out of the Deveron. What a beautiful river that is! I am sorry you should have had any trouble, but glad that dour and tenacious young Scotchman at your station should have been blown up. I had a very good letter from Buchanan, tell Mrs. Grant Duff with my very kind regards, written in answer to the one I sent him from Eden, inspired by her reading of his poetry, I wish I heard it (her reading, not his poetry) every evening. Mind I hear of your coming to town. I have just read two quartos on Italian universities and schools; severe work, but improving.

We go back to London this day week.—Yours
ever most sincerely,
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, *October 15, 1866.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I am afraid it is out of the question my going to Aston Clinton or anywhere else so long as my Report remains, as it

¹ See p. 277.

still does, unfinished. I have been waiting to see if Italy, with which I am now busy, would compress herself so as to leave me a little room for a holiday at the end of this month, but she entirely refuses. I have had to read two quartos about Italian schools and universities, and the style of modern Italian is so diffuse and tedious, has so entirely lost the good habits of Latin and French, that I would almost as soon have had to read two quartos of German. Germany comes next, but most of what I have to read for Germany is already read; however, till the end of the year I shall be hampered and worried, and unable to pay a single visit, or even to go to Oxford to give my lecture.

I have just told Nelly I was writing to you, upon which she cried out, "give my darling love — *to the little dog!*" She and Lucy will have had a delightful month here; we have had only one day of regular rain, and more than a fortnight without any rain at all. The ferns are red, and the woods all colours, and this country looking its *very* best, as in October it generally does. But I have been unable either to fish, shoot, or take mountain walks, because of this abominable Report, and have been reduced to enjoying the country from the windows, or in short and rapid *constitutionals*. On Saturday we return to London, and there we shall be till May. You must let me know some day when you come up, and unless my inspection duties are very adverse, I will appear at luncheon. We passed your hills in a gleam that made them look really beautiful, and depend upon it Aston Clinton in November, or even

October, is a great deal better than Bræmar. So my kindest regards to your daughters, and tell them not to be discontented. Pray remember me, too, very kindly to Sir Anthony, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, very sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
November 3, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I came home last night after three days in Suffolk, a county with a physiognomy of its own, and which I like. I have had a troublesome cold, but it is now, I hope, passing away. Lake¹ has turned up, looking very gray, but I always see him with pleasure for the sake of old times. I am sorry to say he gives a very bad account of the poor Bishop of London's² health still. I am told what is said of papa in the notice of Cotton³ in today's *Times* is very good, but I have not yet had time to read it. I have scrambled through the second volume of the Archbishop's⁴ Life, and while the old impression of the sifting and clearing power (up to a certain point) of his mind and conversation has been wonderfully revived, I have found, too, something touching and spiritual which very much moves and interests me, and which gives me a sense of depth and rest in the man which his writings never give, and personal intercourse with him seldom, I think, gave. I have just seen John Duke

¹ Afterwards Dean of Durham.

² Dr. Tait.

³ Bishop of Calcutta.

⁴ Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

Coleridge, who speaks of Whately very severely, and in so speaking speaks as many others, but I think this book will do his reputation good. We had a small dinner-party the other night of pleasant and clever people individually; Twistleton, Froude, and Odo Russell, but they did not exactly amalgamate, and it was not so pleasant as it ought to have been. The Manual¹ of Bishop Wilson, which I took away from Fox How, is my constant companion. I very much like the autograph in the first page, but the book itself, which I have now nearly got through reading, re-reading, and re-rereading, is delightful to me and just the sort of book I like. So its peaceful slumbers in the study have not been disturbed for nothing. And now I must go to work, and, I hope, finish Italy. My work spreads and spreads before me, and when I shall be fairly through it I don't know. Love to all at Fox How. A kiss to Fan, who should write more frequently. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM, November 9, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — As to “note,” it is used in the sense of the Latin word *nota* to mean a *mark*. It has long been used in theology, and from thence I took it.²

We had a very pleasant dinner-party last night which grew up out of small beginnings. First, I

¹ “Maxims of Piety and Christianity,” by Thomas Wilson, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man.

² See “The Literary Influence of Academies” in *Essays in Criticism*.

had asked Lake to dine quite alone with us, then a M. Milsand, a Frenchman and a remarkable writer, who had been very civil to me when I was in Paris last year, called unexpectedly, and I added him to Lake; then I found Milsand was staying with Browning, and I added Browning; then Lord Houghton went with me and William Forster to Spurgeon's lecture, and, having asked William of course to dine if he stayed in London, I found that Lord Houghton was a friend of Milsand's, and so I asked him too; then Flu suggested that we ought to ask the Custs, which was very true, so we asked them; and they all came. This is how one's resolutions of having no more dinner-parties get set aside. Welsh¹ really excelled herself, which, as seven of the party were men, and men as Fanny Lucy civilly says "are such pigs about their dinner," was just as well; everybody made themselves pleasant, and it did extremely well. Milsand speaks beautiful English, and William found out that he had once reviewed some essay of Milsand's about the Quakers. Spurgeon's lecture was well worth hearing, though, from William's getting us places of honour on the bench close behind Spurgeon, we did not see or hear him to such advantage as the less favoured public in the body of the hall. It was a study in the way of speaking and management of the voice; though his voice is not beautiful as some people call it, nor is his pronunciation quite pure. Still, it is a most striking performance, and reminded me very much of Bright's. Occasionally there were bits in which he showed unction and real feeling;

¹ The cook.

sometimes he was the mere dissenting Philistine ; but he kept up one's interest and attention for more than an hour and a half, and that is the great thing. I am very glad I have heard him.

I slept at Copford the night before last, but now I have done my country schools, and have nothing to take me out of London till next April. I wrote in the train going down to Suffolk and posted from Melford, the place where I inspected, a letter to the *Pull Mall Gazette* about Prussian tenant-right, based on what I got out of George Bunsen last Sunday in addition to what I had picked up at Berlin. I see the *Morning Star* has reprinted the letter, and you would be amused to see "Mr. Matthew Arnold on the *Times*" placarded on the *Morning Star* placards about London. The letter has been successful, and Browning and John Duke Coleridge have both been telling me that it is impossible to over-rate the effect these letters produce and the change they promise to work. The fact is, it is the one way in which in this country many things that have to be said *can* be said so as to reach those who read them. I like to think that the *Star*, in order to get the benefit of the irony on landlordism, has to digest the irony on "dissentism." I daresay some of the papers tomorrow will have something about it; at any rate I think I have made the knowledge of Stein's land reforms *popular*, which was no easy feat, any one would have said before yesterday.

Italy is done at last, and now for Germany and Switzerland. I shall have a pretty clear month to work at them in. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

Why the same
inf. something

*To the Same.*ATHENÆUM, *December 27, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Many thanks for your present; I shall buy with it a letter-weighter, which we have long wanted. Many thanks, too, to all at Fox How for their letters and good wishes.

Forty-four is indeed an age at which one may say "The time past of our life may suffice us" to have trifled and idled, or worse, in. I more and more become conscious of having something to do, and of a resolution to do it; and if, as John Duke Coleridge wished for me the day before yesterday, I double my present age, I shall, I hope, do something of it, but whether one lives long or not, to be less and less *personal* in one's desires and workings is the great matter, and this too I feel, I am glad to say, more deeply than I did, but for progress in the direction of the "seeketh not her own" there is always room, up to the very end, or, at least, near it.

Lucy had the most delightful birthday yesterday. Christmas Day is a birthday which is easy to remember, and she gets more presents therefore than any of the others. Sir Francis Sandford arrived yesterday afternoon with a doll's dressing-case for her, which put the crown to her pleasures. Lady de Rothschild sent her a bird-cage and a hod, such as Swiss porters carry, — both the cage and the hod fresh from Paris, — with bonbons. Flu and I and the three boys dined at Lady Wightman's, and Lucy and Nelly came to dessert and then stayed till ten o'clock, when they concluded with punch! I have a

horrid neuralgic toothache which comes on between nine and ten of an evening, so I abstained from punch, but I must say none of those who took it are any the worse for it to-day. The card for Mrs. Baldock's party has come — "Messrs. and the Miss Arnolds. Miss Baldock at Home. *Bal costumé.*" You may imagine the excitement into which this throws the family. The ball is on the 14th of January, so there is plenty of time to decide between this and then what the costumes shall be. Little Tom is going as Blondel, but further than that nothing is settled. Nelly is not going because she cannot yet dance, but happily she does not the least wish to go, and is delighted at the thought of staying at home with me and making tea for me out of her little tea-set. Tell Florence and Francie we had dessert out of their little dessert-set on my birthday, and thank dear little Francie for her letter to me, and tell her if she has a photograph book I will give her one of the vignettes of me to put into it. —
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

January 11, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — A happy new year to you and all at Fox How, though I am late in writing it. Your note this morning gives me a pang, when it congratulates me on having done my Report, for I have not yet done the general summing up, which is a very troublesome business, and then I have to correct the press of Germany and Switzerland, and to put in a number of things I have left out, and then

to draw up the tables and statistics for the whole, so I am not out of the wood yet. However, on Tuesday, or at latest on Wednesday, I hope the drawing up will be finished, and the rest, the *cadre* or framework being complete, will be merely child's play. It is odd how much easier I find it to write a thing for insertion in a particular place when what is before and behind it stands finished, than to write it when I come to it in its regular course. The afternoons and evenings I have to give to looking over examination papers, so I have fully employed days. My examination papers end on this day week, and at the beginning of the week following I begin inspecting again. At present I write a letter or two before breakfast, breakfast soon after nine, get here about half-past ten, write till half-past one, home for lunch, and go to skate for an hour; back here between three and four, work till seven, home to dinner, get to work again about half-past nine, and so on till twelve. Into this I manage to squeeze a little reading every day, but only a very little. I have a horrid neuralgic toothache which afflicts me of an evening, and to-day the cold wind upon the ice has brought it on earlier; it is a great nuisance, and I really have not time to go to the dentist about it. It departs generally after an hour or two, but sometimes not till I go to bed. However it always goes off with the warmth and rest of bed.

What weather! I wish Edward had gone over to Coniston, for shooting those woods would have been glorious in this weather. I have been on the Serpentine to-day, where the ice is excellent, and

Dick and Budge have both had skates on, and got on very well. The state of London and its helplessness this last day or two have been extraordinary. On Wednesday evening, the first day of it, I was engaged to dine without Flu at the Prices', to play whist. When my cab came to the door at seven to take me the man said his fare would be 6s., the right fare being 1s. Upon this I said I would walk, and walk I did, the frost being so hard that the snow was frozen and I got neither wet nor dirty, only was a little late for dinner. I won two guineas, tell Edward, and walked home again between one and two in the morning. The night after we dined with Lady Slade, close by in Belgrave Square, and the boys went to the theatre, so we know what the streets were like on these evenings. Yesterday evening my thermometer was seventeen, and this morning twenty, not so low as you have had it, but wonderfully low for London, and my jug in my dressing-room, which is exposed and the coldest room of the house, was full of ice, and the sponge frozen to the marble of the washhandstand. Nelly looks and is very well and jolly in this weather; you should have heard her repeat "Tom the Monkey," and "A Wasp met a Bee" for Budge's benefit this morning, and seen the admiration of her brothers and sister. Flu and Lucy are most pinched by the cold. I have had a kind note from Temple asking Flu and me to bring Budge, and we shall go to the School House from the 24th to the 26th to see his start.¹ He will be

¹ At Rugby.

very happy I feel sure. He does lessons for two hours every day, and has a good notion of working, though a very small one of Latin verses. There have been several mentions of me lately which I would tell you of if I had time, but I have not. Shall we see Tom in London? We can give him anything but a bed. Love to all your survivors.
— Your ever most affectionate M. A.

My love and a happy new year to Rowland.

To the Same.

January 12, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—This must be a very hasty letter indeed, for I write it between two batches of papers. It was a dear kind letter you wrote me, and you know how I enjoy Fox How, and your company, and Tom's; but my coming is out of the question. I take two days for Rugby, but then I begin inspecting again. Writing to K. yesterday I told her I had hopes of being quit of my neuralgia; however, the beast returned last night. I had a bad evening; it is when I am looking over papers by candlelight that it specially comes on; but when I went to bed I took some quinine, which I had often been told to take, but I hate taking anything which may affect the digestion; however, I took it, and it stopped the pain in a few minutes and I had a good night. The day before yesterday I finished my Report, to my great satisfaction. I have many things to do to it still, but the framework of the whole now stands finished. I hope and

think it will be useful; it has cost me much time and trouble, and even money,—all these are well spent if the good cause is any gainer by them. I do not consider that my last report on foreign schools effected anything; the time, however, was not come for it; there are signs that this new report will be born at a better moment. The baby¹ is better, and Tom all right again, but he will not go with Budge and Dick to some charades and dancing at Lady Collier's to-night, because he reserves himself for the *bal costumé* on Monday. The dresses of Dick and Lucy are being made at home — Lucy's a Watteau style, and Dick's after the model of Vandyke's young Charles II. The duck he will look in his blue satin and point lace you may imagine. Budge will be in powder as a fashionable highwayman of the last century, and his mamma, who has seen him in his dress, says he looks admirable in it. Dear little Tom *will* be a *Matador*, and he looks well in the dress, but one cannot help smiling at the idea of his fighting a bull or even a frog. Nelly contemplates with deep satisfaction her prospect of remaining at home and dining with me. The boys have been delightful all the holidays, and I think these parties are good for them, giving the relief to their spirits and limbs which country occupations give to those of country boys. My papers will be finished to-morrow, and then I shall hope to get quit of my neuralgia. My love to Tom.— Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ His youngest child, Basil Francis, born August 19, 1866.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 10, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have just been looking through a revise of the second and last part of my Report, and in the course of next week I hope to get the appendix and tables done, and then I shall be a free man. My last lecture for Oxford is forming itself in my mind, but I shall not write a word of it till my Report is fairly done with. I have also in my head a letter to the *Pall Mall* on Compulsory Education, in which through the mouth of "*Arminius*," I shall manage to say a number of things I want to say; but this also must wait till the Report is done. I am capitally forward with my school work, and though it comes daily at this time of year, yet it is in itself a healthy change, and my assistant lightens it to me very much. I am very much struck with the alarmed Conservative feeling I see growing up among the middle class tradesmen and employers of labour, of whom among my school managers there are so many. Their disgust at Bright and the working class is as deep as that of the aristocratic world, and I cannot help thinking this disgust will tell on the next borough elections. However, I do not think there will be a general election just yet. I neither think that the Government will be certainly turned out, nor that, if it be turned out, it will dissolve Parliament.

We had a pleasant dinner at Lord Robert Montagu's the other night, and I found myself next

Kinglake, whose Crimean book I had criticised,¹ as you know. However, we shook hands, and got very amiably along together. Fanny Lucy was by young George Trevelyan,² who told her, what he also told me, that he was reading my French Report of seven years ago with the greatest attention, and could repeat passages of it by heart. So perhaps that Report will not in the end be so useless as at one time it seemed likely to be. My Celtic lectures are all in type, and only waiting for some etymological criticisms Lord Strangford has promised to send me, and for a page or two of preface I want to write; they will make a very handsome book indeed. Smith and Elder are bringing it out themselves, so I have no risk; unhappily, there cannot well be much gain, since, as George Smith³ well said to me, it is hardly the sort of book a British parent buys at a railway bookstall for his Jemima. But I daresay it will pay its expenses.

You will have been interested by the project of putting Browning up for the Chair of Poetry; but I think Convocation will object to granting the degree just before the election, for the express purpose of eluding the statute. If Browning is enabled to stand, I shall certainly vote for him; but I think Doyle will get in. My love to Rowland, and a heap to Tom. If you have had such a day as we have, how beautiful must it have been.

— Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ In "The Literary Influence of Academies."

² Afterwards the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, M.P.

³ His publisher.

*To the Same.*THE ATHENÆUM (*February 1867*).

x Mr. Crabb Robinson.¹ Not a fortnight ago I found him in this very room where I am now writing, and spoke to him. He asked me which of all my books I should myself name as the one that had got me "my great reputation," as he wanted to buy it. I said I had not "a great reputation," upon which he answered: "Then it is some other Matthew Arnold who writes the books." But the odd thing is this— I told him I would send him my Essays, upon which he replied: "No, no, I'll buy them; don't throw them away upon an old fellow like me; *I shall be dead in a fortnight.*" And so he was. He talked for about a quarter of an hour that evening, and very well; repeating several of Goethe's epigrams, and saying some interesting things about them. He was one of those who most called up the thought of old days, and passed away people, even to me; and how much more must he have done this to others, who knew him thirty years before I did.

I have received a printed notice of Sir John Richardson,² which I imagine is by Dr. Davy. Will you remember to thank him for it from me, if it is so. I shall take it with me in my hansom as I go to my school at Notting Hill to-morrow, that I may be sure of reading it.

x ¹ Henry Crabb Robinson, F.S.A. (1775-1867). The last entry in his diary, January 31, 1867, relates to Matthew Arnold's Essay on "The Function of Criticism."

² Arctic voyager, and neighbour at Fox How.

It is Nelly's birthday to-morrow, and you may imagine how full the darling child is of it. The baby is getting on nicely, and has a tooth through. Little Tom has not been quite the thing this last week. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,
March 2, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — The east wind blows, and the fires and arm-chairs of the Athenæum are very comfortable. I have had no cold as yet since October, and the one I had then was not a bad one, and as long as I am in active work and my spirits are good, I do not much expect to catch one. It is when one is depressed that all these things lay hold of one easiest. But I have been rather idle this last week, and so I ought not to be in good spirits; or rather, I have done a good many things, but not what was immediately necessary to be done — the appendix to my Report. This I *must* get through in the week now beginning, but it is difficult now that I have a school every day. The appendix is work I must do at home, because it has to be compiled out of a number of documents that I cannot bring here, and to come in at three in the afternoon at home and work for three or four hours I find the hardest thing in the world, though I can do it here. But work at home I can only manage properly either before breakfast or between breakfast and luncheon. However, manage this appendix I must.

We have a dinner-party to-night — the Forsters, the Mallets, the Lingens, Sandars, and Charles Alderson. It ought to be pleasant, but the parties that ought to be pleasant are not always what they ought to be. I was in the House of Commons on Thursday to hear the new Education Minute moved. Mr. Corry is a bad speaker, and the Minute, though it is meant to give relief to sufferers under the Revised Code, is a stupendous specimen of the intricate, overlaboured, and puzzling regulations of our office. Bruce did not make so good a speech as I expected, from what he had said to me, he would make; and a few sentences from Lowe were the best part of the performance, though with what he said I, of course, entirely disagreed.

I am in hopes that Lord Derby and Disraeli will take heart of grace, bring in a good measure of Reform, and let Cranborne¹ and others leave them if they like. They will be supported by more than half their own side, and the whole of the other, except perhaps Bright and some twenty bigots, and they may thus settle the question as Peel and the Duke of Wellington settled the Emancipation question. Probably they would be turned out afterwards, as Peel and the Duke were, but Lord Derby would not care for that, and I should think Disraeli had heard enough to see that the sacrifice would, in his case, be well worth-making. Quite a passionate desire to get the question done with is springing up, and is gaining all the better Conservatives themselves.

¹ Secretary of State for India; afterwards Lord Salisbury.

Last night I was at an evening party at Lady Belper's. The night before we dined with the Bagehots, and went afterwards to the Ladies in Grosvenor Crescent, as Miss Stanley and her friend¹ call themselves. It is always pleasant there. At the Bagehots I sat by Lady Lubbock, the wife of Sir John Lubbock, the banker and *savant*. She is very pleasant, a great friend of Huxley and Tyndall, and a great reader of my poems. On Wednesday we dined with Lady Wightman, and went afterwards to Mrs. Procter's, where I was introduced to some American and German admirers. But I do not think any admirer will hurt me. Love to Fan.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, S.W., April 8, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—First I will tell you the news, in the hope that I shall reach you before the newspaper. Gladstone has withdrawn the important and hostile part of his Instruction,² and leaves only the part empowering the Committee to amend the law of rating, which the Government have all along declared themselves willing to accept. So all looks favourable for the Bill once more. I was from the first disgusted with the Instruction, as having the appearance, at least, of a regular

¹ Miss Mary Stanley, sister of the Dean of Westminster, and Miss Margaret Elliot, daughter of the Dean of Bristol.

² On going into Committee on the Reform Bill of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli.

party move, and tending to throw the whole question into chaos again. The malcontents among the Liberal party had grown so numerous by yesterday that Brand¹ was alarmed, and this afternoon they held a meeting attended by forty-five, one of whom told me this, at which it was agreed to move an amendment to Coleridge's Instruction,² and to inform Gladstone of this intention, and the relinquishment of the poisoned part of his Instruction is the consequence. I told William yesterday what I thought of the Instruction, and found him, too, uneasy about it, and his uneasiness kept increasing till, finally, in the evening he departed to see Brand, and confide his doubts to him. The truth is the £5 rating has the look of a regular old Liberal stage hack, and is as hopelessly uninteresting as their other stage hacks; while from the democratic cast of Dizzy's mind his Bill has an aspect which is new and interesting, and such as to give some promise. This, at least, is my opinion. I can understand the mortification of the Liberals at seeing Reform taken out of their hands, but I do not pity them, as not twenty on their side were sincere about it. William was certainly one of these twenty. About — I do not sympathise with you in the least. Respect is the very last feeling he excites in me; he has too little solidity and composure of character or mind for that. He

¹ The Liberal Whip, afterwards Mr. Speaker Brand, and eventually Lord Hampden.

² The Instruction was to have been moved, at Mr. Gladstone's instance, by Mr. J. D. (afterwards Lord) Coleridge.

is brilliantly clever, of course, and he is honest enough, but he is passionate and in no way great, as I think. Tell dear old Edward I went under the gallery to hear the new Minute debated. Lowe's speech fell perfectly flat. Corry's was much better. What pleased me most was to see the House asserting the misdeeds of the Revised Code, and trying to make some amends, in spite of the efforts of the author of the Revised Code to prevent their touching his piece of perfection. Lord Granville was just in front of me, but did not stay long. I saw and talked to a great many Members, among others our new Vice-President, Lord Robert Montagu, and I exhorted him to turn over the same new leaf in education that his colleagues have turned over in other departments of administration. My appendix has gone in, and now I have only to correct the proofs of it. I feel rather stupid after my long labours on this Report, but I daresay I shall gradually get clear and fresh again. We go to Brighton for three weeks, from the 1st of May, and then for eight weeks from the 22nd we go to West Humble. I shall be wandering about the Eastern Counties most of the time Flu is at Brighton. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

I am afraid war between France and Germany looks almost certain.

To the Same.

COLCHESTER, April 15, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It seldom happens to me now to be in an English inn at nine or ten in the

evening, but such is my fate to-night. They are turning the house upside down at Copford for a grand cleaning operation, so instead of going there for the night, as I generally do when I inspect in North Essex, I have come here, to the Cups, one of the best inns in England, made good by the officers of the camp, as the Bell at Leicester is made good by the hunting men. I left London by the ten o'clock train from Shoreditch this morning, got to Wickham Market, about 15 miles north of Ipswich, a little before one; could get no conveyance, so made a farming man take me in his tax cart to Orford, where he and I were both going. Orford is one of the oldest boroughs in England, and has a fine castle. The road to it from Wickham Market lies over some of the walks that make much of Suffolk so primitive — great stretches of light, open land, covered with furze and swarming with game. For four miles that we drove over a great stretch of this kind, called Tunstall Walks, with the furze coming into flower all over it, the pairing partridges, and the hares, and the peewits, were interminable. Then we came to the Sudbourn Hall estate, a property of Lord Hertford's, who lives in Paris, and never comes near it; then we had pheasants out feeding wherever we looked. In every bit of plantation the ground was covered with primroses, but the year is one of the most backward I can remember. I got back to Wickham Market soon after five, and here about seven. I have dined in a coffee-room too small for its frequenters, and filled with a bevy of attorneys, who are meeting here for some pedigree

case; then I took a short stroll, and after I have written this I shall go to bed. To-morrow I go to Haverhill, a place on the borders of Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire, returning here to sleep. On Wednesday I inspect at Maldon, and get to London in time to dine out. Next week I am out also for two nights, but then I shall be staying at a charming place near Ipswich, with Mr. Cobbold, the Member. You will have heard that Flu was in the House on Friday night, and after returning at three on Saturday morning, got up soon after six to go and see the boat race in pouring rain. However, neither she nor Tom nor Dick were the worse. Flu and I dined at the Rothschilds, and met Bernal Osborne, who was as savage as a bear, being in a great scrape about his proceedings the other night.¹ I need not tell you I am delighted Gladstone was beat, and hope his party is deprived of the power to do mischief for some time to come. Yesterday Dick, Lucy, and Nelly went alone to dine with Lady de Rothschild at her luncheon. I dined with Tom and Walter at the Reform Club; a very good dinner Walter gave us, and the meeting was very pleasant. I have a heap of things to do, of one kind or another, but I manage to do them pretty well, for I now get up soon after six every morning. My last lecture will be next Saturday fortnight. Not a word of it is yet written. My love to Fan and Edward. Is he not coming up about Whitsun time? — Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

¹ On Mr. Coleridge's Instruction.

To the Same.

STOWMARKET BRITISH SCHOOL,

April 25, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— I am running about so much this week that I must write when I have a chance, and a chance is given me by half an hour intervening between the end of my inspection and the departure of my train. This is a small East Anglian town of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants, so unlike the places of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants in the north of England, which are raw, overgrown villages. This is a very ancient place, every inch a *town*, beautifully clean, with a large market-place, good shops, and a fine church, and the houses and gardens of several well-to-do people half coming into town. Ipswich itself is a true city, full of curious old houses, full of gardens and churches, and covering an immense extent of ground. I am staying at Holy Wells, about a mile out of it, with the family of Mr. Cobbold, the Member. His place stands in a great amphitheatre, the edges of which are covered with Scotch firs, while its interior is full of ups and downs, plantations and green turf, apple-trees all in flower, and ornamental ponds with water birds on them. It is a beautiful place. I am sent there by a married daughter of Mr. Cobbold's, who is married to Major Jervis, the Member for Ipswich. Her father and mother are away at a wedding in Derbyshire, but I am received by an unmarried sister and two or three brothers and sisters-in-law, who welcome me very friendlyly. To come home to a beautiful place, human society, and a decent dinner

and bedroom is what I prefer now to taking my chance of the inn, unless I know the inn to be something wonderful, and I have so many acquaintances that it is very seldom I have not the chance of staying at a private house if I wish it. I began at the British School in Ipswich at ten this morning; at twelve took the train, and came fourteen miles to this place, leaving my assistant going on at Ipswich. Here I have done the school by myself, and by the 5.5 train shall return to Ipswich, in time for a walk round the grounds with Miss Cobbold before dressing for dinner. To-morrow I inspect again in Ipswich, but take the 12.30 train to London. We have a dinner-party to-morrow — our last. Lord and Lady Strangford, Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith) and his wife, Evelyn, Sir Alexander Gordon, Miss Richardson, and Georgina. How I wish you and Fan were going to be there, but I have renounced the hope of understanding your movements this year. Fan, at any rate, *must* come to us at Brighton, which I think she has never seen. You know I have applied for the Librarianship of the House of Commons. People are very kind about it, and you shall see some of the letters I have received. I do not myself think the Speaker will give it me, and I do not much care whether he does or not, for I do not thoroughly fancy the place; however, Flu would like it, and that is a great thing. Budge looks well, and seems very happy, but he brings a terrible character for idleness. I shall take him away if he brings another such at the end of next half. This part of England

is a paradise for cowslips, even the railway embankments are covered with them, and next week I shall be where oxlips grow in every wood. A kiss to the two girls. — Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

ATHENÆUM, April 29, 1867.

x DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Mr. Disraeli's note and promise are most kind, and I am extremely obliged to you for obtaining them. There is, on the whole, no member of the House by whom I would so soon be recommended as by Mr. Disraeli, for there is no member who interests me so much, in spite of all drawbacks, and there is no one to whom I should with so much pleasure owe his intercession as to you. I had quite resolved on a visit to you yesterday, when your note came and put the project to flight. To-day I have been near you at Hemel Hempstead, only to be obliged to hurry back to prepare for my grand leaving to-morrow. But how exquisitely beautiful the country is looking!

It almost reconciles one to the disagreeableness of asking for a post to have such kindness shown one in the course of one's application as I have met with. Besides, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley, Mr. Bruce, Chichester Fortescue, Ward Hunt, Hastings Russell, and a number of others have either written or spoken to the Speaker on my behalf, and Chichester Fortescue sent me a note from him in which he spoke of me very com-

plimentarily. But he said at the same time that he should not make the appointment till he returned to London, and I hear there is a horrid domestic intrigue going on among the House of Commons officials to get the Librarian's house for Sir T. Erskine May, and to let the Sub-Librarian have the Librarian's post with the house of the Sub-Librarian only. So I don't expect to succeed, but you shall hear as soon as anything is settled. Kindest regards at Aston Clinton. — Most sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, May 17, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have fallen behind in my letter-writing, but I have been travelling much, and have besides been very busy. This last week, besides travelling, daily inspecting, and keeping up my official correspondence, I have written the preface for my Celtic papers, and arranged as notes a quantity of remarks on etymological and ethnological points with which Lord Strangford furnished me for these Celtic papers. I have also corrected the proofs of my appendix, and put what notes were wanted; and I have written to Flu every day. The preface to the Celtic papers I am pleased with. It contains what is needed as an answer to the *Times* article on the Eisteddfod and on my letter to Mr. Hugh Owen last summer. Now I am putting together my poems for the new volume¹ Macmillan is going to publish, but this

¹ New Poems. 1867.

x will be a labour of love. And I have got to write my last lecture for Oxford. This too, as I know pretty well what I have to say, will not be disagreeable. I more and more have the satisfaction of seeing that what I do produces its effect, and this inspires me to try and keep myself at my best, in good temper and clear spirits, and in that variety of activity which is, in my opinion, necessary for producing a fruitful effect in a country like this.

x Last week I was at Yarmouth, Bungay, and Beccles, a very old English country. On the mounds of the ruined castle of Bungay I gathered the saxifrage which used to grow in the field on the way to papa's bathing-place at Rugby. I went down to Brighton on Friday night, and found dear Flu and the children flourishing. Brighton makes me bilious, and it is dusty and glaring, but it suits the children wonderfully, and there are moments in the day when the sea has a divine look. I make all my absences from *there*, and not from West Humble. To West Humble I look forward as something delicious, and only hope you and Fan will stay long enough in town to come and see us there. I came up yesterday morning, inspected a London school, went to the House of Commons, which ought to have been interesting, and was very dull, and then had a very pleasant dinner at the Forsters; back to the House for an hour, found it dull, and came to a ballot here, where I met, as one always does meet, a number of very pleasant people. To-day I am going down to Copford, and shall be inspecting from there and Saffron Walden

for the rest of this week, going down to Brighton with Walter on Saturday. I have not got the Librarianship, and am now relieved I did not. The house does not any longer go with it, and one man after another tells me it would not have suited me. The freedom of my present life is considerable, and that is a great thing. Tell Edward I would give something to be with him by some of his Devonshire waters now. And tell dear Mary that really and truly I will come to her this year. If I came to her in the autumn could she give me a day's shooting? Kiss her boys for me, and kiss Fan. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

WEST HUMBLE, June 4, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Last week I really did not know which way to turn, but I was very glad to have your letter though I could not answer it. I like to think of you at Fox How, and how delicious this perfect summer weather must be there, if you have got it. The change came on Sunday, and yesterday and to-day are absolutely perfect. Flu and I and dear little Lucy had a walk on Sunday evening through Norbury, and another yesterday evening through Denbies, which, both of them, made me wish for dear Fan. Not that we have anything to compensate for the absence of your divine streams and waters, but the beauty of this country is exquisite, if one can but keep the thought of water out of one's head. I send

Fan the first bee orchis I have found in bloom, and another rarity which is abundant here, an orchid called *Epipactis grandiflora*. I send also the real belladonna or deadly nightshade. This kind flowers with the large leaf. In parts of Norbury it is abundant. When the *Primula farinosa* and the butterwort are out I shall expect specimens in return. Only let Fan put them quite loosely into her letter, and not press them at all; the post will press them quite enough.

Dick and I had a pleasant day at Wotton on Saturday, but it was still rather cold. However, the fish are in splendid condition, and not only did I catch three or four fish of nearly a lb. weight, but Dicky caught one of that size too, to his great delight. This week is the hay-making, and the children are all in bliss. The boys have also archery at the next place to ours, which belongs to some rich people with whom we dine to-day, and who are very kind to the children. In fact, the children have altogether a happy time of it here. The boys' tutor, an Oxford man called Ross, comes to them for two hours every morning, and leaves them work for about an hour more, so their day is tolerably balanced. They are going to Oxford with us on Saturday, Tom and Julia having very kindly pressed us to bring them and put them up with them. I shall enjoy a Sunday at Oxford greatly. Flu will have told you how well I was received, and that the lecture went off satisfactorily. I tried to make this last lecture one in which I could keep to ground where I am in sympathy with Oxford,

having often enough startled them with heresies and novelties; and I succeeded. The boys will have a pleasant remembrance of the one lecture of mine at which they were present. I now nearly speak my lecture, though it is all written, but the attention of my audience animates me to speak rather than read what I have written. I have sent you through the office my Celtic book,¹ which Smith and Elder have got up very handsomely. I have been working very hard to bring up all my office arrears, and have succeeded, so now I have a pleasant feeling of freedom, but I daresay it will not last long. My love to Fan and Rowland. —
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, June 17, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — This week, at any rate, I am early in writing to you. I have both you and Fan to thank for letters. Tell Fan I will send her some of the belladonna flowers in a day or two, and three or four bee orchises along with them, that of these latter she may have a good glassful. I am sorry the epipactis got knocked about. I will send some more of it. The flowers are a great pleasure to me, and, of course, the more one knows, the more interest one gets in the subject. It is tiresome that the only time I can get to Fox How is a time when the flowers are least interesting. I would have given something to have been with Fan on

¹ *On the Study of Celtic Literature.* 1867.

Loughrigg the morning she mentions. I do not think the primula can possibly have been over last week.

I have just returned from Oxford, having to inspect a school in London to-day. I am going to dine and sleep at the Forsters', and Flu and her two boys will not return to West Humble from Oxford till quite late this evening. I shall join them to-morrow. We had a very successful visit to Oxford, though I sigh for the days when I had a little more liberty, and had not so many engagements made for me there. We arrived on Saturday about two, and after luncheon Tom and I took the boys to Port Meadow, and Dick had a canoe, which he manages very well, and had long wanted to try on the river at Oxford. Tom and I pulled little Tom in a boat for some time, but rain was threatening, so we deposited Tommy at Medley Lock, where he amused himself with examining the barges and boats, and strolled along the river while Dicky paddled himself. Then we came back, and Flu and I dressed for Balliol. It was an immense party, and we dined at the high table in hall. The Lingsens were there, and the Farrers, and Lady Airlie and her daughter, and Arthur Peel,¹ the Member for Warwick (the late Sir Robert's youngest son), and his wife (a Dugdale), and Browning, and others from London, besides Mrs. Liddell and a great number of Oxford people. I was sent in first with Lady Airlie, and was altogether made a great deal of, which I always am in Oxford. Lady

¹ Afterwards Mr. Speaker, and eventually Lord, Peel.

Airlie is very clever and very handsome. She is Lady Stanley of Alderley's eldest daughter. There was a great evening party afterwards, and Tom and his wife came. They put up the boys beautifully, and the pupils taking to them immediately, as young men generally do to boys, Tom and Dick were in great bliss. On Sunday morning I went to see the Toms, as he was going off to Burton-on-Trent. Then I corrected the proofs of my lecture, which will appear unchanged,—as a lecture and not as an essay—in the next *Cornhill*.¹ After luncheon to the Taylor Buildings, to see the pictures there which Dr. Acland and the Dean of Christchurch have been rearranging, and wanted me to see their rearrangement of; then to another great dinner at Merton—the same party as the night before, only Roundell the host and not Jowett. This time, to vary the assorting, Browning was sent in with Lady Airlie, and I with Mrs. Arthur Peel. After dinner an immense party in Merton Hall. I think Flu has liked it very much. I was pleased to hear from Lady Brodie what great satisfaction my last lecture had given; she said she could hardly express her pleasure at the turn I had given to this final lecture, after all my liberties with Oxford and old Oxford notions in former lectures. Dick excited immense admiration. He is going in a four-oar with the pupils to-day. Now I must go to my school. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ “Culture and its Enemies,” *Cornhill Magazine*, July 1867.

To the Same.

WEST HUMBLE,

Sunday Morning (June 1867).

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have been bothered and worried this week, and have let my letter to you slip. I have not had really much to do, either, but the daily backwards and forwards from this place takes a great deal of time and tires me more than I expected. I should be very sorry indeed to have it all the year round. Then my correspondence increases, and correspondence is of all ways of spending one's energy the least satisfactory, in my opinion. But I send you a letter which gives me great pleasure, and I wish you would send it to dear K. when you have read it. To have one's attempt at fusion and conciliation felt all through Wales is just what I could have wished, and what is so far more desirable than being thought by some hundred or two literary and well-to-do people to have written cleverly and interestingly. It was in my mind to go to Carmarthen and make an address on Progress through Puritanism and Progress through Culture, with reference to Welsh dissent, the Liberation Society's workings there, etc., in connexion with these Eisteddfods and their popularity. I think I could have done it successfully, but my desire is always for keeping quiet, and I took advantage of the possibility that my appearance at Carmarthen might be ascribed to popularity-hunting, and the attacks upon me do a harm to the Eisteddfod, to refuse to go. But I am very fond of Wales, and it is years since I was in South

Cathie

Wales. I should have gone to see the Bensons at Fairy Hill, and should have gone over to Carmarthen from there. I have several invitations and projects, but it is as to freedom of travelling and seeing the world that I am tempted to say to my youthful family, like the lady in the Scotch ballad —

“ O gin my sons were seven rats
Runnin’ o’er the castle wa’,
And I myself were a great gray cat,
Fu’ soon wad I worry them a’ ! ”

I have decided not to go to Scotland this year, though Tom and Flu are asked. But I am rather tempted to go to Sir James Shuttleworth’s shooting place in Lunedale for the beginning of the grouse shooting. It is in a country which I have never seen, and want to see; and there is fishing as well as shooting. Also I have a real interest in talking to Shuttleworth about education matters, and learn much from him. If I went I should but go on the 14th of August, and come on from there to Fox How. Flu is asked, but would not go. At all events rely on having, about the 20th or 21st, what you can conveniently accommodate of us. Susy has given a very kind invitation to the two little girls for a fortnight in September. I have just had a delightful vision of Nelly in her stays and petticoat. She and Lucy had a little squabble the other day, a most rare event, and after many tears were found shut in together reading the Psalms. “We chose the 28th day,” says Lucy, “because the Waters of Babylon is so beautiful.” I call that a

promising poetical taste. I was at Wotton yesterday and caught two trout of a quarter of a pound, three trout of three quarters of a pound, one of a pound and a half, and one of two pounds and a quarter. That is good fishing. Dick was with me, and very pleasant company. There are many attacks and answers about my lecture, but the great thing is to drag the dissenting middle-class into the great public arena of life and discussion, and not let it remain in its isolation. All its faults come from that isolation. I am touched by Miall's article in the *Nonconformist*, which is worth reading. However, to say what I said was right, and will be good for the Nonconformists themselves in the end. Love to Fan and Rowland. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

THE ATHENÆUM, *June 26, 1867.*

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — Why should it not be this next Sunday? Abridge your devotions, and a one o'clock train from Victoria will bring you to West Humble Station, which is our back door, soon after two. The bee orchis is in full bloom, and the deadly nightshade. A train back to London at a quarter to ten.

I need not say what real pleasure it would give us to see Mrs. Grant Duff, if she is well enough to make expeditions, and the backwards and forwards by railway does not frighten her. — Yours ever sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I say Sunday, because Miss Smith — Henry Smith's¹ sister, and delightful — will be with us then.

To his Brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold.

CAMBRIDGE, July 23, 1867.

MY DEAREST EDWARD — I write in the early morning before people are up, and with the pinnacles of King's College looking in at my window. I inspected a school in Suffolk yesterday, and having one in Norfolk to-day, I came here to sleep. I was two or three times here on the summer circuit with the poor judge, in just such fine summer weather as it is at present, and the town having just its present vacation look; so I am greatly reminded of him. I remember Erle who was the other judge, mounted me, and we rode to Ely together along one of those Cambridgeshire roads with wide strips of grass on each side. I get to Fakenham at two, leave it at 5.30, reach Wymondham at seven, dine there, and pass the time till 10.30 when the mail train passes; get into that and reach London at four in the morning, and my own house at five, go to bed, and get up at nine as if nothing had happened. When I was abroad I got the habit of travelling, as the foreigners do, at night at this season of the year to avoid bad inns and dust. I sleep very well, and find the plan saves me much time, bore, and discomfort. My last school is on the 31st, but I shall probably take six or seven days after that at the training schools in the Borough Road and at Stockwell.

¹ Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

Sir James Shuttleworth wants me to come to his moor by Pennygant, in Yorkshire, for the beginning of the grouse shooting; and as I am very fond of that country, and have a distinct understanding that I may shoot as badly as I like, I shall probably go. About the 20th our whole party moves to the Lakes; I shall meet them at Benton or Lancaster. Some of us will go into lodgings; but where thou goest I will go. I shall perhaps be at liberty for a little run in Scotland with you, but it depends on the children, money, and many things. I have refused to go to Grant Duff's this year, though they asked Flu and Tom with me. Lady Airlie asked me to Airlie, but she asked me by myself. I shall not go there either. Your friend Mrs. Drummond came to my lecture at Oxford, and Edwin Palmer introduced her to me. She then sent us a keg of whiskey, and a day or two before we left, having come down there from London with her daughters, she called and took us all over her place, which was delicious. However, the want of clear streams, the nearness to London and its agitations, and the abundance of tramps, would make me very restless in taking my holiday in Surrey; Devonshire, Wales, or the North of England, is what I desire.

It gives me great pleasure that you should like what I do, you dear old boy; and particularly I am glad you liked this last lecture, the judgments on which have been very various. Perhaps none but Oxford men can know how much truth there really is in the praise I have given to Oxford for her sentiment. I find I am generally thought to have *but-*

tered her up to excess for the sake of parting good friends; but this is not so, though I certainly kept her best side in sight, and not her worst. The *Saturday* has a friendly article on the lecture; the *London Review*, if you ever see that publication, had an outrageous one. I shall be interested in hearing what you think of the poems;¹ some of them, I feel sure, will interest you. There are two or three bad faults of punctuation which you will observe and correct. "Empedocles" takes up much room, but Browning's desire that I should reprint "Empedocles" was really the cause of the volume appearing at all. And now I must dress and descend to breakfast and the train. Kiss your dear boy for me. Dick came in my hansom to Shoreditch with me yesterday, and went back on the top of a Chelsea omnibus. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *October 30, 1867.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — It was only on Sunday that I went to Grosvenor Place to ask where you were, and when I heard you were at Aston Clinton I said to myself that it was ages since I had been there, and that I should very much like to spend a day there again. But now judge whether this is possible at present. Mrs. Arnold caught a cold in Westmorland, made it worse in returning to London, and has been at last very ill, with slight inflammation, the doctor says, of one lung. She is

¹ *New Poems.*

slowly getting round, and now as soon as she can bear the journey she is to go down to her mother at Bath, for change of air and a warm sun. We have no governess, and two boys and two girls at home who must be left to servants unless either their mother or I are with them out of their school hours. So I consider myself a prisoner in the evenings for the next month to come at any rate. Is not this inevitable and incontestable?

I want to hear the story of your adventures. Mine have been very limited. I could not leave Mrs. Arnold ill, with all the children on her hands, so I did not go to Scotland as I had intended, and one or two days' shooting in Leicestershire and Suffolk have been all the absence of which I have been guilty. We are fairly driven out of Chester Square, partly by the number of the children, partly by the necessity of a better school for the two boys who live at home than they now get, and we have about fixed on Harrow, which is in my district, and gives me easy access to London. The clay soil is the only objection, but the grass fields and hedge-row elms are a great attraction to me. They are real country, though ugly country, like the neighbourhood of Rugby where I lived so long. Some day before Christmas I must, I will unite house-hunting at Harrow with an evening at Aston Clinton. You will be amused, as I have been, with Mr. Harrison's answer¹ to me in the *Fortnightly*. It is scarcely the least vicious, and in parts so amusing that I laughed

¹ "Culture: a dialogue," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1867.

till I cried. My kindest regards to your party. —
 Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely
 yours,
 MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
 BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON,
 November 4, 1867.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — You see from my date how I am situated. I was going to write to you to-day to beg you to thank Sir Anthony for the pheasants which the invalid has already begun to devour with much benefit and satisfaction. She goes to Bath on Wednesday, and returns towards the end of the week following. By that time I hope to be in a position to set seriously to work about getting a house at Harrow. What you tell me is very important and interesting. I think Lady Charles Russell has a boy¹ who, like my eldest boy, is an invalid, and I daresay you will some time or other be kind enough to ascertain from her whether the school life is at all trying for him, or whether she has any difficulty in getting him excused fagging or violent exercises.

You will have read with pleasure the article on the Talmud in the *Quarterly*. I daresay you know the author, who is in the British Museum. The English religious world is reading the article with extraordinary avidity and interest. What most interests them, the abundance of Christian doctrine and dispositions present in Judaism towards the

¹ The editor of these Letters.

time of the Christian era, and such phenomena as Hallet's ownership of the Golden Rule, for instance — I knew already, from the writings of the Strasburg school — one book in particular, by Nicolas, on the *Centuries immediately Preceding the Birth of Christ*. But the long extracts from the Talmud itself were quite fresh to me, and gave me huge satisfaction. It is curious that, though Indo-European, the English people is so constituted and trained that there is a thousand times more chance of bringing it to a more philosophical conception of religion than its present conception of Christianity as something utterly unique, isolated, and self-subsistent, through Judaism and its phenomena, than through Hellenism and its phenomena. But I must attend to a lesson on the battle of Waterloo. My very kind regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters. — Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

STOCKWELL TRAINING SCHOOL,
November 8, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have this week to thank you and Fan for a letter each, and you for a note besides.

I saw the *Spectator*, but indeed my name is getting familiar in the newspapers. The *Saturday* had a reference to me which I liked better than that in the *Spectator*. Lord Lytton's mention of me was, as you may suppose, a pleasant surprise; I have not time now to tell you about the whole affair, but in the morning I had had no intention of going to the

dinner;¹ then I thought I should like to hear the speeches, and with difficulty got a ticket for a place at a crowded table at the bottom of the hall. As I was finishing my soup, arrive Edmund Yates, Levy the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and two of his young lions, and say they are charged to bring me up to the high table. I said I was very well where I was, but they insisted; then Dickens sent to say he hoped I would be one of the speakers, which I declined; finally Lord Lytton brought me in as you saw. It shows what comes, in the end, of quietly holding your own way, and bantering the world on the irrationality of its ways without losing temper with it. I wrote Lord Lytton a line of thanks for his compliment, and he wrote me in reply a very interesting letter, as concerns himself, as well as us, which I have told Edward to forward to you when he has read it, and which Miss Martineau, who knows Lord Lytton, will like to see. Take care of it and send it to K.

Meanwhile I have been working steadily and have finished a preface, which I think will do very well, to my foreign schools. Do you wish, really now, to have a copy of that book? Thank you for the *Star* extract; but both the *Star* and *Telegraph* I shall contrive gently to touch up on occasion. I have just had a magnificent present of a box of 400 Manilla cheroots. I do not smoke, but I am delighted with the present, as I shall so like to give it to dear old Tom on his birthday. Such a jolly

¹ To Charles Dickens, before his departure on an American tour; November 2, 1867.

present for him — creature comforts, and not books and head work, of which he has too much. Tell Rowland, with my love, I have got her book, and Walter shall bring it. It is very well done. Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

November 16, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send you the last letter we have had from Budge and his character, from which you will see he is doing better this half. Flu and the little girls have just started for the dancing. The baby looks very delicate, and has little or no appetite, but he has no return of the convulsions, and the gaiety of his spirits is surprising. Dick had a very happy birthday, though Mr. Gibsone said he could not give them a half holiday; but he was delighted with his presents, and they all dined with us in the evening. To-night we dine out at the Coleridges' — the first time Flu has dined out for months; and the boys are going, for the birthday playgoing, to Astley's by themselves. . . . I am to meet Swinburne at dinner on Monday, at the Lockers'; Lady Charlotte Locker is Lady Augusta Stanley's sister. He expresses a great desire to meet me, and I should like to do him some good, but I am afraid he has taken some bent. His praise has, as was natural, inclined the religious world to look out in my writings for a crusade against religion, and the *Contemporary Review*, the *Christian World*, and other similar periodicals, fix on the speeches of Empedocles and

Obermann, and calmly say, dropping all mention of the real speakers, "Mr. Arnold here professes his Pantheism," or "Mr. Arnold here disowns Christianity." However, the religious world is in so unsettled a state that this sort of thing does not do the harm it would have done two years ago. Meanwhile nearly 1000 copies of my poems are gone, which is very well. I have finished and corrected the preface to my *Foreign Schools*,¹ and am well pleased with it; part of it, where I touch on the Revised Code, needed very delicate handling. Now I have to do a sort of pendant to *Culture and its Enemies*, to be called *Anarchy and Authority*, and to appear in the Christmas *Cornhill*. It will amuse me to do it, as I have many things to say; and Harrison, Sedgwick, and others, who have replied to my first paper, have given me golden opportunities. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
December 14, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I shall not send this to-day, because I know Flu is writing to Fan, and I am not quite sure where you are; so it shall go by the early post on Monday. Every one is full of the Clerkenwell blow-up;² I was dining at the Garrick Club last night, when one of the guests came in

¹ *Schools and Universities of the Continent*. 1868.

² Clerkenwell Prison was blown up by Fenians, December 13, 1867.

saying that his hansom had been nearly knocked down by a string of cabs with policemen filling them inside and out, hurrying to Clerkenwell prison, which had been blown up by the Fenians. Later in the evening the newspaper came in and we learnt what had really happened. You know I have never wavered in saying that the Hyde Park business eighteen months ago was fatal, and that a Government which dared not deal with a mob, of any nation or with any design, simply opened the flood-gates to anarchy. You cannot have one measure for Fenian rioting and another for English rioting, merely because the design of Fenian rioting is more subversive and desperate; what the State has to do is to put down *all* rioting with a strong hand, or it is sure to drift into troubles. Who can wonder at these Irish, who have cause to hate us, and who do not own their allegiance to us, making war on a State and society which has shown itself irresolute and feeble? But all these things are signs of the real hollowness and insufficiency of the whole system of our public life for these many years past, which could not but break down at last, just because it was hollow and insufficient. The great thing now is to try and build for the future, avoiding the faults which have done us so much mischief.

People are now gone into the country for Christmas, and there is a lull in our engagements. Next week we only dine out once. I met a Harrow master last night at dinner, and he gave me a most satisfactory account of the place. Every one

seems agreed as to its extreme healthiness and bracingness; and also that, owing to the sort of people who have gone there to send their sons to the school, there is absolutely nothing of that kind of slur on home-boarders, as they are called at Harrow, which falls on them elsewhere, and notably, as we know, at Rugby. In a new book which has just come out about the great schools, there is an interesting chapter about papa, though the writer seems too eagerly anxious to prove that papa did not originate things, but only did with eminent force what others were doing or had done with less force.

Twistleton's pretty speech, about which you ask, was an application of a saying of Pindar's, that words were sometimes so beautiful that they had the force of beautiful actions. I have a number of letters and remarks which you and Fan would like to hear if I were with you, but it is no use sending or writing too much of this sort of thing. What I like best is such a letter as I saw the other day to the Council Office, not meant for me to see, from a teacher defending his school against a severe report of mine; he finished by saying that he had not a word against the Inspector, whom he would rather have than any other he had ever come in contact with, "as he was always gentle and patient with the children." The great thing is *humanity*, after all. Love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

Basil¹ only so so.

¹ His baby.

To Mrs. Forster.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,

December 20, 1867.

MY DEAREST K. — The sight of my pile of grammar papers had already reminded me to write and ask you if I could bury myself, as in former years, in the solitude of Eccleston Square while I looked them over. . . .

We are in a strange uneasy state in London, and the profound sense I have long had of the hollowness and insufficiency of our whole system of administration does not inspire me with much confidence in this or any probable Government's plan of meeting it. To double the police on duty and to call out special constables seems a strange way of dealing with an enemy who is not likely to come in force into the streets, and who really needs a good secret police to track his operations — this, and nothing else. We shall get through this, and much besides we have in store, however, I hope and believe; but the amount of change and labour we have before us is immense, and few people, opening by degrees though their minds now are, can yet conceive it. It will be an amount of labour in proportion to the clap-trap we have tried to pass off on ourselves and others for truth; and one could hardly say more than that. Meanwhile, depend upon it that the great States of the Continent have two great elements of cohesion, in their administrative system and in their army, which we have not. Italy is like us in this respect, and her difficulties would be far less if she had a

real administrative system and army, as France and Prussia have, and not, as she has, both the one and the other not really strong. The strength of the English character will have been never more tried than in having to go through, without army and administration, such a loosening of all old prejudices, respects, and habits as is beginning, and cannot be stopped, for it is the course of nature.

I send you a letter, which you need not return, from the Superioress of the German School Nuns in Whitechapel, thanking me on behalf of three nuns who have attended the certificate examination I have just been holding at Stockwell. They attended in the costume of their order, were perfectly well treated by students and training school authorities, and I occasionally spoke a few words to them in German. The British and Foreign Training Schools are by their constitution the only ones in this country that have the unsectarian character, as centres of examination for all comers, which all training schools have abroad; but imagine fifty years ago this Society, almost entirely formed of Protestant Dissenters, having three nuns in costume being examined alongside of their own teachers and students!

I also send you a note from Renan, which gives me great pleasure, and which you must take to Fan for the autograph-book. I had sent him a copy of my Celtic lectures, as I have spoken in them of his Essay on Celtic poetry.

Love to all your party. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM,
Christmas Day, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — A happy Christmas to all of you at Fox How, with my love and thanks for all the letters and good wishes that reached me on my birthday.

Dear little Basil is much more himself again to-day. On the 23rd Hutton told me and Flu separately that he could not get through the attack, and at nine in the morning I did not think he would have lived two hours. He was exactly like a person in a severe paralytic seizure.

Stanley preached last Sunday on St. Paul's Roman Citizenship, and on the benefits Christianity had derived from the just and intelligent administrative system of the Roman Empire — a sermon that reminded me of papa's influence. I have been reading this year in connexion with the New Testament a good deal of Aristotle and Plato, and this has brought papa very much to my mind again. Bunsen used to say that our great business was to get rid of all that was purely Semitic in Christianity, and to make it Indo-Germanic, and Schleiermacher that in the Christianity of us Western nations there was really much more of Plato and Socrates than of Joshua and David; and, on the whole, papa worked in the direction of these ideas of Bunsen and Schleiermacher, and was perhaps the only powerful Englishman of his day who did so. In fact, he was the only deeply religious man who had the necessary culture for it. Then

I never touch on considerations about *the State* without feeling myself on his ground.

At this time of year, and with my birthday reminding me how much of my term is spent, I like to bring before my mind the course and scope of his labours, and to try and connect my own with them. Perhaps the change of times and modes of action being allowed for, my scope is not so different from his as you and I often think. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

January 4, 1868.

MY DEAREST K. — Poor little Basil died this afternoon, a few minutes before one o'clock. I sat up with him till four this morning, looking over my papers, that Flu and Mrs. Tuffin might get some sleep, and at the end of every second paper I went to him, stroked his poor twitching hand and kissed his soft warm cheek, and though he never slept he seemed easy, and hardly moaned at all. This morning, about six, after I had gone to bed, he became more restless; about eleven he had another convulsion; from that time he sank. Flu, Mrs. Tuffin, and I were all round him as his breathing gradually ceased, then the spasm of death passed over his face; after that the eyes closed, all the features relaxed, and now as he lies with his hands folded, and a white camellia Georgina Wightman brought him lying on his breast, he is the sweetest and most beautiful sight possible.

And so this loss comes to me just after my forty-

fifth birthday, with so much other "suffering in the flesh," — the departure of youth, cares of many kinds, an almost painful anxiety about public matters, — to remind me that *the time past of our life may suffice us!* — words which have haunted me for the last year or two, and that we "should no longer live the rest of our time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God." However different the interpretation we put on much of the facts and history of Christianity, we may unite in the bond of this call, which is true for all of us, and for me, above all, how full of meaning and warning. — Ever, my dearest K., your most affectionate

M. A.

To his Mother.

LONDON, *January 6, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I let Flu write to you on Saturday. I thought it would be a sort of pleasure to her to do it, you and Fan had always been so fond of Basil, and so good to him; indeed, except ourselves, you two were the people who were fondest of him. I shall never cease to rejoice that you so persisted in your invitation to our large party last autumn, and that we were all there together before this break; it will be one tie more, if that were wanted, to bind us to you and Fan and to dear Fox How. Flu's first desire was to lay the dear little man in Ambleside churchyard, where you and Fan would be near him and see to his little grave; and it was my first wish too, but I am afraid it is impracticable. Ambleside being not possible,

my next wish is Laleham, for which I, more than any of us, perhaps, except Jane, shall always have a home feeling. Matt Buckland is coming to see me to-night, and at Laleham it will probably be.

This morning he was photographed — we should else have had no picture of him whatever, — and now he lies in his little gray coffin, with his hands folded on his breast, and a little cross of double white primroses placed in them, looking sweeter and more touching than I can say.

The children are very good, and every one is very kind. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

CHESTER SQUARE, *January 11, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — We have just come back from Laleham, and I have now barely time before the post goes out to tell you the last of our dear, dear little man. It has been something to see him all this week, but if, even in his illness, it was not the real child we had known, how much less after his death. But still there was some satisfaction in going to see him at one's accustomed hours — directly I got up, when I used so often to see him in the day nursery in his night-gown, just brought in from the other room to be dressed. Then after breakfast, when he always came down, and used to like me to carry him round to all the pictures. . . . He looked beautiful, and so he continued to the last, though the colour got of a deader and deader hue, and the parts round

the eyes ceased to have the fulness of life; but the cheek and chin kept all their roundness and smoothness to the last, and anything so perfect as the little waxen fingers crossed upon his breast was never seen. He had fresh flowers yesterday—double white primroses and lilies of the valley; at half-past nine in the evening Flu and I looked at him for the last time, and then he was brought down into the dining-room, closed up in his little coffin, and lay all night on the table with the wax candles burning by him, and one white camellia Mrs. Tuffin had brought for him on his coffin. . . . The dear boys went to the grave before we left Laleham, and found it already covered in and made. And now we have come back here to find his day nursery without the little white bier which has stood in the middle of it all this week, and all furbished up and prepared for the ways of everyday life again. And that little darling we have left behind us at Laleham; and he will soon fade out of people's remembrance, but *we* shall remember him and speak of him as long as we live, and he will be one more bond between us, even more perhaps in his death than in his sweet little life.—
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

Love to all.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 18, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You and Fan will like to see the enclosed letter from Mr. Spedding of Keswick, as you see so many productions in which

what I say is controverted. You need not return it to me, as I have answered it. The best of this country is that if you say truth as it ought to be said, it is sure with time to take effect; and our strength and honesty give us tenacity enough to enable us to hold together till the truth has become sufficiently diffused, and can save us from our present dangerous condition. I have been amused by getting a letter from Edward Dicey asking me, in the name of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, to give them a notice of Blake the artist, and to name my own price. I sent a civil refusal, but you may depend upon it Lord Lytton was right in saying that it is no inconsiderable advantage to me that all the writing world have a kind of weakness for me, even at the time they are attacking me.

Altogether, I am in request just now, for I am being taken into their secrets, *very confidentially*, by three different centres of educational power at once. . . . I think and hope I have been of some use; I do not mean to them, but to the cause. These confidences come when I can truly say that I not only do not wish to turn them to my own private account, or to use them to trip anybody up, but I do not even care whether they come or not. If I am wanted in the work, my influence is sure to come to tell upon it somehow, and if it does not come to tell upon it, it is because the work can go right without me. It is, however, when one has attained this way of thinking that one generally finds work most brought to one; and more and more, I daresay, I shall have to do, till my thoughts

turn more and more to that to which they have even now turned with pleasure—the thought of my pretty little Basil, and resting by him in his quiet churchyard.

Flu has told you the news about our house, and now I must set seriously about house-hunting at Harrow. I have put my Cannon Street injury¹ into a solicitor's hands. He wrote me a long letter of cases bearing on mine, among which was one of an illiterate man falling into a reservoir because he did not read a notice. In my answer I could not forbear some joke about my case turning out to be painfully like that of the illiterate man, and now I have a formal reply to prove to me that it is not, which is amusing enough. I heard Tyndall lecture last night, and met the Stanleys; the lecture was interesting, but not so good as I had expected. Love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
COUNCIL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET, LONDON,
February 5, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Your letter of to-day is a reproach to me for my silence, and I will take the opportunity of a pupil teacher examination to answer it. I could not write on Saturday, for I did not get back from Harrow in time. It was a day of stormy wind, and poor Flu got dreadfully blown about; but it was a day to make the bad

¹ A fall at the railway station.

building and unsheltered exposure of modern villas very evident. Those we looked at were raining down their slates and broken glass at the very time we visited them, and the old-fashioned thick walls and sheltered position of *Byron House* — the name of the place we are thinking of — were the more appreciated. Flu thought the offices bad, and the boys' part will need some little adapting, but every one who knows Harrow so urges us to take it, and speaks of our good-fortune in having such a chance so strongly, that I think we shall take it. Harrow is a bad place to get a house in at all, and a very bad place to get anything but a modern villa in. We shall have ample room in this house — a spare bedroom, dressing-room, and bachelor's room — after putting the children and servants up comfortably. Also there is a good library for me, which is a great blessing. The kindness of everybody at Harrow has been really delightful. I think Flu sent you Dr. Butler's letter, and now it turns out that the school architect, a Mr. Hayward, has also a strong feeling about papa and about me, and he has undertaken, not professionally, but as a friend, the whole negotiation of the transfer of the lease, settlement of terms, examination of the house as to necessary alterations, etc. He stands high in his profession, and I can thoroughly trust his advice and judgment, and I am in this way saved a great deal of anxiety and trouble. Flu and I think of going down to-morrow to have another good look over the house and ground — there is from an acre to an acre and a half of garden, part of which is a

very well stocked kitchen garden — and then we shall decide. I cannot tell you how the old countrified Middlesex look of the house pleases me, and how the physiognomy of one of the modern villas with their patch of raw garden depresses me.

X I am glad you like the second part of my disquisition.¹ I think *Barbarian*² will stick; but as a very charming Barbarianess, Lady Portsmouth, expresses a great desire to make my acquaintance, I daresay the race will bear no malice. In fact, the one arm they feel and respect is irony, as I have often said; whereas the Puritan Middle Class, at whom I have launched so much, are partly too good, partly too gross, to feel it. I shall tell upon them, however, somehow before I have done. I send you old Friedrich von Räumers's autograph. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, February 7, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — It so happens that I dine out on Saturday — the first time I have dined out since our loss, so I could not come on Saturday. I was half inclined to say I would come on Sunday, but I have a school out at Hammersmith at half-past ten on Monday morning, so I had better put off my visit to you. It is kind of you to wish me to meet "the great Elchi,"³ but it needs

¹ "Anarchy and Authority," Part II., *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1868.

² His nickname for the aristocracy.

³ Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

no lion to make Aston Clinton attractive to me. I do really hope the Buckinghamshire change is in a fair way to be made, and then, though I do not come to you now, I hope the spring will not pass without my coming.

Probably I was asleep when you passed me in the train at Willesden. You should have tapped violently on the window of your carriage.

Kindest regards to all the Aston Clinton party. I hope you laughed over the *Barbarians*. They take it themselves very well, so far as I have means of seeing. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, *February 22, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I meant this to have been a long letter, but it must be a hurried one, for I have just received, and had to answer, a long letter about the Harrow house. . . .

Last night I dined with the Geological Society, at Huxley's invitation, who is President this year. My place was fixed between Lowe and Tyndall. Lowe's neighbourhood would have been amusing, but Lord de Grey¹ failed to come. Lowe was moved into Lord de Grey's place, and I had another neighbour, Warrington Smyth, the ex-President. Tyndall was very pleasant. Lowe's speech not so good as people expected — rather a preachment about the Universities not giving

¹ Afterwards Lord Ripon.

x
enough of their prizes to reward natural science. Cardwell's speech was far better, and more amusing. Huxley is a capital speaker, and in one of his speeches he brought in me and "Arminius" amusingly enough. But I had settled with him beforehand that I would not speak, and was not to be called upon. A clever, but raw and intemperate Scotch youth, Robert Buchanan, has been running rather a tilt against me and others. You will have seen his letters in the *Spectator*. Last night's *Pall Mall* had a tremendous onslaught upon him, which is very well as showing that there are people ready to take up one's defence without one's having to do it oneself. Still, I had rather it was not done, as these bitter answers increase and perpetuate hatreds which I detest. Buchanan probably credits me with some of the severe reviews which have appeared of his verses, as doctrines of mine appear up and down in them. I am very sorry for this, and wish it could be known I never write anonymous criticisms. Then, too, the *Spectator* does me a very bad service by talking of my contempt for unintellectual people. It is not at all true, and it sets people against one. You will laugh, but fiery hatred and malice are what I detest, and would always allay or avoid, if I could. To-night I dine with Fitzjames Stephen, to talk over the Public Schools Bill. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

*To the Same.*THE ATHENÆUM, *March 14, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Our time is running short. To-morrow week is our last Sunday in the dear little house. Between inspecting and arranging for Harrow I am a good deal distracted, and have not been able to finish my *Anarchy and Authority* for the April *Cornhill*; it must wait for the May number. I have had a good deal of face-ache this week, caught in a very cold drive on the Essex coast, and that has been a disturbance too. But, on the whole, I am well and disposed to work, and in many directions. I feel more than most people the distracting influence, on which Byron in one of his letters writes so strongly, of London society, and am sure I can do most when I am away from it, though I like it well enough. To-night we have at dinner the Forsters, Huxleys, Phelps (she was Charlotte Delafield), and our next-door neighbours, the Snowdens, and we shall go to Lady Waldegrave's afterwards. For to-morrow I have had two dinner invitations, and one to an evening party, but have declined all. Next week we dine out five nights, and the other night dear old Walter dines with us. To-night is the last dinner-party we shall give in Chester Square. On Thursday Flu and I went down together to Harrow. It was a beautiful day, with sun and warm wind, and our house, which is now really ours, looked very cheerful. The things are coming out beautifully, and there are quantities of violets in the beds of the flower garden. The flower garden, however, is not

much, but the kitchen garden is a well-stocked one, and, I am told, very good and productive. We gave orders about planting lettuces, as we are such great salad people, looked with interest at our asparagus beds, and with apprehension at our apricot trees covered with flower, for they are too forward, and one is afraid they will be cut off. There is a great deal of wall, and with vines and fig trees trained on it, as well as apricots, peaches, and so on; and I hear the figs and grapes ripen two years out of three. It is half-way down the hill, on the south-west side, so it is both sheltered and sunny, which, of course, is excellent for the garden. It will be a great point to have the spare room, which we shall not furnish till we are settled, ready for you and dear Fan on your return from Devonshire. We shall take as many of our own things as we can, as buying new is always the dearest way, though often the agreeablest. We have given orders for all the alterations, cleanings, and re-paperings we mean to have done; all painting must wait for the summer holidays; there is no time for it now. We hope to be in the house by the 1st or 2nd of April. Now I think I have told you enough about Harrow, so with love to Fan, I will sign myself, your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, June 13, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I like to write to you on this day,¹ which more and more has a signifi-

¹ Dr. Arnold's birthday.

cance for me. The nearer I get to accomplishing the term of years which was papa's, the more I am struck with admiration at what he did in them. It is impossible to conceive him exactly as living now, amidst our present ideas, because those ideas he himself would have so much influenced had he been living the last twenty-five years, and, perhaps, have given in many respects a different course to. Still, on the whole, I think of the main part of what I have done, and am doing, as work which he would have approved and seen to be indispensable. It is, as I have said to Edward, almost impossible for women who get their chief idea of Greece from the Bible to know what we really owe to Greece, and how much she has influenced our very Christianity; you, however, who knew and heard papa for so many years, must know this more than most women. Men can better estimate a force which, having been condemned by Saint Ambrose and the Church as unnecessary to salvation, and even dangerous to it, got, by its inherent indispensableness, possession of all the schools and education, so far as men are concerned, of the Church itself, and had and has ecclesiastics for its chief agents and promulgators. I do not say, however, that papa would have given Hellenism the prominence I give to it; I know he would not; but time orders these things, and fifty years ago, and in England, he would probably not have had his views of Scripture inspiration and interpretation. I am astonished, and so is George Smith, at the favourable reception what I have said meets

with, but this shows how ripe people's minds are for a change in some of their fixed notions on these matters. What you quote from Bunsen is very interesting and very true. Plato, however, could not in his day have been a man of action, and so one may say, perhaps, that no single man ever is or can be perfect. But certainly Plato would have been less perfect than he was had he entered into the stock politics of Athens at his day. I shall read every word of Bunsen some time that I am in quiet at Fox How. We have glorious weather, and I only wish you could eat our strawberries. We have two great dishes every day, and I see no prospect of an end to them. What would I not give for one hour of the Rotha, or of one end of Grasmere Lake! My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, *June 29, 1868.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — All Saturday I was at Panshanger, having met Henry Cowper, Lord Cowper's brother, at dinner at Goschen's on Tuesday, and he having asked me to come down with him and fish at Panshanger on Saturday, and to bring Dick. I knew it could not be fishing weather, but I went, partly to see Panshanger and the pictures, partly because I think Dick will like in after life to have been fishing at these places in his youth. Panshanger is a beautiful place, a wooded valley full of old trees and ferns, with a clear stream at the bottom, and the house on the

brow of the ridge backed by trees. They have two well-known Raphaels, but the pictures by Andrea del Sarto are quite as interesting. The valley was full of heat and pitiless sun, and we saw the great trout, two feet long, lying motionless in the clear water without a thought of rising; but Cowper took Dick to a deep pool where, with a worm, he caught a number of fine perch, and this delighted him. The great house and rooms, and above all the luncheon ending with strawberries, grapes, and peaches, completed his rapture, and his questions were incessant, if I did not wish the house was mine, especially when we were in the library. At Goschen's I met Lord Amberley and a number of the young Liberal members like Trevelyan. I met, among them, that Mr. Winterbotham,¹ who made a good speech in the House the other day, and certainly I am struck to find what hold among these younger men what I write has taken. I should think I heard the word *Philistines* used at least a hundred times during dinner, and *Barbarians* very often. To-morrow I start very early for Rayleigh, in Essex, so I dine with the Forsters, having refused invitations to dine with the Meyer Rothschilds, and with a Mr. Robarts, who asked me to dine with him at the Star and Garter, that I might meet Frederic Harrison. I sleep here in Pall Mall, in what Mr. George Smith calls his garret—a delightful third floor, the bedroom at the back out of the noise, the front room a bath-room and dressing-room. I sleep there again on

¹ Henry S. P. Winterbotham, M.P. for Stroud, 1867-1873.

Friday, when I have promised to dine with the Anthony Rothschilds. Lord Houghton has asked me to meet Longfellow at breakfast on Friday, but I cannot manage it. I think perhaps Longfellow will come and see me at Harrow. At any rate, I shall probably get a note from him for the auto-graph-book. I have had a long bout of Kahn this last week, and my teeth are restored, so that I am again beautiful. He has done it very well, I think. My love to dear Fan. I like to think I shall see Rowland to-night. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

HARROW, August 9, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — One of the oldest and best clerks in the Education Office, whom I should be glad to help if I could, has asked me to try and get votes for his nephew, who is a candidate for the London Orphan Asylum. I send you one or two of his cards in case your own votes are unpromised, or you can do anything for him with other members of your family who are subscribers to the Asylum. I shall be very glad if you can.

I met Mr. Deutsch the other day, and had a long talk with him about Hebraism and Hellenism. I was greatly interested in seeing him, and any diffidence I felt in talking about my crude speculations to such a *savant* was set at rest by his telling me that he was distinctly conscious, while writing his article on the Talmud, that if it had not been

for what I had done he could not have written that article in the *Quarterly*, and the British public could not have read it. I have had no such tribute to my powers of relaxing and dissolving yet paid. If we can but dissolve what is bad without dissolving what is good!

My last school is inspected, but we keep hesitating about our start to Westmorland because of the failure of water there! My mother, to whom we are going, is reduced to one small well, and this threatens to fail. All the small brooks are dried up, and the Rotha, our chief river, is like an Eastern watercourse, with only a little water in deep holes or under stones. When one thinks of the *pluies torrentielles* to which in that dear country one is accustomed!

In Switzerland I hear of villages being washed away in the Engadine, and of people being confined to their inn for days together by the rain — so take care of yourselves. I hope Sir Anthony will get fortified against the gout, wherever you go.

The list of my schools for my newly-arranged district has just reached me, and I see that I have two Buckinghamshire ones for October, one of which will, I daresay, enable me to have a glimpse of you, if you are back at Aston Clinton before that month ends. With kindest regards to your daughters, I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild,
most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
September 9, 1868.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — It would not need the challenge of the presumptuous salmon to make me come to Eden, if I could follow my own wishes; but my eldest little boy, always, as you know, delicate, had a fall from his pony the other day, and the circulation has been so much deranged by the shock that we are uneasy about him. Harrow reopens on Friday, and as he will not be movable by that time, I must myself reconduct the family menagerie to Harrow, leaving his mother here with him. Again this year, therefore, my northern projects are dissipated, and a month at this place will have been all my holiday. I am well and fresh, so on the score of health it does not matter; but I should greatly have enjoyed seeing you and your wife again at Eden, and had much looked forward to it. But it must be for another year.

I have so much to do that perhaps it is better I should be thus obliged to return to Harrow and work. I have long promised Macmillan a sort of sketch of the development of Greek poetry, illustrated by extracts in a plain translation into harmonious prose. What is the good of for ever talking about the Greeks and Hellenism if nine people out of ten can have no notion at all, from practical experience, what they are like and wherein is their power? While for Hebraism they have the Bible, making plain to all nations and languages

the force of Hebraism. Yet the Bible is only Hebrew poetry plainly translated into harmonious prose. At least, the great part of it is only this. To give something of a like currency to the best of Greek poetry has long been a notion of mine, but when one comes to try and carry it into effect, the work is one of time more than one thinks.

Your address was almost the only one I have seen with any freshness or reality in it — anything but the old stale and damnable iteration of the Liberal clap-traps. I have been reading Bunsen's life. With a certain obvious splay-footedness, he is yet very edifying.

My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff.
— Most sincerely yours, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

HARROW, October 24, 1868.

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — It is in *future* years that I shall have schools in your neighbourhood in October. I find that Dr. Morell has this year taken them all in the spring. I am now changing their dates, but the change will not take effect till next year. If I have a chance of inspecting near you before Christmas I will not fail to write and offer myself at Aston Clinton for a night, but except in this way I have no chance of paying visits, even the pleasantest, at present. Poor little Tom had a fall from his pony in Westmorland, which seemed nothing, but which increased the disturbance of his circulation, always so troubled.

He has since we brought him back had an attack of rheumatism which gave us great alarm, and though this attack seems now passing off, he is entirely confined to his bed, and in a state of weakness and suffering that makes it impossible for us to leave him except on necessity.

I am sure you will be grieved to hear this sad account of your poor little acquaintance. My kindest regards to your daughters, and compliments to Sir Anthony, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, always sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — There is a vicious article in the new *Quarterly* on my school book by one of the Eton undermasters, who, like Demetrius the silversmith, seems alarmed for the gains of his occupation.

You cannot think how kind Dr. Butler and Lady Charles Russell are about our poor little invalid.

Matthew Arnold's eldest son, Thomas, died at Harrow, November 23, 1868, aged sixteen. On the Sunday following his death the Head Master, Dr. Butler, thus described him in a sermon in the School Chapel.

“His life was strangely unlike that which we assume to be characteristic of the ordinary school-boy. An invalid from his birth, unable to take a part in active games, unable even to study hard,

shut out from all those competitions of mind and body which make up so much of the relish of your lives, he had learnt to be patient and unselfish, and to care for the things of God. He was with us but one school quarter, yet most of you, I think, will remember, not indeed his character—*that* you never knew,—but the frail form, the spiritual face, the passionate earnestness with which he threw himself into the one school occupation which he could call his own—his dearly-loved music. There are some also among the younger of you who will remember one other trait—would it were now more common among us!—how that, being a member of one of the lowest forms, he did his utmost during last quarter to put a check on all unfairness in work. It is not the first time that a feeble body has been the home of a true and stout heart. Would to God that his manly courage—so briefly granted to us, so soon withdrawn—might shame or animate some more powerful champion to labour manfully in the same cause! But when I think of the little that such a boy was able to do, and of the effort which it must have cost *him* to do anything at all, instead of simply following the stream, it seems as though we might reverently and affectionately apply to him the precious words of Divine approval: ‘Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept My word, and hast not denied My name. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him My new name.’ ”

To Lady de Rothschild.

HARROW, November 30, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I was sure you would be touched by the death of my poor little boy, to whom you have so often showed kindness. I imagine every one here thought he could not get through the winter, though they could give no special name to his complaint except to call it, with the doctors, "failure in vital power" following upon the slight shock given to him by his fall from a pony in Westmorland. But his mother and I had watched him through so many ebbings and flowings of his scanty stock of vital power that we had always hopes for him, and till I went into his room last Monday morning an hour before the end I did not really think he would die. The astonishing self-control which he had acquired in suffering was never shown more than in the last words he said to me, when his breath grew shorter and shorter, and from this, and the grieved face of the doctor as he entered the room, he knew, I am sure, that the end was come; and he turned to me, and — his mamma, who was always with him, and whom he adored, having gone into the next room for a moment — he whispered to me, in his poor labouring voice, "Don't let mamma come in." At his age that seems to me heroic self-control; and it was this patience and fortitude in him, joined to his great fragility and his exquisite turn for music, which interested so many people in him, and which brings us a sort of comfort now in all the kind and

tender things that are said to us of him. But to Mrs. Arnold the loss of the occupation of her life — for so the care of him really was — will for some time to come be terrible.

Many thanks and kindest regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters, and believe me always, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

THE ATHENÆUM, *December 11, 1868.*

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — I must write one line to say with what extreme pleasure I have seen your appointment,¹ and to a department where your knowledge and powers will be most useful, though it is not the department you would have yourself selected. Yet you must have a certain pleasure too in being connected with Indian affairs, from which your family have reaped in past times so much distinction.

In my opinion there is no man in this Government who has better earned office, as there is certainly no one in it with whose views and wishes as to public matters I believe myself to be more in sympathy, or so much.

My kindest remembrances and congratulations to your wife. — Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Under-Secretary of State for India in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration.

*To his Mother.*HARROW, *December 24,*¹ 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have been doing papers till the last moment, but I must put them aside to write to you and thank you and Edward, Susy and Fan for your letters and good wishes. Now I am within one year of papa's age when he ended his life; and how much he seems to have put into it, and to what ripeness of character he had attained! Everything has seemed to come together to make this year the beginning of a new time to me: the gradual settlement of my own thought, little Basil's death, and then my dear, dear Tommy's. And Tommy's death in particular was associated with several awakening and epoch-marking things. The chapter for the day of his death was that great chapter, the 1st of Isaiah; the first Sunday after his death was Advent Sunday, with its glorious collect, and in the Epistle the passage² which converted St. Augustine. All these things point to a new beginning, yet it may well be that I am near my end, as papa was at my age, but without papa's ripeness, and that there will be little time to carry far the new beginning. But that is all the more reason for carrying it as far as one can, and as earnestly as one can, while one lives.

The weather is wonderful — so mild, and such storms of wind and rain. Yesterday it was beautiful, and in the evening it seemed going to freeze,

¹ His birthday.² Romans xiii. 13.

but to-day is stormier than ever, with the barometer lower than I have ever seen it—down to 28.10. How low has yours been? Our three or four hundred feet above the sea always makes our barometer readings lower than those of most people, but I shall be curious to hear what yours are. Tell Edward I divide my papers (second year Grammar) through every day, taking in Christmas Day, Saturdays, and Sundays. In this way I bring them down to twenty-five a day, which I can do without the strain on my head and eyes which forty a day, or—as I used often to make it in old times by delaying at first—eighty or ninety a day would be. I am up at six, and work at the preface to my Culture and Anarchy Essays, work again at this, and read, between breakfast and luncheon. Play racquets and walk between luncheon and four; from four to seven look over my twenty-five papers, and then after dinner write my letters and read a little. My dream is some day to take Rydal Lodge for three weeks at Christmas, and to come down to the old Christmas country of my early years once again. My love all round.—I am always, my dearest mother, your most affectionate M. A.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

VOL. II.



LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *January 28, 1869.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I hope a copy of my book ¹ has to-day gone to you; and I have also sent a copy of it to Mr. Disraeli, as I told you I should. It will be very kind of you if you will tell him that it needs no acknowledgment, but that I should like him to look through the Preface about the Nonconformists and disestablishment.

I look forward with great interest to your reading what I have said, and am inclined to think you will not, in general, disapprove. And now I have done with social and political essays for a long time to come.

I have been examining a multitude of pupil teachers this morning, and heard that I should see you the first day I go to the Free School. But in March I mean to propose quartering myself for at least one night if not two at Aston Clinton. With kind regards there, believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ *Culture and Anarchy: an Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* 1869.

*To his Mother.*HARROW, *February 4, 1869.*

The Italian Government has proposed to me to take charge of Prince Thomas of Savoy, the young Duke of Genoa, and have him to live here with my own boys while he is at Harrow. Everybody seems to think it a most desirable thing, and, as I had something to do with the original project of his coming here, I have promised to take him, sooner than that the project of sending him here should fail. The General who has been his Governor is gone over to Italy to see the Duchess of Genoa, the Prince's mother, about it, and Count Mafféi has written to General Menabrea, so that in a few weeks it will be settled. Flu has no objection to the boy's coming, and she, after all, is the person most concerned by his coming, and, as I told Count Mafféi, the person who will do most for his welfare. The Continent has so much interest for me that I should not at all dislike this connexion with it, and I think the children would like it very much. His Governor would live in London, and come down on Sundays to take the Prince up to his chapel, and so on, and we should have neither governor nor priest living in the house.

M. A.

*To the Same.*HARROW, *February 20, 1869.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—The middle of next month will suit us to perfection, and you must give us as long as ever you can. We shall all talk and think much of your coming, now that the time has

been named, so you must not disappoint us. To-day it is quite beautiful here, and the apricot-trees are quite covered with blossom. One of Flu's daffodils is now quite out, and the others are coming up delightfully. I had a capital game of racquets with Dick before luncheon, and now I am going to walk to the station with Flu and the little girls to give some message about a parcel; we shall have Rover¹ with us. I shall be very glad for you to make better acquaintance with Rover. Atossa,² or Toss, as we generally call her, now lies stretched out on the floor by me, letting the sunshine bathe all her deep, rich, tawny fur over her stomach; her ways are beautiful, as you will see when you have been with her a day. I did not dine with K. yesterday, but shall on Monday. Huxley wanted me to dine with him last night at the annual dinner of the Geological Society, of which he is President, telling me I should hear Bright speak. But neither Bright nor William Forster, who was also to have been there, came; but there was the Duke of Argyll, and Lord de Grey, and Arthur Stanley. Huxley wanted me to speak, but this I always arrange beforehand, if I go to one of these dinners, not to be called upon to do; after-dinner speaking is a thing of which the conditions are such that it is almost impossible to do it well, and I leave it to the public men whose business it is. Huxley himself is an admirable speaker. Stanley made a poor speech for the Church. The two lords made the best speeches after Huxley. Huxley brought in my *Culture and Anarchy*, and

¹ A retriever.

² A Persian cat.

my having made game of him in the Preface, very well in one of his speeches. Arthur Stanley moved his chair round to me after dinner, and told me of his delight with my Preface, and how entirely the ideas of it — particularly those of a passage about Constantine — were exactly what papa would have approved. I have also had an interesting letter from Lord Lytton about the book, which I will send you soon. Dr. William Smith, of the *Quarterly Review*, came up to me a day or two ago with his hand held out, saying he forgave me all I had said about him and the *Quarterly*, which, he added, was a great deal, for the sake of the truth and usefulness of what I had said about the Nonconformists. He said he was born a Nonconformist, was brought up with them, and had seen them all his life, so he was a good judge. The Preface is much read in London, and will be more, I think, as the questions on which it turns are more and more prominent. Meanwhile, the Liberal newspapers one and all attack it, and this, too, they are likely to do more and more. The *Spectator* has an article to-day, not on this book, but on my *Macmillan* lecture,¹ in which — shows his strange aptitude for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick, entirely misapprehending my use of the terms *modern* and *adequate*. For instance, I call both our literature and Roman literature quite as *modern* as Athenian literature, only incomparably less *adequate*. When I say *adequate* — makes me say *modern*, which is just an embroilment of all my real doctrine.

¹ "On the Modern Element in Literature." See vol. i. p. 65.

Coleridge on Keble¹ I have read. There is much to interest me, and there must be more to interest you; but my one feeling when I close the book is of papa's immense superiority to all the set, mainly because, owing to his historic sense, he was so wonderfully, for his nation, time, and profession, European, and thus so got himself out of the narrow medium in which, after all, his English friends lived. I said this to Stanley last night, and he quite agreed. My love to Fan and to Rowland. I wish she could come with you. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, February 27, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I am rather pressed for time, so I take a small piece of paper. I went out for my walk with Rover, and met Mr. Templer, who has some pigs I wanted to look at, so I went back with him to his house, looked at his pigs, and bought one of them. Then I had to look at all his other animals, and see four or five horses trotted out, and this took a long while. It is a wonderfully clear, bright day with a cold wind, so I went to a field on the top of the hill, whence I can see the clumps of Botleys and the misty line of the Thames, where Tommy lies at the foot of them. I often go for this view on a clear day. Then I went homewards, and met Flu and Georgina, who is down for the day, and after we had seen Georgina

¹ *A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A.*, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge. 1869.

into the omnibus to return to London, I took Flu to the view. Then I came home while she went to five o'clock church, and since then I have had a capital game at racquets with Curtis, a friend of Budge's, and have been round the garden to talk to the gardener and look at the wild daffodils, which are coming on beautifully. Flu and I have been asked to dine with the De Greys next Saturday. She will not go there or anywhere else at present, but as Lord de Grey is my official chief, and I also met him at the Geological dinner, so he knows I go out, I thought I could not but accept, but I have, in general, refused all invitations, and mean to till after Easter. I send you the letters, which you will like to see. Fan may as well keep Lord Lytton's. Mr. White is a leading Independent minister, and is the man quoted in the Preface, which I am glad you liked. However much I may be attacked, my manner of writing is certainly one that takes hold of people and proves effective. I hear on all sides of the Preface being read, and making an impression. The *Daily News* had more reality than I expected—far more than the *Morning Star*. Miss Martineau has always been a good friend to me. I am amused at her rebuking the *Daily News* editor. You will be greatly pleased with Stanley's article on Keble in the new *Macmillan*. It is full of things you will like. When I was at the Athenæum yesterday, in the morning-room, Alexander, the Bishop of Derry, came up and introduced himself to me, and while we were talking up came Magee, the Bishop of

Peterborough, and joined us; and there I stood for a long time talking to my two bishops, to the amusement of some people in the room, which was very full. My love to dear Fan. In about a fortnight we shall see you, I hope. It will be delightful. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

KNEBWORTH, *May 12, 1869.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Our letters crossed last week, and now I write to you from a place very unlike the classroom of a British school, from which I wrote to you last week. This place of Lord Lytton's stands well on a hill in the pretty part of Hertfordshire. It is a house originally of Henry VII.'s reign, and has been elaborately restored. The grounds, too, are very elaborate, and full of statues, kiosks, and knick-knacks of every kind. The house is a mass of old oak, men in armour, tapestry, and curiosities of every description. But, like Lord Lytton himself, the place is a strange mixture of what is really romantic and interesting with what is tawdry and gimcracky; and one is constantly coming upon stucco for stone, rubbish from Wardour Street instead of real old curiosities, and bits in the taste of a secondrate Vauxhall stuck down in a beautiful recess of garden. The house loses, no doubt, by my seeing it so soon after Hatfield, which is a firstrate to a secondrate compared with this at its best. But this might be a much more impressive place than it is if it had been simply treated. Lord Lytton is kindness

itself, but theatrical in his reception of us, and in his determination to treat the Prince as a royal personage. The Prince, who is a dear boy, of whom I am getting quite fond, behaves admirably, but would much rather be let alone. Last week I was staying with the Gibsons at Saffron Walden, the quietest of rich Quakers; now I am staying here. On Wednesday I go to the Rothschilds — changes enough! The most pleasing thing about Lord Lytton is his humanity. He goes into the cottages of the poor people, and they seem to adore him. They have known him ever since he was a boy, and call him Sir and Mr. instead of My Lord, and when they correct themselves and beg pardon he says, "Oh, never mind that." He wrote and asked me to bring either Budge or Dick, or both, but they could not have their exeat yet, and neither of them cared much to come. The Prince, with his Italian tastes, finds this place Gothic and oppressive, and says he greatly prefers Byron House. There is a Mr. Julian Young staying here, very pleasant company, who knew Edward at Torquay, and I have heard Edward talk of him. There is also Lady Sherborne, who used to live close by Charlton, and who knew Edward there. I like her. Last night we had the Catholic priest from Hertford at dinner, and this morning the Prince and General were sent over to Hertford to Mass in Lord Lytton's carriage — ten miles. To-night the rector of Knebworth dines here. The church is in the park, at a stone's-throw from the door. In this vile east wind everything looks harsh and gloomy,

but the park, with its trees, deer, and water, is really beautiful. We depart at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and till Wednesday I am quiet at home. Before I left yesterday I saw dear Flu start for Laleham in a waggonette with two greys, and Rover barking before them. She had the two little girls, Mrs. Tuffin, and Price on the box. They were laden with plants, wreaths, and flower-crosses for the dear graves, and I was very glad Flu should have an opportunity of making this expedition, which has been long in her mind. On Tuesday she will go up and see her mother, as I shall be at home. I have leave for Chenies, the Duke of Bedford's trout-fishing in Buckinghamshire, on Thursday and Friday, and the Rothschilds will probably drive me over there from Aston Clinton. This evening the east wind is breaking in rain, and I do hope I shall have good weather, by which I mean soft, wet, cloudy, or blowing weather, for these two days. I have finished the proof of my poems, and have put several geographical notes, for instance to *Resignation* and to *Obermann*, which I think will add to the interest. The University printers have done the book admirably. I expect it will be out in a fortnight. My love to Fan and to dear Mary and her boys. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, June 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — At Fox How to-day it must be quite heavenly, and how I wish I was there! I have had a hard week, and indeed my

work will not leave me a single free day till the end of July. But from the 1st of August I shall be free and ready for Fox How whenever you like. The summer holidays here are a strict six weeks, and end quite early in September. . . .

My book¹ was out yesterday. This new edition is really a very pretty book, but you had better not buy it, because I am going to give it Fan, and shall bring it with me to Fox How, and the order of arrangement in this edition is not quite the final one I shall adopt. On this final order I could not decide till I saw this collected edition. The next edition will have the final order, and then the book will be stereotyped. That edition I shall then have bound, and give you. I expect the present edition will be sold out in about a year. Macmillan tells me the booksellers are subscribing very well for it. My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs. Two articles in *Temple Bar*, one on Tennyson, the other on Brown-

¹ *Poems*, two volumes. 1869.

ing, are worth reading, both for their ability, and as showing with what much greater independence those poets are now judged, and what much more clearly conceived demands are now made both upon them and upon any modern poet. Jane will very likely have told you that my chance of a commissionership under William's Bill¹ seems small, Gladstone stopping the way. This is natural enough, and if I can get income enough to be at ease, I can hardly bring myself to wish for a position which will substitute, more than my present position, administrative work for literary, which latter work is, after all, my true business. I have been reading a book by Reuss, a French Protestant, on the first development of a theology out of data supplied by Christianity, which papa would have delighted in. You know that Stanley has been at the General Assembly of the Scotch Church. He says he heard my Preface most intelligently quoted by one of their divines. My love to Aunt Jane, Fan, and Rowland. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, June 12, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It was in my scheme of yesterday to write to you, but after being at work on school reports all the morning I went out a drive with Flu and the little girls at half-past three, and as we came back was put down at the cricket-ground to look for a few minutes at a match between a Cambridge club and the boys here. The match

¹ The Endowed Schools Act, 1869.

was a very good one, and on the ground I met such a number of people I knew that I was kept longer than I meant, and when I got back here the General was come, and all hope of writing at an end. Yet to-day and yesterday are anniversaries¹ on which I would not fail of writing to you. They remind us well how little time has to do with the things of the spirit; since, measured by time, papa's absence from us is greater than his presence with us, but measured by reality how much greater is this last! The drive we took yesterday was to Belmont, an isolated round green hill rising out of this plain, and with the chain of high ground of Stanmore, Mill Hill, Hampstead, and Harrow surrounding it. We left the carriage in a green lane at the foot, and walked over the grass among magnificent trees to the top; and there, just below us, I showed them Canons,² where papa was with the Plumers in his early life, when so much was commencing in him. The country is beautiful just now, and I should very much like you and Fan to see it once in its summer fulness. The hay harvest is going on everywhere, and is a very good one; but it gives hay fever to Budge and the Prince. Fanny Lucy is happily exempt thus far.

The Prince is troubled in his mind about Spain,³ but dismisses the thought as much as possible. It

¹ Of Dr. Arnold's birth and death.

² Near Edgware; once the residence of Sir John Plumer, Master of the Rolls, 1818-1824.

³ A majority of the Cortes decided to offer the Crown of Spain to Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, October 3, 1869. It was declined January 1, 1870.

is a matter of which I shall be able to talk to you, but I cannot write. I heard the other day from Morier, the British Resident at Darmstadt, that Princess Alice is quite fascinated with my *Culture and Anarchy*, uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. The Crown Princess is now reading the book. You will see that it will have a considerable effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebraism are in the main, I am convinced, so true that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them. I dine to-morrow with the Merivales, to meet Lord Lawrence, whom I have never met. My love to Fan, Aunt Jane, and Rowland. How delicious would Fox How be this early Sunday morning! I write before breakfast. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, *Monday, June 14, 1869.*

DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Alas! the speeches are on the 1st of July, but Mrs. Butler is going to send you an invitation, and I think you had much better come, as a speech-day is a thing to see once. I will get back from London in time to call for you at Dr. Butler's (where Lord Charles Russell will be lunching), and take you down to Byron House for five o'clock tea before you return to London for your dinner. This is not so good an arrangement as your dining with us, but it is better than your not coming to Harrow at all, which I know will be the upshot if you do not come to the speeches.

I am beginning to think seriously about Wildbad, and shall try perhaps to get some information from Baroness Meyer. Mr. Baillie, the Baden chargé d'affaires, who is now over here, recommends it strongly, and says if we go in August he will come over there for some time from Baden, and as I like both him and his wife very much, this is a further inducement. — Ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

THE ATHENÆUM, June 18, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— I return you dear K.'s note. I hope some day, in an article on Frederick Robertson, to say something as to the character of the impulse which papa gave to the life and thought of the generation which felt his influence; and I hope to do it in a way you will like. Crabb Robinson's *Memoir*,¹ just published, is full of mentions of papa and of Fox How, but the book is far too long, and has much that is twaddling. It is quite settled, I imagine, that I am not to be one of the three Commissioners under William's Bill; and I am well content, though I should have been interested in the work had it fallen to me to do. But the work these Commissioners will do is not in the least the real work I want to see done in secondary education; and it is better, I am convinced, at least for me, to act upon the public mind till it is willing to employ the means that are really required, rather than to labour at doing what can be done with the

¹ See vol. i. p. 408.

imperfect means it is at present prepared to concede. For instance, the real thing is to substitute a skilled and much simpler machinery for the endless Boards of Trustees scattered all over the country; but the public mind is not prepared for this, so William's Commissioners are to deal with all the Boards of Trustees seriatim, and try and persuade or compel them to improve the trusts committed to their charge. It is something to do this, but the main thing is to bring the public mind to allow you to do more than this; and it is in this line that I have worked, and am likely to continue to work.

As a clergyman's son I am pleased at the figure the Bishops are cutting in the Lords' debate; and after all that is said against the old training, how infinitely superior is the Lords' debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, conducted by men who have had the old training, to that in the Commons, where half the people are new men, with the training, supposed to be so much better, of business and practical life! I very often see the Bishop of Peterborough here. He appears to have perfectly charmed his audience. Thirlwall spoke admirably, and the Archbishop very well. The Archbishop of York speaks to-night. He will speak for the second reading, but will not vote, and he tells me that Tait will not vote for it either. The Bishop of Oxford will both vote and speak for it.¹ The second reading

¹ Both the English Archbishops and the Bishop of Oxford abstained from voting on the Second Reading.

is sure to be carried, and I think the House of Commons will also accept the Lords' amendments, which will make the material condition of Irish incumbents a good deal better. It is mainly to this point they will go, I believe.

I write now because to-morrow I shall be fishing at Wotton with Dick, who leaves Harrow by the 6.30 train after school this afternoon. I meet him at Euston, and we reach Dorking at half-past eight or nine, where we shall find Evelyn's carriage waiting for us. I think we shall return on Sunday evening. You seem to have had terrible weather in Westmorland; here it is cold, but the wet will do for our fishing. My love to Fan and Aunt Jane. — Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, *June 26, 1869.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I wrote last to you just before I went to Wotton, where we had two very pleasant days, though the fishing is a little too preserved and tame for my taste. But the country is beautiful, and the fishing, which was a little too lazy for me, just suited Dick, who got twelve large trout, besides small ones which he threw in again. We went to the top of Leith Hill, which is a noble, wild scene of heath and scattered pines and whorleberries, with an immense view. Wotton is itself most picturesque, and the Elizabethan quadrangle in front, with two griffins keeping guard over the entrance, dogs lying on the grass plot, and

a charming mediæval-sounding clock from the clock tower, made one feel in a dream. On Thursday I dined with Fanny du Quaire, and met Browning, Gabriel Rossetti, the artist, and Lady Llanover's daughter, Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth; it was rather pleasant. . . . To-day we have one of the masters and his wife to dinner to meet the General. I cannot explain by letter all about the Prince and the throne of Spain, but it is just ascertained, to the poor boy's intense relief, that nothing will be done immediately, or probably for some months to come. Most likely he will come back to us next term, which at one time we did not think likely; and indeed it is not impossible the whole thing may go off, and he may remain here the three years at first intended. We like him more and more, and if he stays with us we must bring him to Fox How some day.

I looked in to see the match between Rugby and Marlborough at Lords the other day. Rugby had it hollow, but there were not enough people there, and I scolded Jane for not going. I shall go on the 28th of next month with Flu and the boys to see the match between Rugby, which has a splendid bowler this year, and the Marylebone Club. . . . The *Spectator's* review¹ was a very satisfactory one, and will do the book good. I suppose I must change back the "Gipsy Child" to its old form, as no one seems to like the new one. It is absurd to quarrel with the multiplication of editions this time; this is a collected edition rendered neces-

¹ Of the *Poems*.

sary by the poems being out of print. Swinburne writes to urge me to reprint the "New Sirens," but I think that had better wait for a posthumous collection. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, July 17, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — The heat is over 80 under the shade of the trees in the garden, and in the house, with all we can do to keep the house cool, it is 75. We had two or three hours' hard rain one morning this week, and this prevents things from looking burnt up, as they were this time last year, but the heat is as great as any we had last year. I have seen mention of rain and storms in the north, but Northumberland was the only county specially mentioned. Tell me what your weather has been this past week. It is now that I feel inspecting most trying, for the railway carriages get baked, and the incessant travelling in them in the heat of the day is fatiguing; however, I have only a fortnight more of it. Flu is gone to London to-day. She has been gay this week, for on Tuesday we dined at the Star and Garter with the Leafs — a party of some thirty people, — and I send you the bill of fare which, with a bouquet, was in every one's plate, that you may see what one of these Richmond dinners given by a rich City man is. The Leafs drove us back in their open carriage, first by Isleworth and the river, and then by Osterley Park. This was delicious, and dear old Rover ran all the way to Richmond and back with

the carriage. Then last night the Farrars gave an "at home," to which, as he is Dick's tutor, we felt bound to go. He has the one fine house in Harrow, the house which was Lord Northwick's, with a handsome entrance and large rooms; and really it all looked like a very good evening party in a grand house in London. To-night we have the equerry who has relieved the General, a M. dal Verme, and the Abbé, but no one else. The Abbé is a simple, retiring old gentleman, and will not come if there is any party. On Wednesday we have the Forsters, and the Farmers are coming to meet them. I consider Farmer,¹ on the whole, the most interesting person here. He has genius in his own line, and his origin and antecedents — he was the son of a Nottingham Chartist workman, and has been out in the streets throwing stones at the military — make his experiences something exceptional. Tommy's song² is going to be sung at the concert by Forbes, the boy whose singing he himself most admired. But every one has been delightful about it, and Gore, the head of the eleven, who is a good singer, and was with Tom in the choir, has also expressed a wish to sing it. How I should like dear Fan to hear it with us! I must go, for Farmer has begged me to. You would like to hear the children talk about Fox How — the House of Paradise, as Dick calls it. I am sorry to

¹ John Farmer, organist of Harrow School, and afterwards of Balliol College.

² "Good Night and Good Morning." Words by Lord Houghton, set to music by Matthew Arnold's eldest boy.

x find Edward is really going to Norway. You see how the Irish Church Bill is going. What made the proposition¹ of the Lords so weak was that the Lords did not seem to recommend it with their whole heart, but rather to stumble into it, as a means of altering the Bill. One cannot imagine the Lords originating such a proposition from a pure love of justice, if Gladstone's counter-project had not been there. The Protestant Dissenters will triumph, as I was sure they would. But I am equally sure that, out of the House and the fight of politics, I am doing what will sap them intellectually, and what will also sap the House of Commons intellectually, so far as it is ruled by the Protestant Dissenters; and more and more I am convinced that this is my true business at present. I am really surprised myself at the testimonies I continually receive to the influence which my writings are gaining. The Irish Lord Chancellor O'Hagan asked Sir John Simeon to introduce him to me the other day, and spoke to me in a way which astonished me of his interest in my works. He said he was all for concurrent endowment, but it would break up the Liberal party: Simeon said the same. You should have seen last week's *Saturday*; there were three, if not four mentions of papa in it. All of them you would have liked. Read the life of a Father Hanaghan, or some such name, written by Bishop Ullathorne. The *Saturday* said he reminded them of papa, and there is truth in the parallel. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

¹ Concurrent Endowment.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, August 2, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Flu wrote to you last week, so I left my letter that it might precede us by only a day. The children look forward to coming more than I have ever known them do, and the "House of Paradise" is the ordinary name by which Dick describes Fox How. This naturally adds to my pleasure in coming, which does not need any addition. Every year I come I like it more, and I was saying the other day that if any one were now to ask me whether I would sooner be going to Switzerland in August or going to Fox How, I could honestly say Fox How. We have had no hard rain since Wednesday, on which day it poured from about seven in the morning till one in the afternoon; since that we have had one or two showers, but no more. The sky, however, is very cloudy and unsettled, the glass keeps falling, and we hear of rain and storms all about. It appeared by your letter that you did not have Wednesday's rain, but by this time the familiar drops must surely have descended, and there must be water in the pipes again. I so hate to see the grass burnt and the watercourses dry that I hope you will have had a good soaking downfall before we come. Will you order a carriage to meet us as usual by the half-past four train at Windermere? We leave Willesden, as last year, by the 9.9 train. I have to-day done my last piece of official business; to-morrow I shall be making all my prepara-

tions at home. I have just parted with dear old Edward, who starts for Norway with rather a heavy heart, and with an ice belt to prevent sea sickness. . . . He would much rather be coming with us to Fox How. He and his boy came to us on Saturday, and we had a pleasant day together yesterday. On Saturday Flu and I went together to Laleham. It was exactly a year since we had driven there with darling Tommy and the other two boys to see Basil's grave; he enjoyed the drive, and Laleham, and the river, and Matt Buckland's garden, and often talked of them afterwards. And now we went to see *his* grave, poor darling. The two graves are a perfect garden, and are evidently the sight of the churchyard, where there is nothing else like them; a path has been trodden over the grass to them by people coming and going. It was a soft, mild air, and we sat a long time by the graves; it is what Flu likes best in the world. I daresay she will be very depressed the first day or two at Fox How, but I am sure coming there will do her good.

Lake has written to tell you of his appointment.¹ I have seen Gladstone's letter to him. I am very glad of it. He is one of the old Rugby set, and I like their coming to the front. Lake will also fill the place well, and has earned it better than nine out of any ten men who were likely to have it. He has had many disappointments and deferred hopes, and now he gets a splendid prize — that magnificent cathedral and city, a noble house, a

¹ To the Deanery of Durham.

sphere he can be widely useful in, and £3000 a year. Kiss Fan for me, and tell her my poems are selling very well. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, *November 13, 1869.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I was much interested and touched by your letter, showing your willingness still, as always, to receive and comprehend what is new,¹ instead of shutting your mind against it. It was natural too that your thoughts should revert to your eldest brother. I had already thought of him. It is not man who determines what truths shall present themselves to this or that age, or under what aspect; and until the time is come for the new truth or the new aspect, they are presented unsatisfactorily or in vain. In papa's time the exploding of the old notions of literal inspiration in Scripture, and the introducing of a truer method of interpretation, were the changes for which, here in England, the moment had come. Stiff people could not receive this change, and my dear old Methodist friend, Mr. Scott, used to say to the day of his death that papa and Coleridge might be excellent men, but that they had found and shown the rat-hole in the temple. The old notions about justification will undergo a like change, with a like opposition and cry of alarm from stiff people, with a like safety to true religion, as in the

¹ "St. Paul and Protestantism," *Cornhill Magazine*, October and November, 1869.

former case. It is not worth while to send you the lucubrations I receive, but the newspapers I forward (the organs of the Independents and Baptists) will show you how entirely I have reached the special Puritan class I meant to reach. Whether I have rendered St. Paul's ideas with perfect correctness or not, there is no doubt that the confidence with which these people regarded their conventional rendering of them was quite baseless, made them narrow and intolerant, and prevented all progress. I shall have a last paper at Christmas, called "Puritanism and the Church of England," to show how the Church, though holding certain doctrines like justification in common with Puritanism, has gained by not pinning itself to those doctrines and nothing else, but by resting on Catholic antiquity, historic Christianity, development, and so on, which open to it an escape from all single doctrines as they are outgrown. Then I shall have done with the subject, and shall leave it.

Flu will have told you of our luncheon party on Tuesday, which went off very well. . . . The morning afterwards I had a mounted messenger over here from Gunnersbury¹ at eight o'clock to ask me to come and spend Saturday and Sunday there to meet Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield; but I cannot go, and do not much care to. I shall meet them on the 3rd of December at Lord Chesham's. I had two pleasant dinners at the Bunburys'. The first night I sat by the new Bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey, whom I found very pleasant, and on the other side was a

¹ Baron Lionel de Rothschild's villa.

real Sir Joshua sort of beauty, Miss Napier. I had a very heavy day of inspecting on Thursday; however, I got back here last night, just in time for a not very interesting dinner-party, and to-night we have the Lingens to meet Count dal Verme. On Monday the Marquis Rapallo, the Prince's step-father, is coming down to dine quietly and have a talk with me. I think the Spanish danger is pretty well blown over. Tell dearest K. on no account to exert her eyes to write. I shall know that she will give me her real interest and attention, and that is enough. My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

Does it not strike you that the Rugby candidates¹ are few and little known?

To the Same.

HARROW, December 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have had a long walk with Rover in the fields beyond Northolt, which are quiet and solemn in this gray weather beyond belief. Since I came in I have paid a visit to Flu, who has been quite unwell. The cold came on so sudden and so bitter that it was enough to try anybody; but my habits of air, exercise, and morning bath are great preservatives against chills. Flu was to have dined with me in London on Wednesday with the Merivales, and it is so long since we have dined out together in London that I quite look forward to it; however, the cold was so sharp on

¹ For the Head Mastership.

Wednesday morning, and she was so far from well, that a dinner-party with such a journey before and after it was out of the question, and I went alone. I met the Vaughans, and they both seem radiant with happiness in being at the Temple.¹ Lord Lorne was there, and the party was altogether rather pleasant. I came down here at twelve at night, and rejoiced that I had not Flu with me. On Thursday we had a visitation from the Baron Rosenerantz, a Danish diplomat who married an acquaintance of Flu's, and three of his wife's family to luncheon; the General appeared also, and these early entertainments are always boring to me. Flu, too, made her cold worse in showing them about Harrow. On Thursday evening I went to Latimer, and met Disraeli and Lady Beaconsfield, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Count and Countess d'Apponyi, Lady Ashburton, Colonel Clifford, and Henry Cowper. Dizzy was in high force, and it was agreeable. He said to me across the table at dinner, *apropos* of something that was mentioned, "Sweetness and light I call that, Mr. Arnold, eh?" The Cheshams were very kind, as they always are, and, as I had to go to Aston Clinton on Friday, they wanted me to return to them yesterday and stay over to-day, but I would not. I left at eight on Friday morning — a sharp frost, but the wood, and valley, and stream, and all that chalk country of Buckinghamshire looking beautiful. I inspected my school in London, and got to Aston Clinton for dinner. To appreciate the power of wealth you should go to that house in weather like

¹ Dr. Vaughan was appointed Master of the Temple 1869.

this, which I have twice done. The perfection of all the arrangements makes it quite unlike even a great and comfortable house like Latimer. At Aston Clinton too there was a pleasant party and a wonderful dinner. They sent me to the station next morning, and the horses danced rather than trotted, it was so slippery. We had the General to dinner, but he is in rather bad spirits, thinking his position with the Prince uncomfortable since this Spanish affair. To-morrow I dine with the Literary Club, and on Tuesday with the Butlers; on Saturday Flu and I go to Rugby till Monday. I send you two letters, one from Stanley, one from Henry Reynolds, Principal of Lady Huntingdon's college at Cheshunt, whom I like very much, and it will show you how amiable the better Dissenters are to me. I think nearly all the new periodicals have something or other about me, which show how much more what I write is coming into vogue. I use the word for Fan's sake. My love to her. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, December 13, 1869.

MY DEAREST MOTHER— This will not go till to-morrow, but I will write it at once, as to-morrow I shall be tied and bound all day. Flu and I started for Rugby on Saturday at four, and at the station at Rugby we recognised in the gaslight dear old Tom. The Stanleys arrived soon after us, and at nearly eight we sat down to dinner a party of nineteen in the old dining-room. Most of the party

were Rugbeians of Temple's¹ time. Of the old set there were only Stanley, Tom Hughes, Tom, and myself. Flu and I were in your old room, and I had papa's dressing-room. Sunday morning was fine and frosty, and out of the dressing-room window the hollies and copper beech in the garden, and the line of Scotch firs beyond the kitchen garden, looked quite as they must have looked on so many mornings to him. At breakfast the same party as the night before; chapel at half-past ten, and after chapel Stanley, Lady Augusta, and I went over the chapel together. At one was early dinner, then we went and saw the Charles Arnolds. At four was chapel, and Temple's sermon was admirable, even beyond what I had expected. He reminds both Stanley and me of papa in his extraordinary force and earnestness, with the utter absence of verbiage. Every word tells. Perhaps he throws more emotion, and even passion, into his preaching than papa did, but, on the other hand, he does not give quite the same impression of depth and solidity. What he said about papa was as good as it could possibly be; but you will see it in the *Pall Mall*, for Tom Hughes was taking notes for that newspaper, and I am sure he will have given the passage about papa. Then we went back to tea, and at twenty minutes after six Flu, I, Tom, and the Stanleys started for the new church to hear Temple there. He was to preach for the completion of the tower. The doors were thronged like the access to a theatre, and it was a

¹ Dr. Temple resigned the Head Mastership of Rugby on being made Bishop of Exeter, Christmas 1869.

tremendous business getting in. Miss Moultrie gave me a seat, and dear old Moultrie read the lessons, exactly in that up and down style, not without grandeur, which Mary imitates so capitally. . . . Temple's sermon in the church was as good as that in the chapel, and remarkable as showing his strong Church feeling and sense of the value and greatness of the historic development of Christianity, of which the Church is the expression. We came back to a great supper at about nine o'clock, and after supper Stanley, till prayers, read aloud to me in Temple's study Hayman's¹ *Testimonials*. Both he and I think they are such as will perfectly enable the trustees to stand by the appointment they have made, unless they really wish to go back from it. After prayers I got dear old Tom to come to my dressing-room, and had a long talk with him. He seems doing well with pupils at last. Walter, who arrived late on Saturday night, departed after the afternoon chapel on Sunday. This morning the Stanleys, Flu, and I came up together, and it was a pleasant journey. Flu and I are going to the consecration of Temple on the 21st. Lady Augusta told me a pendant to the story I told you of Princess Alice. Princess Louise said to her the other day, "Vicky (the Princess of Prussia) says she has no patience at all with Mr. Arnold." You will have seen Lingen's² appointment to the Treasury,

¹ Dr. Hayman succeeded Dr. Temple as Head Master of Rugby.

² Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lingen, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

which he has well earned. It is probable one of the assistant secretaries in the Education Department will succeed him. I have one or two interesting letters to send you, but they must wait till next week. We have just parted from the Prince; he is a dear boy, and I should not like to think we were never to see him again. My love to Fan. I greatly liked hearing from her.—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM,

February 21, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I must wait here till after five o'clock in order to vote at the ballot for candidates, and I will employ the extra half-hour that gives me here in writing to you. I have an obstinate cold, and have had it for a fortnight, but it is only in my head, my chest and throat have been quite free. But I am full of headache and stupidity, and unable to taste or smell. The Bishop of London¹ is writing close by me, and has just interrupted me to ask me after you, and I have told him the anecdote of your going on Rydal Lake. I have skated several times, on the days when the wind was not so violent. At Harrow we have had very little snow, and consequently some ten days of skating. For the boys it is delightful, and I am very fond of it too. Budge has again done very well, being sixth this second fortnight; Dicky is fourth, but it is his second term in the form.

¹ Dr. Jackson,

Budge's well-doing is a great pleasure to me, and I think he improves in all respects together. Walter is coming down to-night to dine with us; we have not seen him for an age. Flu went up to hear William's speech, and dined and slept in London. On that night when I went to bed about twelve o'clock I missed Toss,¹ who is generally by the fire in the room where we sit; when I went upstairs there she was sitting upright in the middle of my bed waiting for me. There was no fire in the room, and she never sleeps on our bed, but that night she missed Flu, and came there to inquire for her and to keep me company. She curled herself up on the counterpane by my side, and whenever I woke in the night she sat up instantly and looked at me; directly I lay down she curled herself up and slept again, and so she remained till I went down to breakfast the next morning. She is a most interesting cat, and we get fonder and fonder of her, though we have just put her on two meals of meat a day instead of three, as we thought too much meat tended to promote inflammatory action of her lungs, which are delicate. There are several things I should like to send you, but I have none of them with me here. Walrond, who has had a great disappointment in not being made a Commissioner in his department, has written me a really charming letter, which shows how excellent and also how feeling a man he is. I will send it you. I think William's Bill² will do very well. I am glad it is so little altered since I heard its contents in

¹ The Persian cat.

² The Education Bill.

November. His speech in introducing it seems to have been a great success. I have not read Miss Mitford's *Life*, but the extracts I have seen show it to be very pleasant reading. If you ever read a new novel, read *Annals of an Eventful Life*. Tell Fan that the lines¹ in my second *Cornhill* article, "Below the surface stream," etc., are my own, and I think them good; I have seen them quoted in four places since. It is a pity you do not see the *Saturday*, as papa is so often mentioned in it, particularly with reference to history. I met Temple here a day or two ago, looking very well in his new dress.² I told him I approved of his withdrawal of his Essay,³ which the Liberals, who turn religion into mere politics, are so angry with him for; he seemed pleased. I told him also that I thought the *Essays and Reviews* could not be described throughout as "a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of religious matters," and he said he quite agreed with me, and thought Pusey's note to the *Times* quite just. He is a fine character. My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

¹ Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we feel — below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel, there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed.

"St. Paul and Protestantism," *Cornhill Magazine*.
November 1869.

² As Bishop.

³ The first paper in *Essays and Reviews*.

To Lady de Rothschild.

THE ATHENÆUM, April 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — A thousand thanks. Mr. Farrar¹ started last night, but the letters have been sent after him, and will reach him at Paris. They looked so profoundly mysterious and Oriental that I longed to be going to make use of them myself. I sent the very kind note written by Sir Moses Montefiore to Paris along with the letters of introduction.

The violets arrived when I was away inspecting, and they were at their second day when I saw them; but they were delicious even then, and their arrival, and the skill with which they were packed, had charmed the whole family. How much longer shall you be at Aston Clinton? I have a vague project of proposing myself to you when I inspect Princes Risborough and Whitechurch—both of them reached from Aylesbury, and Aylesbury is reached from Aston Clinton. Mrs. Arnold and the children are going into Leicestershire for the Easter holidays, and I am going with them; but I must return and inspect schools again on the 21st. The week following, from the 25th to the 30th, shall you be at Aston Clinton, and would it suit you if I came to you for a day?

Macmillan chooses this very suitable day to give a dinner to all his authors, and I am just starting for Streatham with a toothache, and the prospect

¹ The Rev. F. W. Farrar (afterwards Dean of Canterbury) visited Palestine with a view to writing his *Life of Christ*.

of an endless dinner and a return to Harrow in the middle of the night in the east wind.

My kindest regards and renewed thanks, and I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

HARROW, June 1, 1870.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — It is most kind of you to ask me to your ball, which will certainly be a beautiful one; but I have long since made my arrangements to pass the 8th and 9th at Chenies, those being the two days given me for the Duke of Bedford's water there, and fishing being a pursuit for which my years and my habits disqualify me less than for most other amusements. I wish you would let me send you Count dal Verme, the Prince's equerry, in my stead. He is as ornamental in a ballroom as I am the reverse. Young, very good-looking, and an indefatigable dancer. If you send a card for him to me here, I would take care he gets it.

I could not be in your neighbourhood without coming to see you, but I have not been there since, though I dine very near you to-night.

I hope the day I have fixed for Aston Clinton will suit you. It *must* be this month, as the office year for schools ends at the end of June, and all the cases of a year must be done by that time. I should like to have shown you some of the Non-conformist speeches at the recent May meetings, full of comments on my preface to *St. Paul and*

Protestantism. We shall see great changes in the Dissenters before very long. But I must write a School Report instead of talking to you. It is very early, and the garden on which I am looking would be delightful but for this starving and depressing want of rain.—Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. 1. —I hope you read a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the day before yesterday proposing a Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. It was mine. The only thing I have written there this year.

P.S. 2. —Count dal Verme was at the Queen's ball the other night, and knows a good many dancing people, so he will not wander through your rooms in a state of destitution, which is sometimes an objection to asking a stranger.

To his Mother.

HARROW, June 7, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have been reporting school cases till my head aches and my fingers are tired, but before I go out I will write a line to you, that I may send you Lord Salisbury's letter. Nothing could more gratify me, I think, in the way of an honour, than this recognition by my own University, of which I am so fond, and where, according to their own established standard of distinctions, I did so little. I had no notion they would give me this degree¹ yet awhile, if they ever

¹ Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford.

gave it me; the position of a man of letters is so uncertain, and, according to a maxim that a prophet is without honour in his own country, more uncertain in the eyes of his own University than anywhere else. And I have no doubt it is owing to the accident of a young and original sort of man, Lord Salisbury,¹ having the making of the list that I owe my being included in it. I do very much hope dear old K. and Walter will manage to come up and see it. Edward was going up any way for an All Souls dinner to Lord Salisbury on the 20th. The degrees are given on the 21st, so he will certainly stay. Flu and I were going to the Toms, but the Henry Smiths claim a promise made by us when we refused to go there for a Commemoration some years ago, that if ever we came to a Commemoration we would come to them; and to them we shall have to go. They want us to bring Lucy and Nelly, but I think we shall only take Lucy. What I should like would be for Jane and William to go to the Toms, who would be enchanted to have them. Julia is, as you have said, hospitality itself, and they really seem to have abundant room at present.

Your visit was delightful, only it ought to have been longer. Since you went I have had a bad cold, which for two or three days was on my chest, and made me feverish; now it is in my head, and only makes me stupid. Oxford was beautiful, and dear Flu enjoyed it, I think; but three immense

¹ Lord Salisbury was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the death of Lord Derby in 1869.

dinner-parties are not the way of visiting I like best. I had a walk with Tom up towards my old Cumner county on Sunday, but I generally had the impression of being somewhat driven, and of seeing too much the sort of people one is always seeing in London. To-morrow I am off for Chenies; in this vile drought there can be no good fishing, but I shall have the sight of that sweet clear stream, and peace. Edith Wood is with us for a week, and to-night we have one or two of the boys of the school to dinner. Tell Fan, Macmillan is going to give me Hooker's new book. I have seen it, and it is delightful. He tends to unify varieties, while Babington tends to multiply them; so to me he is a much more satisfactory man. I went this morning to find the goatsbeard, and there was the plant in abundance, but, as it was a little past noon, not a single flower open. You will like to see the enclosed from Church;¹ his sense of the importance of the distinction I have drawn out between Hellenism and Hebraism shows his width of mind. It is a distinction on which more and more will turn, and on dealing wisely with it everything depends. My love to dear old Mary. Kisses to the boys. Have you any signs of rain?—Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

June 16, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have two letters to thank you for, one which crossed with my former one, and your letter of this week. Last week I

¹ Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

had two delightful days at Chenies in spite of the brightness and dryness. I had a heavy obstinate cold, but the second day, finding my feet burnt by the dry chalky soil, I took off my shoes and stockings and waded for five hours barefooted and ankle deep in the clear pebbly borders of that beautiful trout stream. My cold was well next day, and my feet have been happy ever since. I had splendid fishing. I only wish you could have seen the fish — my basket full of great trout as long as my forearm. Tell Fan I should like to take her to Chenies with me, and to send her into the woods to botanise while I fished. This week I went on Monday into East Essex to inspect, and slept at Walton on the Naze. The Naze is a real nose of a sort of clayey cliff running out into the German Ocean. The sea is glorious in this sunshine; it is only at the seaside that I never wish for rain. I had a long walk past the Naze at the top of the cliff, and returned by the sands, which are beautiful. The inn is very good, and though the country inland is dull, it is ancient, and has old farms and churches; besides, one looks at nothing but the sea. Tell Fan the slopes of the clay cliff were covered with the wild parsnip, its broad hats of yellow honey-coloured flowers very rich and tempting. Tell her I have also found out that the Essex plant I thought was hemlock is the sheep's parsley; and the true hemlock I have discovered near Harrow, such a handsome plant, and quite unmistakable when you have once seen it. I will take her straight to it when she comes to us next spring. Mr. Gibson has sent

me another copy of his *Essex Flora*. I had given away the first, so I am getting quite a botanical library. I will be sure and bring the Hooker with me to Fox How. I wish dear Fan would have come to Oxford, and I am sure a place would have been found for her; however, it will be something to have three of one's brothers and sisters to see an event which certainly gives me very great pleasure. I think Lord Salisbury has made his selection¹ very well, inasmuch as he has made it very various. You will see some of them in the *Guardian*. I have heard besides of Lord de Grey,² Sir William Mansfield,³ Sir James Shuttleworth, Reeve, the editor of the *Edinburgh*, and Dr. Smith, the editor of the *Quarterly*, Darwin, and one or two more. It will be a hot and tiring two days, but pleasant to look back upon. How Mary must have chafed at not being able to vote for Mr. Paget!⁴ I am glad Mr. Heygate had so good a majority, for while the Liberals lean so on the Protestant Dissenters and adopt all their prejudices without believing in them, and simply to get political power by their help, I have no desire for Liberal candidates to win. It is said Gladstone has taken William's Bill⁵ entirely into his own hands, and neither William nor Coleridge are to speak to-night; but we shall see. Gladstone, who is always shifting, is this year in a much more Anglican mood,

¹ Of recipients of the D.C.L. degree.

² Afterwards Lord Ripon. ³ Afterwards Lord Sandhurst.

⁴ At a bye-election for South Leicestershire.

⁵ The Education Bill.

as I judge by a curious letter he wrote me a week
 ago. My book is doing very well. Reeve tells me
 he intends to have it reviewed in a sense of strong
 agreement and approval in the *Edinburgh*.¹ My
 love to the two girls; kisses to the little boys. —
 Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, June 25, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — You will believe that
 I have often thought of you during this last week,
 though I did not wish for you in the heat and
 excitement of the theatre. What Bryce² said was
 very happy, and he is to send me an exact copy of
 it, which you shall have; there was more about
 papa than the *Times* would have led you to think.
 I felt sure I should be well received, because there
 is so much of an Oxford character about what I
 have written, and the undergraduates are the last
 people to bear one a grudge for having occasionally
 chaffed them, but I did not think they would have
 shown so much warmth and cordiality. Perhaps
 the satisfaction of the older men — the Masters of
 Arts in the area — was what gave me most satis-
 faction. Bryce told me that having to present
 me was what gave him most pleasure in the whole
 affair. He performed his part very well, and so
 did Lord Salisbury perform his. He told me

¹ "Arnold on Puritanism and National Churches," *Edinburgh Review*, April 1871.

² Public Orator at Oxford; afterwards the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

afterwards it had been suggested to him that he ought to have addressed me as *Vir dulcissime et lucidissime*. He is a dangerous man, though, and chiefly from his want of any true sense and experience of literature and its beneficent function. Religion he knows, and physical science he knows, but the immense work between the two, which is for literature to accomplish, he knows nothing of, and all his speeches at Oxford pointed this way. On the one hand, he was full of the great future for physical science, and begging the University to make up her mind to it, and to resign much of her literary studies; on the other hand, he was full, almost defiantly full, of counsels and resolves for retaining and upholding the old ecclesiastical and dogmatic form of religion. From a juxtaposition of this kind nothing but shocks and collisions can come; and I know no one, indeed, more likely to provoke shocks and collisions than men like Lord Salisbury. All this pressed a good deal upon my mind at Oxford, and made me anxious, but I do hope that what influence I have may be of use in the troubled times which I see are before us as a healing and reconciling influence, and it is this which makes me glad to find — what I find more and more — that I *have* influence.

Flu and I have had an offer from the Royal Society's expedition to be taken with them in a Government vessel, free of all expense, to see the eclipse from Etna in December. Tennyson is going, and it is rather tempting, but we shall not go. The majority on the Education Bill is a great

relief; it will now, if William has tolerable luck, get through safely this session. I thought Gladstone's speech very good. I think William's powers of management will come out now for what remains to be done. I have felt for him much, and for my own part have been heartily glad I was not Secretary. Flu is gone to Laleham. She has sent Rowland the *Pall Mall* with an account of the Oxford theatre. My love to dearest old Mary and Fan. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

LONDON, July 18, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — On Sunday I was at Wotton with Dick, and had not a free half-hour. In the morning we were at church, then in the afternoon we walked over to Abinger, the place which the first Lord Abinger bought, and from which he took his title, and which has been bought by Farrer,¹ the Secretary to the Board of Trade, an old friend of mine. It is a beautiful place, looking upon Leith Hill and Ewhurst windmill, and that great Greensand range which has such an incomparable view over Sussex to the South Downs. Then we came back and bathed, and at half-past six dined, and at half-past seven were sent by Evelyn in his carriage to Dorking. We got to London at a quarter past nine, and left the London Bridge station in one of the greatest crowds I ever saw, the fine weather having brought out the whole

¹ Afterwards Lord Farrer.

world, and not a cab to be got. We toiled in the heat through the crowd, carrying our luggage, but we had passed the Bank before we got a cab, and were hopelessly late for the ten o'clock train from Euston, so we had to drive all the way down to Harrow. Flu, Budge, and the little girls did not return till yesterday. Walter came and dined with us, looking well and seeming in good spirits, though I should not like the prospect of two months of London in this weather. Dick and I left the match at Lord's at five o'clock on Friday, when it was already perfectly clear that Harrow would be beaten. You know how Dick enjoys Wotton, which is truly beautiful at this season of the year, and where he has everything that a boy most likes. On Saturday evening I caught a trout of two pounds ten ounces — think of that as you look at the Rotha! — and another of two pounds six ounces. Evelyn has imported a herd of twenty reindeer from Lapland, and it was most interesting to see them. One of the fawns, who is an orphan, and brought up on goat's milk, Dick led with us all the way on our Sunday's walk to Abinger. Tell Fan that in one of the lanes we passed the hemlock growing at least twelve feet high, perfectly magnificent, and making one understand how it can be a tree. I hope you will tell me what rain you have had in last week. With us since Friday it has been real summer weather. To-day the public schools shoot at Wimbledon, and Budge and Dick are gone over in their uniform; Budge really does very well as an officer. But I think the school will be beaten

in the shooting. The dinner to meet the Crown Princess was a little stiff, but she was very gracious when I was presented to her, and said she had read all my books. Tennyson was there, and very cordial. He wanted me to come on from Evelyn's to stay with him at his new place near Haslemere. I send you a letter, which you need not return; taken with the *Spectator*, it will give you a notion how various are the comments on my last article.¹ The question is, is the view there propounded true? I believe it is, and that it is important, because it places our use of the Bible and our employment of its language on a basis indestructibly solid. The Bishop of Manchester² told me it had been startlingly new to him, but the more he thought of it, the more he thought it was true. Now I must go back to the school I have been inspecting this morning.

Love to dear Fan.—I am always your most affectionate
M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

HARROW, October 9, 1870.

MY DEAREST FAN—My letter this week must be to you, to convey to you all my love and good wishes for your birthday. You have a kind of *locum tenens* in Clough's poems for the book of Dr. Prior on the English plants, which is to be your real birthday present. As soon as the new edition is out, you shall have it.

¹ "Puritanism and the Church of England," *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1870.

² Dr. Fraser.

Flu and the little girls will have told you of our expedition to Walton. We are now settled down here till the holidays, though few weeks will pass without my having to sleep at least one night away from home. As one's years increase, and the desire to fulfil certain projects while one has yet time becomes keener and more pressing, the interruption caused by the continual travelling-about which inspection requires becomes trying. Only by much more rigorously laying out what I mean to do than formerly, and sticking much more rigorously than formerly to what is thus laid out, instead of going off on any new fancy or scheme that may turn up, can I hope to get along without self-dissatisfaction and constant impatience. The times are wonderful, and will be still more so; and one would not willingly lose by negligence, self-mismanagement, and want of patience what power one has of working in them and having influence on them. But the power of self-management and turning one's circumstances to the best account is the hardest power in the world to acquire; half the wasted lives one sees are due to the want of it. I have been feeling this very much lately, and the great thing is not to stop at feeling it, but to act as is requisite for one who strongly feels it.

I am interested in the Marquis Boyl, who is over here to attend to the Prince. He has served much in the army, and been both with the Prince's father and the King. The King's good points he seems to feel strongly, and says, what I believe is quite true, that the swaggering look his common portraits

give him is not the least in his character, that he is perfectly simple and good-natured; at any rate, the Prince's father was, he says, charming. He evidently thinks that great difficulties will have to be got over at Rome; but the Italians are good politicians, and I think they will get over them. Their real danger is that their upper and richer class is so formed on the model of the upper and richer class in France, corrupted like them, and likely to prove, when any pinch comes, enervated too, like them. What there is below in Italy I do not know. One cannot clearly tell what there is below in France either, but events will show us this very soon. I am inclined to believe in a fund of virtue, and consequently of strength, somewhere or other in the great mass of the French nation, more than in that of the Italian. The extracts from the *Journal des Débats*, given in the *Times* of yesterday, were most interesting, but they looked rather black for Paris. The letter of Surgeon-Major Wyatt, on the other hand, also most interesting, was at the same time full of good promise for the defence and self-recovery. My love to dearest mamma. Do you think Rowland would be disposed to come here? You never mentioned the pennywort, and whether you have it in Westmorland. Once more many and sincere good wishes for the tenth. I remember you an hour or two old.

— Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

*To his Mother.*HARROW, *Tuesday (November 1870).*

MY DEAREST MOTHER— On Sunday when I was going to write to you Gerald Slade arrived, and as we had not seen him since he went to Paris this time last year, I had to give up the afternoon to him. Yesterday I meant to have written to you from the Athenæum, but I had no sooner got there than I had first a Frenchman, a M. de Frangueville, who wanted to see me; and then an American, a Dr. Parsons; and when they had done, it was time to start for Harrow. Dr. Parsons was full of the veneration they had for papa in the United States generally, and in Boston particularly. On my way from the east of London to the Athenæum I called in Bond Street, but found Walter had started at eleven that morning. I should think his journey would be very interesting. He was to go by Harfleur, and from thence as straight as he could to Tours. I cannot myself believe in peace, because the people who are in possession of Paris lose their hold on affairs the moment the elections, which are the preliminary to peace, are held. They are not likely to give this up of their own free will, and I do not see who is to make them. I have just finished re-reading Bunsen's life, with great interest. The way he vitally connected different great branches of knowledge and made them all serve one object is truly German, but German of the best kind. His conclusions and ideas are nebulously expressed, and with too great a desire to draw everything to an

Evangelical and Lutheran form of expression. But his meaning seems to me almost always right, and he was anticipating almost all the religious world is coming to. I had forgotten his dying directions to all belonging to him to keep up their connexion with England; this is very touching. The connexion he gave to his different lines of study, and the ardour with which he followed them, are just what we want. It is incredible how much more Englishmen, even busy Englishmen, might study if they really chose to, and incredible how much more fruit they would get from what study they accomplished if they combined it and made it move towards one end. Above all is this the case with religious people. How much more might they get done than the Bible reading, which is now nearly all that they manage, and how much more profit they would get from this Bible reading if they combined it with other things, and other things with it. Thank you for the two notices. My expostulation with the Dissenters has rather diverted attention from the main essays, but the two things, the position of the Dissenters and the right reading of St. Paul and the New Testament, are closely connected; and I am convinced the general line I have taken as to the latter has a lucidity and inevitableness about it which will make it more and more prevail. Poor Mr. Healing is laid up with a feverish attack, so I have to work without an assistant. Budge is much higher again this fortnight. I believe Prince Amadeo goes to Spain after all. My love to Fan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*HARROW, *Wednesday* (November 1870).

MY DEAREST MOTHER — On Sunday Gerald Slade's arrival stopped my writing to you, and yesterday and the day before I was driven from morning to night. To-day it will be the same thing, so if I am to thank you for your letter it must be before I dress. It is a fog, and for the first time I cannot see at a quarter to seven, and have been obliged to light a candle. My getting up is rather governed by the daylight, but when it comes to not being able to see at seven o'clock I hope to go back to six o'clock again, and to use lights. To-day I am going first to South Kensington to hear the opening lecture of Huxley's course to ladies on Physical Science; there is much talk of introducing the elements of this in our elementary schools. Masters generally teach it very badly, and from book and by memory, just as they teach their geography and history. Very little good is thus done, and as the physical science people all say that this is the wrong way to teach their matters, and that no good is done by teaching them so, I want to hear Huxley with my own ears, before a class where he will be obliged to be extremely elementary. Then I go on to the Wesleyans at Westminster to lunch with Dr. Rigg, the Principal. Having both before and after lunch to be busy in the practising schools, I shall not get away till half-past four, and shall drive to Euston, doing a little shopping for Flu on the way, and

arriving here only in time to get about half an hour's Greek reading before dinner. After dinner I am disposed to be sleepy if I attempt more than to talk to Flu, help the boys if they want help, and read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I must try and mend in this respect. If I could do my School Reports in an evening it would be a great thing gained, and as they do not excite the brain, there is no reason why I should not. But the days slip away, and the many projects I have are no nearer their completion at the end of the week than they were at the beginning. So it is with us, and those who come after us, as Goethe says, will make just the same complaint. Yet, after all, it is absurd that all the best of my days should be taken up with matters which thousands of other people could do just as well as I, and that what I have a special turn for doing I should have no time for. I send you an unexpected note¹ from Kingsley, which well shows the generous and affectionate side of his disposition. I did not know he was reading *Culture and Anarchy*, or that he had not read it long ago. With Swinburne the favourite poet of the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, Huxley pounding away at the intelligent working man, and Newdigate applauding the German Education minister for his reactionary introduction of the narrowest

¹ "I have at last had time to read carefully your *Culture and Anarchy*, and here is my verdict, if you care for it: That it is an exceeding wise and true book, and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn, but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring—when the spring comes."—Charles Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 338.

Protestantism into the schools, and for thus sending psalm-singing soldiers into the field who win battles — between all these there is indeed much necessity for methods of insight and moderation.

Fan will have seen that the *Pall Mall* put straight what was amiss in the announcement of my refusing for the School Board. My love to dear old Susy and to John. — Your ever affectionate.

M. A.

To the Same.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY,
BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON,
November 15, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I daresay I shall hear from you to-morrow, but I will write this afternoon while I have opportunity. It is a long, tedious business this week, hearing the students give specimen lessons at the Training Schools. There is little real utility in it, and a great deal of clap-trap, and that makes the expenditure of time the more disagreeable to me. However, I get a good many notes written, and odds and ends of things done. I have finished correcting the press of my *St. Paul and Protestantism* for the second edition. I shall send you the book, and I shall be glad you should have it in this second form, instead of in the first, for a good many things are brought out clearer, and the principal treatise is put directly after the preface, so that the book will no longer have the appearance of making that which was secondary — the part about

the Dissenters — primary. You will have seen the *Guardian*, and the way they improve the occasion against the Dissenters is very amusing, and not at all unfair. My book and mode of criticism they could not like, and no church can like it, for it is a mode of treatment which inevitably brings to light the unnaturalness and artificiality of the mode they have themselves adopted, and which must be fatal to their mode in the end. I send you an interesting letter I have had from a man who was one of the Rugby masters, and is now head of the Fettes College in Edinburgh. It is something to have had in one week two such letters as his and Kingsley's. You need not return the letter; on second thoughts, though, you may send both it and Kingsley's to K. I must go and see that dear old thing some day, but she is the wrong side of London for us, and it is not easy.

Dear old Dick had a happy birthday, though it was a whole school day. Amongst you all he is quite a rich boy, and the Prince gave him a racquet, as he gave Budge on his birthday a football, showing just discernment of what they would like, dear boy. He is in great spirits, delighted to be free for ever of Spain, for I think he dreaded it might come on again when he was older. Tell John I have a small venture in Turkish, Spanish, and Italian stocks, in order to quicken my interest in modern history. But what a time we have come to, and how truly we may say as we look round Europe, "The fashion of this world passeth away." The danger for this country is the utter absence of

a policy in any of our public men. They have not even a notion of such a thing being possible, but look anxiously to the public mind and its wishes, and endeavour to comply with them. The public mind and its wishes being blind and uncertain things, our policy is blind and uncertain, and so we drift, and shall go on drifting. A man to rule the public, instead of being ruled by the public, is what our foreign policy wants, but this we are not likely to have at present. Tell Walter from me I am very glad he is taking lessons in French. He should do this with steady determination. Nothing is so useful as taking lessons when one is in the country itself, has opportunities of daily speaking, and already knows the language pretty well. I do not imagine you need be in the least anxious about him. It is curious how here every one seems pleased with the French success at Orleans.¹ We shall see what will come of it. I do not believe the end is just yet. . . . The *Times* generally has been poor, and old Russell² twaddling. It has been a great thing for the *Daily News*, which has increased its circulation immensely, and I am glad of it, for I like the paper. Now I must stop. My love to Susy and Fan, and to John, and remember me most kindly to his father and mother. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ Orleans was re-occupied by the French, November 9, 1870.

² W. H. Russell, war correspondent of the *Times*.

To the Same.

HARROW, December 4, 1870.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — TO-MORROW I dine with the Literary Club and sleep in Waterloo Place, as Mr. George Smith kindly puts at my disposal his rooms over Smith and Elder's. The rooms are delightful, and the situation most convenient — at the bottom of Waterloo Place, and quite close to the Athenæum. My interview with the Income Tax Commissioners at Edgware the other day, who had assessed my profits at £1000 a year, on the plea that I was a most distinguished literary man, my works were mentioned everywhere and must have a wide circulation, would have amused you. "You see before you, gentlemen," I said, "what you have often heard of, *an unpopular author.*" It was great fun, though going to Edgware was a bore. The assessment was finally cut down to £200 a year, and I told them I should have to write more articles to prevent my being a loser by submitting to even that assessment, upon which the Chairman politely said, "Then the public will have reason to be much obliged to us." I wrote to dear old Tom on his birthday, and I saw K. on Friday. The week after next I hope to dine with her. My love to Fan. I hope Rowland's cold is better. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, January 31, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send you also three or four letters which, as I know you like to see

letters, you may as well read before they are burnt. I think I will have Max Müller's letter again. I do not know that I have anything in his handwriting, and I find that the desire gains upon me to have some one letter, at all events, to refresh my living impression of celebrated men I have known, in case they should depart before me. I am troubled at having absolutely nothing of Clough's except his name in one or two books. The one thing I had, a poem written in a letter, was asked for that it might be published, and has never been returned to me. The half-dozen letters of Sainte Beuve's I have kept are a great pleasure to me. You will like to read dear Henry Bunsen.

It is an unspeakable relief to have the war, I suppose, over; but one may well look anxiously to see what is in the future for the changed Europe that we shall have. Immense as are her advantages and resources, it does not seem as if France *could* recover herself now as she did in 1815, or indeed could recover herself within our time at all. Whatever may be said of the harshness of such a sentence, it is yet true that her fall is mainly due to that want of a serious conception of righteousness and the need of it, the consequences of which so often show themselves in the world's history, and in regard to the Græco-Latin nations more particularly. The fall of Greece, the fall of Rome, the fall of the brilliant Italy of the fifteenth century, and now the fall of France, are all examples. Nothing gives more freshness and depth to one's reading of the Bible than the sense that this is so,

and that this testimony is perpetually being borne to the book of righteousness, though the nation out of which it came was itself a political failure so utter and miserable.

The qualities of the French genius, their lucidity, directness of intellect, and social charm, must always make themselves felt, as the far higher qualities of the Greeks did and do. But it is quite a question whether the practical military and political career of France may not be now ending, not again to revive, as that of Greece did after the Macedonian Conquest.

I had written before breakfast down to the end of the last paragraph but one. Since that time I have dressed, breakfasted, and read dear old Tom's letter and yours. I am now at a Pupil Teacher Examination in Covent Garden. How I wish I was disturbing that quiet which you and Fan set so much store by! I manage to skate daily, but it is partly in the dark, after my return home. They are proposing for me a *perfect* district; *Westminster*, and a small rural district round Harrow. And I have made no application, said not a single word! My love to Fan and Mary, dear things. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, *February 11, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MAMMA — The house is all in confusion with preparing for the theatricals, and I am banished to my dressing-room, where I will first em-

ploy myself with writing to you. I am afraid they will not know their parts very well, but if they do, Budge's acting is sure to be good, and to see the Prince as Mrs. Bouncer will, at all events, be very amusing. Count dal Verme and the Abbé are coming down, and the two foreign governesses from Mrs. Goose's¹ are invited. I believe that is the whole audience except ourselves. The piece begins at half-past six, and will be over before eight, when we shall dine in my library while the children dance, and they will have supper there afterwards. The theatre and ballroom is the dining-room. . . .

Parliament seems to have opened stupidly, but so it often does when one expects it to open very interestingly. Disraeli's heavy pompous pounding seems to have been more wearisome than ever, and Gladstone's emotional verbiage much as usual. The old actors are worn out, and the public begins to tire of them; but the new actors do not yet appear. At the Athenæum yesterday I talked to the Bishop of Salisbury,² who asked for you; also to Vaughan, who did the same. Vaughan seems very well and happy, and really brimming with playfulness. To-day we have a sharp return of frost—the thermometer at 27. By the end of this week we shall have the French assembly at work. Did you read the French correspondent about that singular people this week? He said what has so often struck me, and what in one way or another I have more than once said about them. But this is a moment

¹ Mrs. Goose kept a school for young ladies at Harrow.

² Dr. Moberly.

requiring more *root in themselves* than, alas, they have! My love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, *March* 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I am alone here to-day with the children, Flu having gone up yesterday afternoon with the Prince to stay till to-night with her sister, Mrs. Wood. Last night I had the four children to dine with me, and after dinner, when Budge was gone to his work, the three others begged me to read poetry to them, and I read them several things of Wordsworth's, and was pleased to see how greatly they enjoyed it. Lucy says she likes very few poets, but she likes Wordsworth. This evening I have promised to read them "The Brothers," which will have a special interest for Dick, because he has been up the Pillar, and seen the Pillar stone. The little girls and I went to church together this morning, and they are to read the psalms and lessons to me presently. Meanwhile we have been a walk to our lane again, and have found a number of white violets, to the great delight of Lucy and Nelly, who are as fond of wild flowers as even I could wish. This being an old place, the violets come up all over the grounds, even in little sheltered crannies of the gravel walk by a gate. Dick has discovered four more plants of the wild daffodil coming up, so now there are eleven; but they are on the north side of the hedge, unluckily, and I rather doubt these coming

into flower. Things are coming forward most beautifully, and I have been pruning two favourite rose-trees to-day. I quite hope we shall be in good looks when you come. . . .

I send you two letters, as you like to see letters of this kind; one is from Sir Louis Mallet, of whom you know; the other is from John Morley,¹ the editor of the *Fortnightly*, who has several times attacked my things severely, but who has certainly learnt something from me, and knows it. But more than half the world can never frankly accept the person of whom they learn, but kick at the same time that they learn. You may burn the letters when you have read them. My love to dear Fan. What a day for Fox How, if your weather is like ours! — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, March 20, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I send you an Edinburgh note, which may burn after it has shown you what faithful hearts are scattered about the world, and another from Deutsch, the Talmud man, which is worth keeping as an autograph, if Fan can muster energy to have the autograph book put in a proper state, and to go on with it. I find it very useful and interesting to know the signification of names, and had written to ask him whether *Jerusalem* meant “the vision of peace” or “the foundation of peace”; either meaning is beautiful, but I wished for the first, as the more beautiful.

¹ Afterwards the Right Hon. J. Morley, M.P.

However, you will see what he says. I should have written to you yesterday, but was taken out for a walk by the little girls. Our white violets have spread and prospered, but one of the young Harrow masters has found them out, and has been unprincipled enough to carry off some plants, for which I gave it him well yesterday, catching him almost in the act, and coming away with his spoil. I know of but one clump of blue violets near Harrow, and that is kept well picked by village children. However, we found one or two in it, to the little girls' great delight. Tell Fan the daffodils respect themselves too much to blossom in our dull soil, and are all running to leaf without any flower.

What news from Paris!¹ One hardly knows what to wish, except that the present generation of Frenchmen may pass clean away as soon as possible and be replaced by a better one. I am not sorry that the English sightseers who, with the national vulgarity, have begun to flock over to the show of fallen Paris and France, should be put to a little fright and inconvenience. One thing is certain, that miserable as it is for herself, there is no way by which France can make the rest of Europe so alarmed and uneasy as by a socialistic and red republic. It is a perpetual flag to the proletaire class everywhere — the class which makes all governments uneasy. I doubt whether the Departments will have the energy to coerce Paris; they would like to, but they have never done it yet.

¹ A revolutionary outbreak, March 18, 1871; preceding the establishment of the Commune.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Tuesday, March 28, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — The little girls and my walk with them are fatal to my Sunday letter, for I do not get back till five, or a quarter past, and then it is just time to go up to chapel. I had been on Saturday to the bank where our white violets grow, and found them very abundant. I gathered only half a dozen, that there might be a good harvest for the dear little girls; but on Sunday morning some one must have found them, for when we arrived in the afternoon there had been a clean sweep made, and two or three growing out in the field, and nearly hidden by the grass round them, were all we could find. But we had a delightful walk, and to find the immense promise of cowslips everywhere was a great consolation. Yesterday I was detained late into the afternoon by having to lunch in Hackney with some school managers I am now taking leave of. They are Independents. He is a great tradesman in Shoreditch, and the place and people were such as I should never have seen and known if I had not been an inspector, such as I have now seen and known in great abundance, and such as it is very good for one to have seen and known. There are great regrets in that large part of my district which I am leaving. My success has been due entirely to a naturally, I hope, humane manner, and then to the sense of my entire fairness. I shall be rather curious to see what will be my experience in dealing with clerical

managers; they will certainly be less interesting, because so much more what one has been familiar with all one's life. But I imagine also they will be more inclined to expect to have the law a little strained in their favour, and less content with plain absolute fairness than the Nonconformist managers.

I have just been reading dear old Sir John Coleridge's¹ letter to Liddon. It a little wants drive and consecutiveness, but it is very amiable and pleasing. I like to think that I shall see you and dear Fan so soon. Since yesterday we have an east wind of the harshest March kind, and I tremble to think how detestable Dartmoor will be if it continues, and how impossible will be all fishing. Paris does not make me so angry as it does many people, because I do not think well enough of Thiers and the French upper class generally to think it very important they should win. What is certain is that all the seriousness, clear-mindedness, and settled purpose is hitherto on the side of the Reds. I suspect they will win, and we shall see for a time the three or four chief cities of France Socialistic free cities, in an attitude independent and hostile to the more backward and conservative country. Nothing, however, that any of them now make can stand. There is not virtue enough amongst any of them to make what may really endure.

I hope this will reach you before you leave Fox How. A good journey to you both. My love to dear Fan. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

¹ Sir John Taylor Coleridge, formerly one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. The letter dealt with ritual disputes.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM, April 3, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I hoped to have been able to tell you something about a very agreeable mention of papa in the preface to Ihne's *History of Rome* — a new and very good history by a German, — but the book is not here yet. I shall hope to have seen it between now and when I meet you. In general the Germans are very supercilious about works of learning by modern Englishmen, and, indeed, are apt to omit the mention of them altogether. This makes Ihne's tribute the more valuable.

The wind has changed and a little rain has fallen. I hope enough will fall during this next week to fill the Darts, East and West. Tell dear old Edward I am very much looking forward to my visit. It is probable the Prince¹ and his gentlemen will come down to Plymouth for Saturday and Sunday. He is to see some of the most noteworthy places in England and Wales before he takes his departure, and the General proposed to fix Plymouth for Easter Sunday, because that would give them another glimpse of Dick and me. Term ends to-morrow, and the General, Count dal Verme, and the Abbé are all coming down to dine with us, and the Prince will return to town with them after dinner. That will really be his departure from us as our inmate, and very much we shall miss him. The King of Italy has given me the Order of Commander of the Crown of Italy, which will be an agreeable remembrance of this connexion,

¹ The Duke of Genoa.

which has been so perfectly successful. No British subject may wear foreign orders in England, but when Fan travels in Italy with me and Fanny Lucy she will see me, if I go out to dinner, brilliant with the decoration at my button-hole. It is also proposed to make me a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, but this last distinction I intend respectfully to decline.

We had Signor Cadorna, the Italian Minister, down to dine with us on Saturday, and the Butlers came to meet him. Dear old Budge has been doing much better this term, and I think he will get his remove. Dick has been kept out of school by one or two bad colds, and this makes his total of marks low. He talks greatly of seeing you all, and I think did not much want the Prince and his suite to come, lest it should be an obstacle to unmixed family enjoyment. Tell dear Edward I shall probably write to him on Wednesday about ordering rooms for the Prince's party at the hotel. I do think Plymouth is a place to show to foreigners. They have already seen Portsmouth. They will then visit Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and York, leaving Oxford for a future visit, as it is now vacation there. I wish you could see the photograph book Flu is giving to the Prince, in dark blue morocco — the Harrow colour — with the Harrow arms, and the photographs of all the Harrow masters, the Byron House family, the school celebrities, and so on. Now I must stop. Love to my two dear children, and believe me, your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALM MALL, *May 31, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I was rather expecting a letter from you, and now it turns out you were expecting a letter from me, so I will at any rate not let you, now you have written, wait for an answer. It was delightful having you at Harrow, and there seemed no reason—and as far as I can see, *was* none—why it should not have gone on for ever. I have had a number of letters since you went that you would have liked to see. I send one that came this morning from old Henry Dunn, an Independent, and a great interpreter of the Apocalypse, who was for many years Secretary to the British and Foreign School Society. You may burn it when you have read it. I will send you a letter from a Nottingham newspaper editor, if I can lay my hand upon it. I have been asked to take the chair at a meeting to give away prizes at Manchester and to make an address, and Manchester is one of the places where I mean some day to hold forth, but I cannot do it at present. I saw the *Spectator*, but the commendations and objections one meets with are so various that I have ended by not much attending to any of them, but saying, as I told Edward, with St. Paul, “He that judgeth me is the Lord.” P——’s verses always seem to me to want any real reason for existing, but so too, I daresay, to a great many people do mine.

The Paris convulsion is an explosion of that fixed

resolve of the working class to count for something and *live*, which is destined to make itself so much felt in the coming time, and to disturb so much which dreamed it would last for ever. It is the French working man's clearly putting his resolve before himself and acting upon it, while the working man elsewhere is in a haze about it, that makes France such a focus for the revolutionists of all Europe. There is no person or thing, as you say, to give one any satisfaction when one regards France at present; yet probably she is by no means, as might be expected, on the way to lose all her importance and influence in the world.

I have come in to dine with George Smith, in order to meet old Charles Lever, who wrote *Jack Hinton* and all those books, and is now Consul at Spezzia. I shall go back to-night. On Saturday afternoon I go to Oxford, returning on Monday to dine at home and depart again with Holmes for Chenies. He takes me in his carriage. At Chenies I sleep two nights; perhaps I should have felt the refreshment of the excursion more if I had made it in complete solitude, or with only Dick. You will have heard that Budge has got his remove, to our great pleasure, and may now, if he does well, be in the Sixth after the summer. The upper forms are the forms where a boy gets real benefit, and it will make a very great difference as to my keeping him at Harrow now that he has got this remove. Tell Fan, with my love, Mr. Gibson says our plant is, he is almost sure, the *Sium angustifolium*; but my letter was two or three days in

reaching him, as he was absent from home, and the specimen hard to make out without the flower.

M. A.

To the Same.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *June 11, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — Fan's delightful letter has come this morning to tell us of your safe arrival at Fox How, and to make us all talk of the dear place. It is sad to think of the dry streams, but what a comfort to hope that your water-supply is now permanently safe. I always think of you here, now that you like the place and know it so well. The dryness begins to make itself felt in the ground, though the green remains and the grass crop is heavy, owing to the rains in May and the cold since. To-day it is warm, but the rain will not come. I have just been out with Lucy and Nelly to clear some superfluous apricots from the trees. We gather a stray strawberry or two, but they have not done well this year, and we shall have but few. Then there has been an alarm of the pigs in the garden, and there were the pretty little fellows trotting about among the beds. They are so small that they can get through the iron fence when let out into the field, and they must not be let out till they are bigger. The whole family has been engaged in driving them back, and with much laughter this has at last been accomplished. Now Flu and I and the two little girls are going to see old Mrs. Butler¹ at Julian Hill, then I shall take a

¹ Widow of Dr. George Butler, formerly Head Master of Harrow.

short walk by myself and come back to work. The weather at Chenies was gloomy and dismal, but in the fishing I did very well, getting eleven brace the first day, and twelve brace the second, not counting the many small ones I threw in. All I kept were of about half a pound and upwards. I know the river well, and the fishing is so undeniably good that trout are always to be caught unless one's own awkwardness hinders. I had a Harrow master there to fish with me each day, to their great pleasure, and I was very glad to be able to get this pleasure for them. Now my next fishing will be at Evelyn's. I send you his letter, as you are mentioned in it. You may burn it. Budge has just come in with the news that he has gone up in his new form during his first fortnight from 40th to 14th. I think he will write to you in answer to your letter. He is enchanted at his rise, and if he holds anything like this place, it will make him sure of the Sixth Form after the summer, and my plans about removing him will have to be changed.

We had the four children to dinner yesterday to celebrate our anniversary. It seems only a year or two ago we were married. It has been a great happiness ever since my marriage that you all took so to Fanny Lucy, and she to you. Flu and I dine to-morrow with the Bensons in London, and on Wednesday I dine with the Bagehots at Richmond. Things go on in a blundering fashion in the House, but if the Ballot Bill is really pushed this Session, William is sure to do it well. What a blessing that things are really getting quiet again in France!

I cannot but think the Comte de Chambord their best chance. He would wound fewer *vanities* than any one else, and that is a great thing in France. My love to dear Fan. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

BELL' ALP, *Sunday, August 18, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — We have had not a word from any of you since the telegram which told us of the children's arrival at Windermere. I think there must be a letter at Lauterbrunnen, and I shall write and tell the postmaster to send it on to us at Bern. I think too there *may* be a letter at Thun. On getting this, will you write to us at the Grand Hotel, Paris, where we shall be on Saturday, and then we shall get news of you to a recent date. I am not without hope a letter from you may reach us here-to-day. Flu found a letter from her sister, Mrs. Benson, but from no one else. We are resting here to-day, our first rest, and very pleasant it is. For the first time we meet several people we know, and whom you know by name, at any rate — Mr. Brodrick¹ and Mr. Roundell;² George Sumner,³ who was with me at Balliol, a son of the Bishop of Winchester, and his wife and grown-up family; a daughter of Dr. Wynter, the President of St. John's, newly married, and her husband and sisters. There are other English besides, and the

¹ The Hon. G. C. Brodrick, afterwards Warden of Merton.

² C. S. Roundell, afterwards M.P.

³ Afterwards Bishop of Guildford.

hotel is quite full; but there are not very many English in Switzerland compared with the number to be seen here in some years. It is Germans one meets with everywhere, and no doubt they like to go abroad and show themselves after their great successes. Going to Thun, and afterwards at Interlaken, we met a newly-married Viennese couple, very good-looking and pleasing, who were much taken with Dick and his good mien; but in general the Germans are uninteresting people of the middle class type. French there are none. Flu will have told you of our wonderfully interesting visit to the ruins of Paris. The ruin was far greater than I had any notion of, but the natural tendency of Paris to gaiety and splendour is indestructible, and the place is fast on the way to have all its old fascinations over again. The French are certainly much subdued, and that improves them greatly as to external manner; within, I fancy they deceive themselves and feed themselves on nonsense as much as ever. Crossing the Jura was delightful, and coming down the Val de Motiers Travers, where Rousseau lived for some time. I admire the Jura more every time I see it, and all its streams are clear and beautiful — not like the snow water of the Alpine rivers. They will have told you that I met my old guide at Thun, and have taken him with us. A guide is not absolutely necessary over the much-travelled passes we have followed, but he is the greatest possible convenience as an attendant, hiring ponies and carriages, arranging luggage, and so on. Ours

is now nearly sixty years old, well known for his pleasantness and respectability, and received at all the inns as an old friend. Dick has become great friends with him. Perhaps the Wengern Alp pleased me somewhat less than in old years, but it is too much beset with tourists, beggars, and places of entertainment. In one respect we were lucky — we saw the grandest avalanche from the Jungfrau I have ever seen in my life, and I have seen many. To see and hear an avalanche is something quite unique. A bed of snow and ice is quietly lodged above a great precipice, you hear a sound of thunder, and see a great bank break off and pour like a waterfall down the precipice for several minutes, while clouds of snow-smoke rise like the vapour of a waterfall. The Grimsel I had never seen before, though I had twice meant to cross it. We had rain and some thunder on the top. I had pushed on, and left them all far behind, as I thought, but through the mist I heard the voice of Dick, who had seen me aloft, and insisted on following me instead of remaining with his companions at the Hospice. We had got over the summit, and were perfectly drenched, when I thought that Flu would probably not leave the Hospice in the rain, and would be uneasy about us, so back we turned, but near the top we met her. She gets on very well, though there are places where she sees a great descent below her which make her nervous. We have been to the service, and meanwhile the post has come in, and brought us a delightful budget from you all. I am so very glad dear old Budge

gets on so well with you all, and he has written a most pleasant and *newsy* letter to Dick. Hearing from Fox How has overcome all Dick's continental interests, and made him desire to set off at once, and travel night and day to that blissful place. But we shall hold to our plan; to-morrow Leutenbad, Tuesday the Gemmi, Wednesday back to Thun, on Thursday to Bern, on Friday to Paris, travelling all night, and arriving in Paris on Saturday morning, on Sunday to England, and on Monday, the 21st, I hope to Fox How, so as to be with you by dinner time. I think it is as much absence as Flu could bear, though she enjoys her tour, on the whole. I myself feel more and more the deep satisfaction dear papa always felt in coming to Fox How even from the Continent; but I am one of the true likers of the Continent, as he too was, and when I look out of the window and see the Simplon route zigzagging up on the other side of the valley towards Italy, I cannot help sighing to think I cannot follow it. The Valais is itself a sort of foretaste—a rude foretaste—of Italy: the villages high on the hills, and the white churches, one to every cluster of houses; and religion, such as it is, entering into the whole life of the people, so unlike the Protestant cantons. But I must not begin about this, nor about the flowers, though you must tell dear Fan there is not half an hour in which they do not make me think of her. The abiding impression, however, is that the Westmorland vegetation is thoroughly Alpine. Most of the plants are the same, and spread in the same pro-

portion; but there are more varieties here, and richer in colour and larger in form. Then there are one or two marked plants which we decidedly have not; chiefly the rhododendron, the great gentian, and a large purple umbelliferous plant, also a peculiar thistle. But on this subject too I could go on for ever. I calculate this will reach you on the 17th, so if you write at once to the Grand Hotel, that will be just right. Now I must stop, for the postman goes back again to Brieg almost directly. We look directly from our window to the Matterhorn and the yet greater Mischabel, a name which sounds as if the Hebrew race had been in these valleys. This morning everything was clear and brilliant, but now it is cloudy. The air is like champagne. I bear the walking very well, and Dick does capitally. My love to all. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL, *September 25, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — . . . To lose six days has been a serious matter to me just now, when I have this Birmingham lecture¹ on my hands. I have been able to read a good deal and make some preparation for it, and also I have carried the second part of *Literature and Dogma*² through the press, and given it the form I finally wished; so I

¹ "A Persian Passion-Play," delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, October 16, 1871.

² In the *Cornhill Magazine*, October 1871.

have not been quite idle. But I have a good deal before me in the next few weeks. How delightful it is to hear of you all keeping such an affectionate regret of our party, after having had them such a very long time! We were all very low at first coming back, and my spirits, which generally are not slow to rally, were kept down by toothache. But we continually talk of you, and with the children Fox How is always the favourable end of every comparison. Their feelings to that dear place, its inmates, and its mode of life, are a constant pleasure to me. We find the cow quite as pretty as we expected, and the calf was such a beauty that I was inclined to rear it, but the experts were against me, and said we should have no milk if we did keep it, so I consented to let it be sold. You get next to nothing for a calf at this age, because the risk of bringing it up without its mother at this season of the year, and the race being used to another climate, is supposed to be so great. Our stable arrangements are very good, and it is a satisfaction to see the stable utilised. Poor Blacky, the cat, has had an accident in our absence, its hip having been injured, probably by a stone. He can only go on three legs, but he seems happy, so I will not have him killed, and Flu and Nelly will probably take him to the bonesetter at Watford. Toss more beautiful and bustling than ever. The two pigs are grown very large and handsome, and Peter Wood advises us to fatten them and kill our own bacon. We consume a great deal of bacon, and Flu complains that it is dear and not good, so

there is much to be said for killing our own; but she does not seem to like the idea. Your ham is excellent. The Woods came on Saturday, and stay, I hope, till Wednesday. . . . Now I must stop. Let me have full accounts of you all, and tell Fan to go on writing. We like to hear all you can tell us. Our peaches were splendid, but there were too few of them. We have a very respectable crop of pears, but they are not yet fully ripe. How is Susy? Kiss her, Fan, and Francie for me. Tell Francie we have battledores and shuttlecocks waiting for her in my room at Byron House. God bless you, my dearest mother. — Ever your most affectionate
M. A.

What a horrid fall in Great Westerns!

To the Same.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB,
PALL MALL (October 17, 1871).

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have just come back from Birmingham, where the lecture went off very well. I was the guest of the Kekewiches, who said they knew you. He always reminded me of Tom, and I like her and her children too. We had a dinner-party of Members of the Council of the Institute, and I heard there would be a very full audience at the Masonic Hall, where the lecture was held; and so there was — they say nine hundred people, and nearly two hundred turned away. They received me very well, and I discoursed to them for an hour and twenty minutes, and made a

short speech in answer to a vote of thanks afterwards. I am glad I did not take their money, as it made me quite indifferent about pleasing them so as I gave them a lecture which satisfied myself; and I did pretty well satisfy myself, though preparing the lecture bothered me a good deal. A *résumé* of it is given in the Birmingham paper to-day, but it is rather a hash, and I would sooner you should wait to see the lecture in its true shape in the *Cornhill* in December. When I arrived I had time for a walk before dinner along the Hagley Road, which I once knew so well; and oh, how superior is that red sandstone country, with its hollies and dingles, to our clay country about Harrow! I went on and on till I got to high ground, and could see Bromsgrove Lickie,¹ with its true mountain outline, fading in the evening light. The Council insisted on paying my journey, as they said that even Dickens, who, as their President, took no money for his addresses, always had his journey paid. I refused at first, but Kekewich produced the two guineas this morning, and said the Council had sent them, and I was not to be allowed to go without them. After Oxford, where there are comparatively so few people, and what there are overdone with lectures and languid in their interest, an audience such as a place like Birmingham gives you is very animating. I shall some day try Manchester also, and perhaps Glasgow. What was said about papa by the proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks to me was just what you would

¹ A range of hills.

have liked, and in my response I disclaimed the title of *Doctor*, which they were giving me all round.

Two brothers, well-known local people, called Mathews, were at the dinner; it shows how high the feeling runs that one of them is for the League,¹ another against it. The League have a meeting to-night in the very Masonic Hall where I lectured. I should like to have been there. It is curious how agreeable to them is an agitation such as that they are getting up about school fees. So dull are their lives, and so narrow is their natural circle, that these agitations are stimulating and refreshing to them in the highest degree; and that is really one reason why a movement of the kind is so vital and so hard to meet. The Liberal party being what it is, and English public life being what it is, if the clergy and the denominational schools make the slightest blunder, or give the least opening to the enemy, they are lost. If the clergy are exceptionally judicious and reasonable, and if untoward accidents do not occur, it may be possible to make head against the Millite and Mialite coalition. But things in England being what they are, I am glad to work indirectly by literature rather than directly by politics.—
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

¹ The Education League, to promote Secular Education.

To the Same.

THE LODGE, MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE,
November 12, 1871.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—Here we came on Friday, in bitter cold weather, and a very cold place this is. But I am glad to be here. The place is very striking, and interests me the more as a decided offspring of Rugby. It has many merits I did not know of: the college, I learn, was the old inn, but I did not know that this inn was the old home of the Hertford family, a house built by Inigo Jones, and in a style I particularly like and admire. The old garden, bowling-green, sward, and yew-trees still subsist, and give an air to the place of age and of style beyond anything that Harrow or Rugby can show. Everything else is new, but has been well built, to match with the great house which forms the centre. The chapel I like better than Harrow, because it is a regular college chapel, with the arrangements of one, and not like Harrow—a church with a chancel. The church of the town, with a grand old tower, groups with the college buildings, and adds to their effect. The Farrars have a delightful house, and the garden goes down to the river Kennet, a genuine chalk-stream, like the Itchen. To the south of the valley where Marlborough lies there stretches away Salisbury plain; to the north are the Marlborough downs all the way to Swindon; to the east is Savernake Forest, where Flu and I have been walking with Farrar this afternoon—a glorious

forest, reaching five miles in each direction, full of oaks, beeches, birches, and thorns, with the high fern of a deep red all through it, and at every twenty yards groups of deer in the fern. It is a delightful place. Young Tennyson, Tennyson's son, breakfasted with us yesterday, and walked all about the place with me afterwards. I like him very much; he has a queer look of his father. This morning Farrar preached in the chapel. We dine at six, and there is chapel again at half-past seven or eight. Yesterday and Friday we dined at half-past seven, and had parties of the masters and their wives. To-morrow in the middle of the day we return. The two little girls are enchanted with their visit; you know how fond they were of Mrs. Farrar's three elder little girls, who are the prettiest and liveliest children in the world; and the younger ones, of whom there are many, tapering down in size and age to the recent baby, are very attractive children too. I think Farrar is very happy here, and I myself would sooner have this house and £2000 a year with no boarders than I would have double the income with a houseful of boarders. I think I told you I am going to repeat my lecture at Leamington, and possibly at Oxford also. At any rate, I am going to dine and sleep at the Henry Smiths' on my way from Leamington, so I shall see dear old Tom. I heard from the Prince¹ this morning, but I am afraid his English is beginning to get a little less easy to him.

I have written till no one but a short-sighted

¹ The Duke of Genoa.

man could see at all, and now I must stop. Love to dear Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, *November 28, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I daresay I shall have a letter from you this morning, but I write before it can be here, in the early hours. I have been a good deal at home lately going through the returns for the new Act. I make my inspector of returns come down here at ten, and I go through the papers with him till luncheon; he lunches with us, and we take a half-hour's turn to see the football, and then work again till the omnibus takes him away at half-past four. He has done his work very well, and likes all the bustle and business of communicating with school managers on all sorts of matters, and they also like much to be so communicated with. I like to set my man in motion, lay out for him the range of the information I want, suffer him to get it in his own way, and at whatever length best suits him and the managers, hear his story, and then decide on the recommendation to be made. There are a few points of real difficulty sometimes in making a recommendation, and here I think I am useful. There is no difficulty in all the rest; others can do it quite as well as I can, and I am glad not to spend myself upon it. It is, however, what I have generally been spent upon for the last twenty years so far as public education is concerned.

I have just been called to the door by the sweet voice of Toss, whose morning proceedings are wonderful. She sleeps — She has just jumped on my lap, and her beautiful tail has made this smudge, but I have put her down again. I was going to say that she sleeps on an armchair before the drawing-room fire; descends the moment she hears the servants about in the morning and makes them let her out; comes back and enters Flu's room with Eliza regularly at half-past seven. Then she comes to my door and gives a mew, and then, especially if I let her in and go on writing or reading without taking notice of her, there is a real demonstration of affection for five minutes such as never again occurs in the day. She purrs, she walks round and round me, she jumps in my lap, she turns to me and rubs her head and nose against my chin; she opens her mouth and raps her pretty white teeth against my pen; then she will jump down, settle herself down by the fire, and never show any more affection all day. . . . I forget whether I have written to you since Leamington. It was a much less interesting audience than the Birmingham one, but I read, I think, much better, and indeed a great part of the lecture I spoke without looking at my notes. I think you will be interested by the lecture when you read it in the *Cornhill*. I have finally refused to address the London Clergy at Sion College, but I think it likely I may address the South London Working Men's Institute on the *Church of England*. That will be a curious experiment. I had rather not

begin with a very large audience, such as one would have if one addressed working men in Birmingham or Manchester. I would rather see first with 200 or 300—how I get on, and how they receive what I say. M. A.

This time three years ago we were just preparing to take dear little Tom to Laleham.

To Lady de Rothschild.

HARROW, December 8, 1871.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD—I am very unworthy of so much good music, but it will enchant Dick, and I always like to see Mademoiselle Molique, and still more do I always like to see *you*. However, on the 20th I *cannot* come; I shall be in the middle of the examination for certificates at one of the London Mining Schools. Will it do if we come on the 21st? I *think* I could catch the six o'clock train on the afternoon of that day. Then we would stay the 22nd with you, and return here on the 23rd, for the 24th is my birthday, and I must not be away from home on it.

On Saturday I am going to Hampden to *shoot!* I was once very fond of it, but have now fallen quite out of practice; however, Grant Duff insists upon it, and I am sure to be delighted when I find myself in the woods.

The Baroness Meyer has desired me to say to the Grant Duffs that she wants to make acquaintance with them. Do you know them, or shall I say the same for you? He is very accomplished and intel-

ligent, and she is not only intelligent, but very pretty and pleasing besides. And at Hampden they are not very distant neighbours of yours. My kindest regards at Aston Clinton. — Most sincerely yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — Write me a line to Hampden, please.

To his Mother.

HAMPDEN, *Tuesday, December 12, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — First let me thank you for your note and say that I would rather have a book for my birthday present than the ring you speak of; and there is a book lately published in Germany, a Bible in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Luther's German, which costs just £1, and is a miracle of cheapness at that price, which would be the very thing.

I am here at this interesting old place, from which John Hampden went up to London with his escort of freeholders, and the great hall has a bench running all round the wall, on which, no doubt, the freeholders sate. It is an immense rambling old place in the midst of the Chiltern Hills, with exquisite woods, vistas, and single trees; very lovely its woods joining those of another similar place — Chequers. The present representative of the family cannot afford to live here, and Grant Duff has taken it for three years, and will probably stay much longer, as he very much likes it and it suits his children. He asked me several times to come here in the spring and summer, but I could

not come. In spring when the beeches are coming out, or in autumn when they are turning colour, the place must be at its perfection. The shooting is very good. I shot yesterday, and did nothing but miss, I am so out of practice; and no doubt I shall do nothing but miss to-morrow, but there is nobody to be annoyed by it, so it does not matter, and the being out is a great amusement to me. Poor Mrs. Grant Duff has been dangerously ill since they came back from abroad, and is still confined to her room. We go and see her at five o'clock tea, and again for an hour after dinner. Sir John Lubbock is here, whom I like very much. . . . I go away to-morrow afternoon, and shall get home to dinner. On the 21st I am going to Aston Clinton with Dicky till the evening of the 23rd. Mme. Norman Neruda, the violinist, will be there, and Dick will so much like it that as Lady de R. kindly asked him to go with me, I could not refuse. Sir John Lubbock is near me, and his room is hung with tapestry and haunted. One of the family committed suicide there. Sir John Lubbock was put there rather than I, because as a man of science he is supposed to be exempt from all superstitious fears.

Grant Duff heard from the Duke of Argyll to-day that yesterday afternoon he received a telegram from the Queen to send to the Viceroy of India to the effect that the doctors were somewhat more hopeful about the Prince of Wales.¹ This

¹ It was announced, November 23, 1871, that the Prince of Wales was suffering from typhoid fever.

looks promising, and if to-morrow's papers do not announce his death, there will be a turn in people's minds, and we shall expect him to live. His illness and the feeling it excites very much strengthen the Crown.

I think it is very natural you should like to get out, but perhaps it is safer you should remain at home in this weather. I think much more of the trial of cold to people of a certain age than of the trial of fatigue, for as to fatigue, nature will not let them reach it without warning them, but as to cold there is no such protection. So though I countenanced your expedition to your firs, I do not think I countenanced your visit to the Wheatley Balms. Now I must stop or I shall be quite frozen. Love to Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
WHITEHALL, *December 23, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I waited till to-day that I might hear of your progress, and Fan's account this morning is, I suppose, to be considered decidedly good, only I shall be anxious to hear that all cough and oppression are quiet again.

Now I must send you all my best possible wishes for Christmas and thank you all for your letters and wishes for my birthday. You in particular and Fan and Rowland for your presents. The book I shall order when I go to London on Wednesday. I think I told you what it is, an incredi-

bly cheap and well-edited edition of the Bible in the original Hebrew and in three famous versions — the Greek, the Latin Vulgate, and Luther's German. I have made progress enough in Hebrew to want a Hebrew Bible, and the Greek text has been so much improved by recent editors that I am glad to have the Greek text as it is now received instead of the old inaccurate edition I had at Rugby. The Vulgate Latin will not now be mended, but even of this, the Papal Bible, and approved as the one sound version by the Council of Trent, the good edition is printed not at Rome but at Frankfort! It is a noble version, the Latin, the one which, next to our own, most gives the accent and impressiveness of the original. It is curious how much less, for the Old Testament, the Greek gives this. The fatal thing about ours is that it so often spoils a chapter (in the Old Testament) by making sheer nonsense of one or two verses, and so throwing the reader out. You see how your present has carried me on. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

Should you not like to hear A. P. S. in Grey Friars Church? The very church where old Janet Geddes threw her stool at the surpliced clergyman.

To the Same.

HARROW, *January 14, 1872.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — The sun is shining in at my window so brightly that I can hardly write. How unlike the darkness of the Sunday that I

passed last week in the "climes beyond the solar road"! But it was delightful to visit those climes and their inhabitants, and most of all because, after all I had heard of your coughing and weakness, I should never have believed how entirely you were your own dear self unless I had seen you with my eyes. K. will have told you of our pleasant day at Wharfeside. Very pleasant it was, and Flu was none the worse for her journey to London, nor for the theatricals. . . . I am going to-morrow to Lord Chesham's to meet Disraeli. I found Lady Chesham's letter here on my return, urging me to go; and though I very much wanted to stay and work in quiet here this week, I thought I should be sorry afterwards if I did not go, just at the approach of the Session, and with the Conservatives in a state of hope and joy. I shall return here after breakfast on Tuesday. I found your present here on my return, and yesterday morning I unpacked it, and I cannot tell you what pleasure I had in examining it—reading the prefaces and looking at this and that famous passage. It is a miracle of cheapness, and it is said to be almost entirely without errors of the press; this is the third edition, and it has been sifted so carefully. It will bind very well in five large volumes. The possession of it will very much stimulate my attention to Hebrew. I have found too a presentation copy of the new edition of Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Man*. This is a subject which is always tempting, and I shall read the book, I hope, this year. I have been to church alone with

Lucy this morning, and now I am going to take a walk with her and Rover. The boys do not come down till the holidays end. I quite reckon on seeing Edward, tell him. My love to dear K., Edward, and Fan; I think you have no more with you now. You will like having the Stanleys. I should like to be at home for their visit. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

HARROW, Sunday, January 21, 1872.

MY DEAREST MAMMA — To-morrow I begin inspecting again, and I look round at my room and my books with sorrow to think how little I shall see of them. I read in your Bible every day, and it gives me great pleasure. In Isaiah xlvii., where Babylon is reproached for her hardness to Israel, "upon the ancient hast thou heavily laid thy yoke," ancient is said to mean "poor old Israel." I had my doubts whether it did not mean rather the chosen *eternal* people of God, as at Isaiah xliv. 7, "since I appointed the *ancient* people," where the meaning of ancient is certainly this. Yesterday I looked for myself at the Hebrew, and found that in the two passages the word is, in the Hebrew, not the same; but in the second passage it is a word meaning *everlasting*, and in the first it is a word meaning *old*; and this sets the question at rest. I tell you this to show you by an example in what a real way your present is of use and instruction to me.

I met that famous Jew, Dizzy, on Monday, and

Not U. S.
State ...

he was very amiable; what strikes one most when one sees him at a place like Latimer, where he wishes to be agreeable, is how very pleasant and amiable he is. He expressed great pleasure at meeting me, and talked to me a good deal. He said very few characteristic things; his reason for not having a speech this recess: "The ministers were so busy going about apologising for their failures that he thought it a pity to distract public attention from the proceeding," was one of them. He told me he really did not know whether the Collier scandal¹ would be brought forward in the House of Commons; his own opinion was that the Lords was the right place. He said that the Liberals had never yet been able to get on without a Whig for their head, and he did not believe they at present could get on without one: Gladstone was not a Whig, but a sort of Radical, and there was no Whig forthcoming; Lord Granville had not weight enough, etc. From another source I heard that Dale of Birmingham says the Dissenters really wish to see the Government out of office; they think that in opposition they can make their own terms with them and get the command of the party; and moreover that there are some very difficult and unpopular bills to pass, such as a Licensing Bill, of which a Tory Government had better have the unpopularity than a Liberal Government. What is curious in Dizzy is his great knowledge about county families and their history;

¹ Concerning the elevation of the Attorney-General to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

I really think not from anything servile, but because it interests him in bearing on English life, politics, and society. It was a small party: Lord Ebury and his daughter, Lady Westminster and her son, and Vernon Harcourt. Old Lady Beaconsfield was there, and in great force; I am asked to dine at the Admiralty with the Goschens on Wednesday, and on Friday to go to the Meyer Rothschilds at Mentmore till Monday, but I shall do neither the one nor the other. If Flu's cold does not get better I shall take her on Wednesday to the sea for a few days. My love to Rowland.

Your ever most affectionate M. A.

Matthew Arnold's second son, Trevenen William (referred to in these Letters as "Budge"), died at Harrow, February 16, 1872, aged eighteen years.

He was thus commemorated by the Rev. E. M. Young, then a Master at Harrow, and the Rev. H. G. Robinson, Prebendary of York:—

In Obitum
Pueri Dilectissimi
T. W. A.

Heu, geniale caput! cum vix adoleverat aetas,
Cui subit nostrum te quoque posse rapi?
Te levitate pedum, firmo te robore ovantem,
Heredemque tuae deliciasque domus?
Nam neque prospiciens, ut frater amabilis, ictum
Tarda languebas in tua fata mora;
Nec messem, velut ille, ferens maturus opimam
Sponte dabas falci, quae legerentur, opes.
At socios inter notissimus unus, amicus
Nulli, quin penitus diligereris, eras:

Quem regum ille nepos fidum sibi sensit Achaten,
 Nec puduit teneris saepe dedisse manus.
 Idem aliquid vultuque hilari salibusque valebas,
 Plus tamen ingenii simplicitate tui ;
 Quippe puer germanus eras, nec seria rerum
 Frons tua norat adhuc praeposuisse iocis.
 At libris si forte vacans laudisque paternae
 Et sancti fueris commonefactus avi,
 Te quoque crediderim toties optasse merendo
 Dignum aliquid tantae stirpe dedisse domus.
 Dis aliter visum — iam ludi finis agendi,
 Pensi finis adest : talia linque, puer !
 Non opus humanis, ut iam doceare, magistris,
 Praemia, ni fallor, nostra minoris habes.
 Est aliquid te nosse tamen, si pariete ab illo,
 Nomen ubi posthac triste legere tuis,
 Discet ovans aetate puer nec pulchra iuventa
 Membra nec ingenium mite vetare mori.

E. M. Y.

Ah, kindly youth ! of foot so fleet and light,
 So frankly joyous in thy growing might,
 Heir of a name to live in time's long tide,
 A mother's darling, and a father's pride ;
 How could we think to see thee snatched away
 In the fair dawn of manhood's opening day ?
 Not like thy well-loved brother's fate was thine,
 Long to anticipate the stroke divine,
 From far to watch it as serene he lay,
 And slowly languish from the world away ;
 Not thine, like him so early ripe, to yield
 Some gathered firstfruits of a harvest field ;
 But thine to be amongst thy comrades true,
 Well known of all, and loved by all who knew.
 The generous scion¹ of a kingly line
 Gave thee his faith and prized the gift of thine ;

¹ The Duke of Genoa.

And childhood's sportive arts and simple glee
 Wooed thy regard and were not scorned by thee.
 Winning that playful wit, that gay, bright smile,
 More winning still that soul untouched by guile ;
 A soul that loved the light, nor recked to stray
 Amidst the gloom of life's more serious way.
 Yet well we deem that in thy studious hour,
 When roused by some bright page high hopes had power,
 To thy young soul diviner promptings came,
 Thoughts of a father's praise, a grandsire's name,
 And woke the proud resolve to win the meed
 Of some befitting work or worthy deed.
 It might not be — for thee life's game is done,
 Life's task is ended, rest thee now, fair son !
 No need for thee of human teachers more,
 Thine a diviner school, a loftier lore.
 Small is thy count of earthly contests now,
 Of crowns that wreath an earthly victor's brow.
 Yet to have known thee will not be in vain
 If, while he marks in yonder sacred fane
 Thy name's sad record on the storied wall,
 Some mirthful playmate shall this truth recall :—
*Nor comely form, nor kindly heart can save
 From Death's quick summons and an early grave.*

H. G. R.

To his Mother.

HARROW, February 18, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I do not know that I shall write much, but I must tell you what pleasure it gave us to have your letter and Fan's this morning. When I wrote last Sunday there was not even a trace of illness to be seen in Budge, though I hear now he had been much knocked up by running a mile very fast the day before; but he was entirely himself all Saturday and Sunday, and

indeed particularly gay. When I came home on Monday evening Flu told me that Budge had gone to bed with a bad cold and toothache. I saw him three times that evening and found him very sick and miserable. I concluded he had a bilious attack, such as I often used to have when a boy, and that he had a cold with it. So it went on, headache taking the place of toothache, and I cannot say I was the least uneasy. But, when Victorine called to us on Friday morning and I found him light-headed wandering about the room, I was very uneasy; he knew me, however, and said, "ah! papa!" but I went off at once for Dr. Tonge, the doctor who lives nearest. When I came back he seemed dropping into a heavy doze. I had to go very early to London, and he seemed in the same heavy doze when I left him. The rest you have heard; when I saw him again at 2 P.M. all the doctors were there, besides Hutton, who had come down with me; and it was clear there was no hope. He never showed the least spark of consciousness, till his breathing ceased with a sort of deep sigh. How fond you were of him, and how I like to recall this! He looks beautiful, and my main feeling about him is, I am glad to say, what I have put in one of my poems, the "Fragment of a Dejanaira."¹ William Forster has just come.

• ¹ But him, on whom, in the prime
 Of life, with vigour undimm'd,
 With unspent mind, and a soul
 Unworn, undebased, undecay'd,
 Mournfully grating, the gates
 Of the city of death have for ever closed —
Him, I count *him* well-starr'd.

Walter has written a very feeling and kind letter. Love to Fan and to Rowland. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To Wyndham Slade.

HARROW, *Wednesday, February 21, 1872.*

MY DEAR WYNDHAM — Your kind note carried me back to the day when we stood in the crowd at Boulogne with those two little boys, both of them now gone. Mrs. Arnold liked having your dear wife's letter, who always noticed Budge so much. You will have heard that, having been in perfect health up to that time, he seemed last Monday week to have taken a chill and to have a bilious cold. He had much sickness and headache, but the doctors treated it as a very ordinary case; and even on Thursday night, when light-headedness came on, they still treated it as an ordinary case, till on Friday morning the light-headedness suddenly changed into a kind of torpor, congestion of the brain and lungs set in rapidly, and at five in the afternoon he was dead. — Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

He is buried to-morrow at Laleham, by his two brothers.

To his Mother.

HARROW, *Sunday, February 25, 1872.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I like to hear from you and Fan and to think how Fox How will always be associated with my poor Budge to us, but I can hardly bear to write about him. Fan's letters give me so much pleasure, as those from the dear Quil-

linans. I send you one or two others that I think would have given Budge himself pleasure: one from Coleridge, whose position at the Bar he greatly admired and often talked of, and one from George Grove at the Crystal Palace, whom he used to like to go and visit. But Flu will make a selection for you.

Everything here reminds me of him so much. He made no pretensions about liking flowers or anything else, but he was the one who really cared how the garden was laid out, and kept asking his mamma questions what she was having done about the beds; then he never passed a morning without giving an eye all round the place, seeing how the animals were getting on, what the gardener was doing, and so on.

I do not think we shall stop here beyond Christmas. It is possible we may take Aunt Susanna's house at Laleham. A vault has been made, and the three brothers are together, and I am better pleased myself, although if Budge had not died I could not have borne to disturb the other two.

Poor old Mrs. Butler, Dr. Butler's mother, died last night. In her last wanderings she kept talking of "those poor parents," for we had been much in her mind — Budge was so well known to all here. I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive.

You will have been pleased at Tom's boy¹ having done so well. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

¹ Matthew Arnold's nephew, W. T. Arnold, elected Scholar of University College, Oxford, February 24, 1872.

To the Rev. E. M. Young.

HARROW, *Saturday, March 2, 1872.*

MY DEAR YOUNG—YOUR verses¹ give me very great pleasure, and I think they are, besides, very pleasing in themselves. Nothing will ever eradicate from me the feeling of the greater subtleness and adequateness, for a topic of this kind, of Latin Elegiacs than of any other description of verse. I wish you would send me a few more copies. I am not quite sure whether, in the expression *libris vacans*, *libris* is meant for the ablative or the dative; whether you mean “though withdrawn from books” or “in his hour for books.”—With many and sincere thanks, I am always yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To William Steward, a working man at Bedford.

HARROW, *May 8, 1872.*

DEAR SIR—I have read your essay² through with much interest. It has both intelligence and patience, the two qualities which for dealing with social questions are most needed. I agree least with your remarks on education. Too much time is wasted over grammar, but it is true, as Goethe said, that no man who knows only his own language knows even that. And as to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light,

¹ See p. 90.

² On “Hindrances to the Advancement and Contentment of the Working Classes,” quoted in the preface to *Literature and Dogma*.

which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion. However, your overestimate, as I think it, of what is called "useful" knowledge is common to you with many. The merit of such pages as your pages 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 is shared with you by but few of those who write and speak on the matters there treated, and I value it very highly. — Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

HARROW, *May 30, 1872.*

DEAR SIR — I have read your letter with much interest, and am pleased to find how much agreement there is between us. I entirely agree with you that its Tory and squirearchical connexion has been and is of the greatest disservice to the Church of England.

I am sending you a little book,¹ which will show you that I am trying to help popular education in an untried, but, as I think, an important sort of a way. Do not trouble yourself to thank me for the book, unless anything occurs to you with respect to its design. — Very faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen.

HARROW, *June 10, 1872.*

MY DEAR BUNSEN — Many thanks for your letters, — your two letters. I had not expected you

¹ *A Bible-Reading for Schools.* 1872.

to write about my great loss when it happened, or even to hear of it, for these losses hardly reach the outer world, though they reach and affect deeply one's own life; but I liked to have your kind and feeling words, now that an opportunity for saying them offered itself.

Your pamphlet about the Seminaries, and still more your letter, gave me the information I most wanted. Two points occur to me: 1. Are Seminarists at the end of their first or of their second year course taken away to be schoolmasters, if there is pressure; or is this quite against the rule? 2. "Der Eintritt in den Schuldienst steht den nicht seminarisch vorgebildeten Lehrern ebenso offen, wie den Seminar-Abiturienten." I particularly want to know in what proportion non-seminarists are employed, and on what conditions? Have they to undergo the leaving examination of the Seminary before they are admitted to posts as teachers?

Samuelson says, I am told, that it is now common in Prussia for youths to get private preparation where and how they like from sixteen to nineteen, and at nineteen to enter the profession of public teaching in the popular schools, no question as to their religion or religious instruction having ever been asked. Can this be so?

I have told Macmillan to send you a little book of mine, because it is an attempt in which I think your dear father would have taken an interest. What *literary* interest the little book has is rather special, for readers of the English Bible, but you

have enough *English* in you to make you not insensible even to this. Its educational interest is more general. Into the education of the people there comes, with us at any rate, absolutely nothing *grand*; now there is a fatal omission (*alles grandioses bildet*, as Goethe says), and my little book is an attempt to remedy it. I am afraid it will be used first in schools of a higher kind, but I am not without hope it will reach the *Volksschule* at last. — All affectionate wishes for you and yours. — Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To William Steward.

HARROW, June 11, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR — I must write one line of thanks to you for your interesting letter. I should be very sorry to think that masterpieces of our English literature, such as a play of Shakespeare, or Milton's *Comus*, which you mention, would never be read in our popular schools; but I think they will be read all the better, and with the more appreciation, if there is some such basis as that which this Bible reading proposes to give. And, after all, Isaiah is immensely superior to Milton's *Comus*, in all the more essential qualities of a literary production, even as literature. — Truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès, a French Pasteur.

BYRON HOUSE, HARROW, MIDDLESEX,
September 20, 1872.

CHER MONSIEUR — Votre lettre arriva pendant que je voyageais en Suisse; rentré chez moi, je me

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hâte de vous en rémercier bien sincèrement. On attache toujours du prix à un suffrage inattendu; et puis, je venais de suivre dans les journaux le compte rendu de vos débats au synode, et de la lutte si courageusement soutenue par vous et par vos amis; celà me fit parcourir votre lettre avec un intérêt tout particulier. Votre sympathie me flatte et m'honore; mais vous vous trompez en pensant que mes armes eussent pu vous être utiles dans un conflit comme celui que vous venez de subir. Au contraire, vous êtes plus avancés que nous; je ne poursuis que de loin et par des voies purement littéraires une réforme religieuse que vous abordez plus franchement. Dire en face, et au milieu d'une assemblée religieuse, au parti soi-disant orthodoxe, des vérités telles qu'il lui a fallu écouter de la bouche de vous et de vos amis, c'est ce qu'on n'oserait pas ici. Du moment qu'on l'osera, un pas énorme aura été fait; à present, devant le gros public et la majorité religieuse, la minorité libérale du clergé est tenue à parler avec une grande reserve, à ménager beaucoup ses adversaires, à ne faire qu'effleurer les questions vitales, à n'attaquer de front que des parties minimes du dogme suranné que toutes nos églises, même celles des dissidents, subissent encore. En même temps, il faut le dire, on réussit à tenir en échec les sections violentes de la majorité, à les empêcher de la dominer et de lui imposer une politique rétrograde. C'est beaucoup; mais ce n'est pas assez pour familiariser les esprits avec l'idée, si nécessaire pourtant, d'une véritable révolution à

accomplir dans leurs croyances religieuses. En France et en Allemagne les églises Protestantes ont acquis cette idée, et elle les possède, bien qu'elles n'arrivent pas encore à y voir clair. Dans tout celà, elles me paraissent, je le répète, plus avancées que les nôtres; en revanche nous avons, je crois, une bien plus grande masse d'esprits s'occupant sérieusement de religion, masse dont le mouvement sera un jour très fort, et il commence, ce mouvement.

Le Dean Stanley est le chef très brillant et très adroit de la minorité libérale du clergé anglican. Mieux que personne, il a l'instinct de la politique qu'il faut suivre, politique très réservée pour le fond des doctrines, très ferme pour tout le reste, et bien décidée à ne pas se laisser effrayer. Si vous viendrez en Angleterre, je serai charmé de vous mettre en relations avec lui; de sa part aussi, il sera heureux de vous connaître. Ne vous attendez point, cependant, à trouver ici une école théologique de quelque valeur; nous n'avons rien de pareil à votre école de Strasbourg. Cette critique des Actes que vous demandez, vous la trouverez chez vous plutôt qu'ici. En parlant de St. Paul, je n'ai pas parlé en théologien, mais en homme de lettres mécontent de la très mauvaise critique littéraire qu'on appliquait à un grand esprit; si j'avais parlé en théologien, on ne m'eût pas écouté. Je vous enverrai un petit travail sur Isale que je viens de publier, et qui réussit assez bien; il vous fera apprécier le caractère tout littéraire et tout lointain de mes tentatives dans ce grand champ de

la réforme religieuse. J'aurai, j'espère, un jour le plaisir de vous serrer la main et de causer avec vous sur toutes ces choses; en attendant, agréez, cher Monsieur, mes vifs remerciements, et l'expression des sentiments d'estime cordiale avec lesquels je suis. — Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

Monday, December 23, 1872.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — It is all settled about my holiday; another inspector has been officially entrusted with my district from February to the end of May, and it really seems almost too good to be true. But Rydal will be a very pleasant episode first. On Saturday I had an agreeable dinner at the Coleridges, though Henry Taylor is not very interesting; he talks too slow and is a little pompous. But Boxall was there, and Fergusson the architect, and Wm. Spring Rice, and Sir Frederick Elliot—all people I like. The house is quite beautiful, and the library has received the last improvements since I saw it. Yesterday morning I went down to Belgravia and heard Wilkinson;¹ he is a very powerful preacher from his being himself so *possessed*. But it was a very striking sermon—on missions² and the

¹ The Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square; afterwards Bishop of Truro, and of St. Andrews.

² December 20, 1872, was observed as a Day of Intercession for Missions, and this observance was satirised by the *Times* next day.

Times article upon them. The notion was that we are corrupting here from over-vitality, too much life crowded up in too narrow a room, and that the best remedy was to return to the old gospel injunction — go and preach the gospel to every creature. This was in answer to the common objection — begin with your heathen masses at home. He despaired of home, he said; he had at first thought it was the right place to begin, but he now saw the will of God was not so; and then came pictures of the life of the poor in London, and of “society” in London, and of the Church in England, all fermenting and corrupting, he said, from too much vitality being jammed up together in too narrow a space; the only remedy was to disperse into missions. We ought all to wish to go, and to bring up our children to wish to go. His triumph was when he met the natural question — why don’t *you* go then? He had wished to go, he said, prayed to go; he still hoped to go, but was not yet suffered; he thought it was because of the sins of his youth and that he was not found worthy; and he compared himself to Moses not allowed because of his faults to enter the Holy Land himself, only permitted to send Joshua. You see what awful risk he ran here of being unreal, even absurd; and he came out triumphant. He was so evidently sincere, more than sincere, burnt up with sorrow, that he carried every one with him, and half the church was in tears. I do not much believe in good being done by a man unless he can give *light*, and Wilkinson’s fire is very turbid; but his power of heating, pene-

trating, and agitating is extraordinary. He has no merit of voice; only one tone, a loud and clear, but rather harsh one. I saw Henry Coleridge for a few minutes; the first time for years. I thought he would never have let my hand go; at last he said — “Matt!! — I expected to see a white-headed old man.” I said that my white hairs were all internal. He himself is greatly aged; he is very like his father. Love to all. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

HARROW, *Christmas Day*, 1872.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — On the day of your Jewish and Princely Ball I shall be in Westmorland, whither I go the day after to-morrow, to stay till the 15th proximo.

I read your address¹ with real admiration of its briskness and brightness; the redaction so good; a *résumé*, and so much to be resumed, and such danger of falling into the catalogue style, and this danger perfectly escaped.

As to the Liberals, I believe that the wish and intention of the best and most intelligent of them is as you say; but what they actually manage to get done is very often not “as reason would,” but as violent and ignorant influences in the mass of their party will; and I cannot look upon it as a triumph of reason, though it passes as one of the triumphs of the Liberal party.

We shall not start for the Continent earlier than

¹ To the electors of Elgin and Nairn.

the first week in February, and before that time I shall see you and bring the little red book.

You do not mention Mrs. Grant Duff's health, so I hope and trust she is well again. A happy Christmas to you and yours. I hope you told Mrs. Grant Duff how enchanted I was with her two youngest. — Ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

MENTON, Mars 16, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR — Votre lettre me trouve en voyage et au moment de repartir; il faut cependant que je vous adresse un mot de remerciement. Je voudrais savoir aussi, si, par hasard, vous vous trouverez à Paris du 15 mai au premier juin; cette quinzaine de jours j'espère pouvoir la passer à Paris avant de rentrer en Angleterre; j'ai fort peu de chance de venir à Havre, et je crains que vous n'ayez, bien qu'un peu anglomane, aucune intention bien arrêtée de visiter l'Angleterre. Vers le 15 mai donc, veuillez, mon cher monsieur, m'adresser un mot à l'hôtel Chatham, à Paris, pour me dire si je pouvais avoir le grand plaisir de vous voir à mon passage. X

Je n'ai pas voulu dire que la littérature chez nous n'avait pas ses coudées franches lorsqu'il s'agissait de chose religieuse; ce que j'affirme, c'est qu'aucun corps religieux, aucune réunion religieuse n'aurait pas, chez nous, traiter les questions de dogme avec la franchise qu'a montrée votre synode. C'est en quoi vous avez sur nous un

avantage, selon moi, considérable; en revanche, nous avons le gros public qui s'émeut pour ces questions religieuses, qui s'en mêle, qui veut les voir vidés au fond; c'est beaucoup, et à cet égard vous aurez, je crois, quelque chose à nous envier. Mon livre nouveau,¹ par exemple; il n'y a qu'un mois qu'il est publié, et déjà il en est à sa troisième édition. C'est grâce à son sujet et à l'intérêt que le public y prend: car, en général, tout ce qui vient de moi s'écoule très lentement. On me dit qu'il est fort attaqué, ce qui n'est jamais un mal pour un tel ouvrage; mais j'ai défendu de m'envoyer aucune revue, voulant me distraire autant que possible, pendant les quelques semaines que je pourrai donner à l'Italie, de toutes les affaires de ma vie habituelle. Cela est cause que la seule critique de mon livre que j'ai reçue c'est votre lettre si pleine d'adhésion et de sympathie; j'en suis bien reconnaissant; depuis votre précédente lettre, et la lecture de votre discours au synode, vous êtes des trois ou quatre personnes dont le suffrage, dans ces questions de critique religieuse, m'est le plus précieux. — Believe me, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Mother.

ROME, HOTEL D'ITALIE,
VIA DELLE QUATTRO FONTANE,
Sunday, March 30, 1873.

MY DEAREST MOTHER — I have not yet had an answer to my last letter to you, but you have been

¹ *Literature and Dogma: an Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible.* 1873.

very good about writing. We found one letter from you when we arrived, and another has come since. We have also very good news of dear Dick. There is a letter from him this morning, dated the 25th; he is full of the thought of coming to us. We left Mentone yesterday, Saturday, week, on a rainy morning, but it soon cleared, and we had the most beautiful journey possible along the Riviera. Occasionally for ten miles one would like to have the slower mode of travelling with horses, but, on the whole, the railroad is a gain. But the superiority of this western Riviera, which I had not seen before, over the eastern Riviera, is very great, and the whole way from Savona to Genoa is as beautiful as a dream, Genoa and its tall white lighthouse and the mountains behind and beyond it being visible all the way. At Genoa we went to an excellent inn, the same I was at before, the Hotel Veder; but our day had been tiring, for the sea had in one place washed the line away, and at the end of a tunnel, in the dark, we had all to get out, and, carrying all our cloaks and small parcels, to make our way up a bank to the high road, along the high road for some three hundred yards, and then down another bank to a new train, which was waiting for us on the Genoa side of the Abyss. Sunday was a beautiful morning, and Flu and the children were charmed with Genoa. We went to the English service, and then to the public gardens, from which the view is so beautiful; in the afternoon we drove out to the Cemetery. The mountains interested us the more because immediately round

Genoa they look just about the height of our Westmorland mountains, and are really not much higher; they are also bare nearly to the foot, as ours are, and not unlike in shape. The colour is the great difference. The next morning the two little girls and I drove to the Church of Santa Maria di Carignane, from the top of which there is a celebrated view of Genoa. It was the first tower they had been up, but the steps are the broad, easy steps of Italy, not the dark, narrow staircase of a Gothic tower. They were as much enchanted as their dear grandpapa's grandchildren ought to have been, and we could have stayed there for ever. The Mediterranean was quite calm, with ships moving gently in all directions over it, and all the Riviera by which we had come was before us, just a few lines and spots of snow on the upper part of the mountains. Then we went to get money, to take tickets, to lunch at the famous Café, and finally to one of the palaces as a specimen of the rest, the one where the pictures are best. I had seen all the palaces, and knew it would tire my companions to death to go the round in one day. We dined at the five o'clock *table d'hôte*, and at seven in the evening we started for Rome. We have circular tickets, which oblige us to be at Milan in forty days from our leaving Genoa, but give us entire freedom as to where we stop, and how long, and we gain immensely by paying all in one sum at once. We decided to give up Naples, partly because of the expense of extending our journey, partly because it leaves something to be

done hereafter, mostly, however, because of the accounts we hear of fever and sickness at Naples. The little girls have hitherto been so well, and the pleasure of our journey so depends on their being well, that I do not wish to run any risk. Our tickets enable us to go to Venice if we like, but I think we shall stay three weeks here and a fortnight at Florence; and that, with a day at Bologna and another at Ravenna, will exhaust our time. We must be at Milan on the 2nd of May, then we shall have ten days for the Italian lakes. At Alessandria (to go back to our journey), about nine at night, we had to change trains, and as there was a crowd, we paid something extra and got a coupé, thus ensuring being by ourselves, and the children and a good night, and did not wake till we were descending the Apennines upon the wide valley of Florence. At Florence we washed and breakfasted at the station, and in less than an hour were off in another coupé for Rome. This day was delightful. Our coupé went forwards, and so we could see everything. We went by Arezzo, Lake Trasimeno, Perugia, Assisi, Spoleto, Terni — all new country to me. The weather glorious and the day never to be forgotten. At Otri, where the Nar joins the Tiber, we got into the Campagna sort of country, and the flowers in the low, wooded hills here were something wonderful. Tell Fan the only drawback in Rome is that one longs to be out in the country among the flowers at this best of all seasons for them. We wound round Soracte, and came into the true Campagna, and reached Rome about

six, great bunches of narcissus in the fields of deep rich grass accompanying us up to the very walls of Rome. We went first to the Costanzi, but have moved here, to a new hotel, on the top of the Quirinal Hill, where we are very comfortable. You may imagine how often I think of papa here. About Rome I must write again, but here one ought neither to write nor to read, but to use one's eyes perpetually, and then to write and read after one has left Rome and gone somewhere where eyes are less wanted. We are going now to the Aventine, then the English burial-ground, then the tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way. It is delightful to see how my trio enjoy it. The Storys (the American sculptor) are particularly kind. They are close by in the Barberini Palace. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

ROME, April 17, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN — I must manage to write you a few lines, though we hear next to nothing from home, and are so hard driven with sight-seeing here that it is very hard to write. We had a few lines from mamma yesterday, which told us that by the middle of this week you would be at the Forsters'. I wrote a long letter to Jane, and begged her to let G. Smith and the Council Office know of my address here; but I conclude she had left London for the Easter holidays when my letter arrived. If you write by the post of the 23rd to the *poste restante* at Florence your letters will reach

us in time. If you write two or three days later, write to the Hotel Cavour, Milan. But on the 2nd of May we shall go to Turin with Dick, and shall go through the tunnel with him. At Culoz we shall probably turn aside to Geneva while he proceeds to Paris, but it is possible we may all return to Paris together, the travelling with so large a party is so overwhelmingly expensive. Then after three or four days in Paris, Flu and the little girls would return. I should stay in Paris a week longer to see a number of people I want to see. But our journey has been well worth doing, if only for the sake of this month at Rome, and we shall get a clear week in Florence besides. I am trying to put down notes of what I see in Rome, which will enable me to fix it to some extent in my memory; but one sees far too much—and yet that is inevitable. Imagine our day the day before yesterday. We started at ten, under a Roman sun, for the Farnesina Palace, which is open only on the 1st and 15th of the month. It has some wonderful frescoes designed by Raphael of the story of Cupid and Psyche, and of that of Galatea. The next palace to it has also splendid gardens stretching up the Janiculum Hill, and a great picture gallery besides. Among the pictures is the famous Herodias with John the Baptist's head, from which is the engraving in the Bible picture book we used to look at when we were children. This is the Corsini Palace. Well, after we had screwed our heads off with looking up at the ceilings of the Farnesina, we went to the

Corsini, and went through its great gallery — most interesting, but very exhausting. Then Dick and I went up to the top of the gardens, while Flu and the girls stayed in a great shadowed walk of ever-green oaks below. Then we drove to the Piazza before St. Peter's, and lunched at a dirty, abominable restaurant. Then in the portico of St. Peter's we met Victorine by appointment, and split into two parties, one going to the statues in the Vatican Museum, the other to the pictures. I went to the statues, and I could go there for ever, but the more they interest one, the more it takes out of one to look at them. Then the children went to the Capitol to go up the tower and see the view, while Flu and I drove to the Ponte Molle, and home by the Porta del Popolo. Then I went to call on Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, who has been very kind to us, and who is now suffering from an attack of fever. I sate a long time with him, because he liked it. I was to have gone to the Duke of Sermoneta's afterwards, but was really too much done up. The children, however, drove with Victorine to the Coliseum to see the moon rise, which I have seen under better circumstances in June. Here was a day! Yesterday made amends. We went by train to Frascati, with the snowy Apennines as clear as possible on our left. At Frascati we got donkeys for Flu and the girls, and started for Tusculum. Tusculum stands on a point of the Alban range, related to the rest of the range, as the Low Man of Skiddaw is to Skiddaw. Directly we got clear of the villas we got into wood, and

directly we got into the wood a feast of flowers began. The first I noticed was the dentaria; I think it is the *Dentaria*, a pale lilac flower, with little buttons or teeth; it is rare in England, but grows in a wood near Uxbridge. Then came magnificent butterfly orchises, then the anemone hepatica, and a white anemone to match it. Then the cyclamen, the purple one, covering all the ground. Then the Star of Bethlehem—but I really cannot go on. I sent you the Star of Bethlehem and a sort of orchis, which grows everywhere here. Mr. Ball will tell you what it is. I have found it in white as well as in red, but it grows all over the Campagna. Our road was delightful—a convent here, a villa there, avenues of ilex and stone pine, then the brushwood, with its endless flowers, and then lawns of grass mixed with the wood, grass as green now as the greenest fields in England. Then a bit of broad slab pavement from the Roman times coming into the track, and masses of Roman brickwork standing about on the turf. Finally, above this, a beautifully preserved stone theatre, and above that the top of the mountain point, with a cross built by the pupils of the English Jesuits' College just below, and the remains of the old citadel of Tusculum emerging from the ground. The Alban Hill in front, with the sea coming in beyond the flat Campagna below, was really like the side of Black Combe on a warm, sunny day, with wind and flying white clouds, and the Irish Sea coming in all along the horizon. The unlike thing was Rome in the middle of the Campagna,

and the lovely Italian towns rising from the mountain, with their domes and towers, and the massive convents, and here and there a cypress. It was quite delicious. We came down to a late lunch at Frascati, and I went afterwards to the Aldobrandini Villa for the view from its terraces. Storm-mist as black as ink covered Rome and all that part of the Campagna, but the light on the sea and on the Tiber, as you caught snatches of it on its way through the Campagna near the sea, was perfect. We got back rather late for dinner, and paid a call afterwards, and then I was really too tired to go to a party of Germans at the Archæological Institute on the Capitol, the Institute to which papa belonged. This morning we started for St. Peter's to go up the dome, but arrived too late. It closes at ten, and I thought it closed at eleven. Then we took Dicky to the Pantheon and the beautiful Church of the Minerva, where is Michael Angelo's "Christ," one of the three representations of Christ I most like; then to the Capitol. I saw as much of the statues as the children would let me see, then I was dragged off to see the famous bronze wolf. But I saw too the famous Consular Tables which interested papa so much, the beautifully preserved remains of the identical marble tables with the names of the Consuls which covered the walls of the portico under the Senate House, and which are the most authentic Roman history extant. Then we lunched at Spillmann's; but then the rain came on furiously, and has prevented us from going to San Clemente, a triple church, pagan at the bottom,

primitive Christian in the middle, mediæval at the top, which Father Mulhooly, the prior of the Irish Dominicans, was to show us. To-night Flu and I dine with the Baylys. He once wrote for the *Times*, and was afterwards Governor of the Bahamas. After dinner we go to Lady Paget's reception. The Pagets have been very kind to us, and so has Lady Ashburton, who is here. To-morrow, if it is fine, we are going to Tivoli. Now I must stop, for I am going with old Parker of Oxford, the archæologist, to see the Mamertine prisons before I dress for dinner. They show you the cell where St. Peter was confined, but, at any rate, they are remains of the original prisons of republican Rome. Love to all. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To his Brother, Walter Arnold.

MENAGGIO, May 5, 1873.

MY DEAR WALTER — I always meant to write to you from these parts, because we have so often talked of them, and you were often in my mind when I settled to go to Bellaggio rather than Cadenabbia, where I went before. Well, to Bellaggio we telegraphed on Friday from the Hotel Cavour at Milan, and the hotel people at Milan said we were sure of rooms. You must know the crush in Italy is awful, just the same as in summer; whether it is the Vienna exhibition or what it is I do not know, but the fact is so. The crowd may be a little more select, but it is equally a crowd. Friday was a heavenly day in Milan, but Saturday

was cold and dull. We had a regular trainful to Como, and on the steamer we were packed like herrings in a barrel, just the summer work over again. It was beautiful, but as our lakes are beautiful, gray and cold, and with an unpleasant ruffling wind which strengthened as the evening advanced. A great many passengers left us at Cadenabbia, but more still were bound for Bellaggio. As we neared this place, what was my horror to see the Gran Bretagna covered with scaffolding and evidently uninhabitable! We landed in a boat crammed with anxious passengers. On landing we heard that the Villa Serbelloni was choke full, so the only thing was to make a bolt for the Hotel Gessizani, the other hotel, and a very second-rate one. I was nearly first, and got the five beds I wanted, but it was dismal to find oneself in dull rooms at a bad inn in cloudy weather when one had reckoned on charming rooms at a first-rate inn in Italian weather. As we sate at dinner the rain came on, and all night it rained furiously. But the next morning we had the benefit of this in the snowy mountains, which looked like the high Alps. It was fine weather again, but the wind cold and violent; however, after breakfast, I had a most exquisite morning on the promontory covered by the grounds of the Villa Serbelloni. I had never been to the top of it before, and did not know how beautifully it commanded the view, and then the Monte S. Primo, the mountain between Bellaggio and Como, was fairly vested with the purest snow from one end to the other, as if it had been the

range of Mont Blanc. But the woods at this season! the lily of the valley everywhere, but not yet perfectly in flower; the helleborine, a beautiful white flower, which we had at Dorking; Solomon's seal, which I have never yet seen except in gardens; the dark purple columbine, and the lovely Star of Bethlehem, which fills the same place in the woods and fields now which the grass of Parnassus fills later in the year. After lunch I took another turn, in the opposite direction, to the Villa Melzi, and up the great steps to the Villa Giulia. Here I was pleased to find the cowslip growing in great abundance: the true English cowslip, but not with as sweet a smell as ours. The blue of the lake was beautiful in the wind, but the wind was very cold. At half-past five we left for this place, and here we have found the most charming hotel, and a position on the lake which seems to me better than either Cadenabbia or Bellaggio. It was bitterly cold last night, but in the night the wind fell; to-day is without a cloud, and the beautiful lake looks its real self. We had meant to go on to Lugano, but it is impossible to tear oneself away. As I sit writing in the garden under a magnolia I look across to Varenna in the sun, and the "Sour-milk Gill" coming into the lake close by it; and the grand jagged line of mountains that bound the lake towards Colico, almost snowless in August, stand glittering now like the Oberland range. You never saw anything so calculated to make you drunk; and the grass is long and fresh everywhere, and the trees just in leaf: not an atom

of the dusty and parched look which comes on later in the year. . . . At Florence I saw the Princess Alice again. I was marking some favourite pictures in the catalogue, at a last visit to the Pitti, when I heard some one behind me say: "So Mr. Matthew Arnold is making notes on the pictures"; and I turned round and saw the Princess. She introduced me to Prince Louis, who was with her, and her suite fell back, and we stood and talked for at least twenty minutes. When I thought they were fairly gone, she ran back again to ask if I had seen Lord Russell's book.¹ I said I had not, but that it would probably be nothing more than a sort of model religion of the British and Foreign School Society, and rather old-fashioned for modern requirements. Upon which she ran back laughing to Prince Louis, saying: "He says Lord Russell's new religion is sure to be old-fashioned!" I was so much asked out at Florence that I was glad to get away; the weather, too, was detestable; but the place I still thought, particularly on the last morning when I went up alone, early, to my old favourite post at Bellosguardo, the most perfectly beautiful under heaven. . . . I wish you would look in in Fenchurch Street on George Smith (I think 136 is the number, but you will easily find out), and tell him I now give up hearing from him, but all he has got for me had better go to the Athenæum, where I shall find it at my return. Tell him that as a proof of the indestructible sweetness of my

¹ *The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe*, by John, Earl Russell. 1873.

disposition, and of my viewing his conduct with sorrow rather than with anger, I send him the enclosed trifle¹ for the *Cornhill*, which I think rather good; and verses I do not often bestow on the public now. Write to me yourself at Hotel Chatham, Paris; a good, newsy, succulent letter. The female part of the family, who write volumes to one another, have treated us very shabbily in the way of letters, but I hope I have learnt like the Apostle, "in whatever state I am therewith to be content." Good-bye, my dear old boy; kindest remembrances to your wife and her sister. I hope we shall soon see you after we get back. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

In 1873 Matthew Arnold quitted Harrow, and went to live at Cobham, Surrey. Here he rented from Mr. Leaf of Pains Hill a house called "Pains Hill Cottage," which was his home during the rest of his life.

To John Sulman, a Sunday School Teacher.

COBHAM, June 29, 1873.

DEAR SIR — Let me thank you for your kind note, and let me say to you at the same time that your own methods with your Sunday School children are probably better than any that I could teach you. Even supposing that I have discerned a truer way of apprehending the Bible than the old one,

¹ "New Rome," *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1873.

yet the discernment of this, and the successful employment of it in teaching children, by no means go necessarily together. Those who have best handled the Bible when teaching it according to the old lights to children will handle it best also when teaching it according to the new, if they receive them. And many of those who disapprove the old methods of interpreting Scripture may well envy the devotedness, affection, and skill with which the adherents of these old methods have applied themselves, and do still apply themselves, to meeting and satisfying the religious sense of children. Do not let us doubt, however, but that this may be as successfully and more truly done with the new methods. — Believe me, dear sir,
truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
Août 15, 1873.

MON CHER MONSIEUR — Votre lettre m'a trouvé en pleine tournée d'inspection; je profite du premier moment des vacances pour y répondre. Oui, j'ai été forcé de hâter mon retour en Angleterre, et j'ai un peu devancé, à Paris, le jour fixé pour mon passage; c'est pourquoi, à mon grand regret, je ne vous ai pas vu; je priai Scherer de vous faire mes excuses et de vous exprimer mes regrets. Maintenant, je tâcherai de répondre à vos questions. Seulement, je ne parlerai pas politique; vous me demandez ce que je pense de votre gouvernement de combat, et je dirai seulement que M. Thiers m'a

toujours été fort antipathique, et que je serais enclin à lui préférer le Maréchal MacMahon et M. de Broglie; ceux-ci, par le caractère et par l'honnêteté, m'inspirant plus de confiance que celui-là par son esprit. Je n'ai pas encore lu l'ouvrage de M. Hillebrand, et je n'aime pas trop les jugemens portés sur votre nation par des Allemands. Au fond, le Français est un Irlandais; soit, mais un Irlandais latinisé, et, avec cela, on établit contre les deux hommes une différence profonde. Pour ne toucher qu'à un seul point, mais un point bien important—la chasteté. Le Celte pur, l'Irlandais, est chaste; le Celte latinisé, le Français, est tout autre chose. Selon Ste. Beuve, Proudhon disait que "la France était tournée toute entière vers la fornication"; et c'est là, en effet, votre plaie; or, à cet égard, l'Irlande offre aux autres pays un exemple vraiment admirable, ses fautes sont ailleurs.

Vous avez bien goût, je crois, de vous abonner à la *Contemporary Review*, mais je vous engage à supprimer l'*Inquirer* et de mettre à son place le *Spectator*. L'*Inquirer* a un public bien restreint, il est écrit par des "Unitarians" et il circule parmi les "Unitarians"; or, la secte des "Unitarians" est numériquement peu importante, et leur journal est plus ou moins un journal de coterie. Le *Spectator* a des côtés faibles dont vous vous apercevrez bien vite, mais c'est un journal écrit en vue du grand public et lu par le grand public; en même temps, il s'occupe beaucoup de choses religieuses, qu'il traite d'un esprit large et libéral. Certainement,

il faut lire la vie de Wesley, par Southey; d'abord, Southey est un esprit supérieur et juge bien, quoiqu'en disent les Méthodistes, Wesley et l'ensemble du mouvement Wesleyen; après cela, il a des dons de style et de récit vraiment éminents, et que, dans votre qualité de Français, vous saurez apprécier. Sur Cavour, la seule monographie anglaise que je connaisse est celle d'Edward Dicey, publiée par Macmillan; elle est plutôt un bon article de journal qu'une monographie longuement travaillée et satisfaisante. Vous connaissez sans doute l'ouvrage du Comte Arrivabene? Quant à la séparation de l'Église et de l'État, je ne vois pas de quelle manière, pour vos maux ou pour les nôtres, ce remède pourrait être bon à quelque chose. Chez nous, pour empêcher l'Église de travailler à ses vraies fins, on a déjà assez d'obstacles dans le mouvement des intérêts matériels et mondains qui nous sollicitent sans cesse; ajoutez y l'esprit de Secte, et l'église aura, moins encore qu'à présent, la liberté d'esprit pour s'occuper des choses divines et éternelles. Chez les nations de race latine le danger est tout autre: si la religion n'était plus d'aucune façon une chose établie, reconnue par l'État, je craindrai de voir, d'un côté, des coteries dévotés, étroites et superstitieuses; de l'autre, une masse de nation entièrement dure et matérialiste. Pour en sortir, il vous faudrait, comme à l'ancien monde romain, le déluge et les barbares! "Make for righteousness" cela veut dire *favorise la justice, donne gain de cause à la justice*. Mon livre a été fort critiqué, mais il produit son effet; la plupart

des articles de revue s'occupent de billevesées; seule, une revue hollandaise, *Le Journal théologique* de Leyden, a traité à fond le livre et la thèse qui y est soutenue. S'il paraît quelque chose de bon là-dessus dans les organes du Protestantisme français, vous me rendrez un vrai service en m'en avertissant.

Adieu, mon cher Monsieur; continuez, je vous prie, à m'écrire de temps en temps; votre sympathie a été pour moi un véritable encouragement — un de mes meilleurs! Tout à vous,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

SIX-MILE BOTTOM, NEWMARKET,
September 17, 1873.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — One line to say that I will come to you on Monday with great pleasure, to stay till Thursday. Dick, whom you so kindly invite, is back at Harrow. Mrs. Arnold is at Lord Charles Russell's at Woburn, but she will write to Mrs. Grant Duff and answer for herself. I do hope she will be able to come with me. Hall asks me to say that if you are disengaged for any days between October 1st and 10th he would be delighted to see you here to meet Tourgouneff, whose visit here has been postponed till then. He hopes you will excuse his inviting you by my pen, but he cannot get to his own writing-table, which I have insisted on occupying. The shooting here is superb, and I am shooting if possible worse than I did at Hampden; but this last year I shall go

on blazing away, and then abandon for ever the vain attempt to mingle in the sports of the Barbarians. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff. — Yours ever sincerely,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Lady de Rothschild.

COBHAM, SURREY,

October 11, 1873.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I ought to have thanked you sooner for your kind note. In these last days I have often thought how greatly I should have liked you to have seen and known my mother.¹ There is a little notice of her in this week's *Guardian* which I should like you to look at. It is very well done, and very true. I have not the paper here, or I would send it. But I will send you a sermon, or part of a sermon, which the Dean of Durham preached about her last Sunday, and which is now being printed. She had a clearness and fairness of mind, an interest in things, and a power of appreciating what might not be in her own line, which were very remarkable, and which remained with her to the very end of her life. To my great regret, I cannot find a letter she wrote me this last spring after my book² had been published. It was a wonderful letter. I can think of no woman in the prime of life, brought up and surrounded as my mother was, and with my

¹ Mrs. Arnold of Fox How died September 30, 1873, aged eighty-two.

² *Literature and Dogma.*

mother's sincere personal convictions, who could have written it; and in a woman past eighty it was something astonishing. I have a beautiful letter to-day from Dean Stanley, written from Florence; he says, "What to me was so impressive was not merely that she rose instead of sinking under the blow¹ which we all feared would crush her, but that she retained the life-long reverence for your father's greatness, without a blind attempt to rest in the form and letter of his words." This is exactly true. To many who knew my father her death will be the end of a period, and deeply felt accordingly. And to me and her children how much more must it be this! My thanks and very kind regards to Sir Anthony and your daughters.—I am always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
November 4, 1873.

MY DEAREST FAN — While my sixty pupil teachers sit at work before me I may as well write the letter to you which ought to have been written on Sunday or yesterday. But Sunday was a day of callers and calls, and yesterday I was at Tottenham inspecting, and only got back to London just in time to pick up Fanny Lucy and return to Cobham.

¹ The sudden death of Dr. Arnold, 1842.

I saw the *Record*: it was like eating its words for the *Record* to put in such a notice after what it had said about papa. I thought the notice very pleasingly done, but a little too lengthy and wordy. I want to see the *Rock*, which contains, *apropos* of dearest mamma's death, an attack upon papa; but I have not yet been able to get it.

And so you are again at Fox How. That is well, if you are able to bear it. It will be a long time before you feel of your grief, as you look out on the hills and the fern and the trees and the waters,

It seems an idle thing, which could not live
Where meditation was —

and yet that is undoubtedly the right thing to feel, and that the thought of dearest mamma should be simply a happy memory and not a gnawing regret. But one cannot say that dear old Wordsworth succeeded in complying with his own teaching when he lost Dora. Perhaps he was too old and had not his strength and spirits enough left to him. But he was right in his preaching for all that, and not in his practice. I like to think that you so deeply feel the beauty of that beloved country, that it will be a real help and solace for you, however you make use of it: whether precisely in the way Wordsworth would have meant, or in some other of your own.

I have also a curious letter from the State of Maine in America, from a young man who wished to tell me that a friend of his, lately dead, had been especially fond of my poem "A Wish," and

often had it read to him in his last illness. They were both — the writer and his friend — of a class too poor to buy books, and had met with the poem in a newspaper.

If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is restoring and edifying. My love to dear Rowland. — Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
December 5, 1873.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — *Cobham, Surrey*, will find me. The cottage we have got there is called *Pains Hill Cottage*, which I tell you, that when you come and see us in the fine days of next year you may have no difficulty. The country is beautiful — more beautiful even than the Chilterns, because it has heather and pines, while the trees of other kinds, in the valley of the Mole, where we are, are really magnificent. And St. George's Hill, hill and wood of I know not how many acres, practically quite open, is a continual

X pleasure. We are planting and improving about our cottage as if it were our own, and we had a hundred years to live there; its great merit is that it must have had nearly one hundred years of life already, and is surrounded by great old trees — not the raw new sort of villa one has generally to take if one wants a small house near London. I am miserable, because I have to-morrow to make an address¹ to the Association of Westminster Teachers. I found they would be mortified if I refused, but I am so little used to speaking that the prospect quite upsets me. Think of me with pity about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I have a preface to write to a new edition of my Report on the German Schools, and a new preface to write to *Literature and Dogma*, which is coming to its fourth edition; this is what occupies me at present. How I wish I could come and see you! But I must not think of it at present. After Christmas I hope to be in London for three months, in a house that has been lent us at Brompton; but I suppose you will perversely stay all that time at Aston Clinton. Believe me always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

ATHENÆUM CLUB (*February 1874*).

MY DEAREST K. — I passed through Eccleston Square to-day, and seeing the house was not shut

X ¹ "A Speech at Westminster," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1874.

up, I rang. B. told me William had only gone this morning, and Stansfeld has since told me he dined with Goschen last night. I am sorry I did not see him. Tell him if he comes up again I wish he would let us know. I have just heard that both Liberals are in for the West Riding. I am very glad Sterling Maxwell has won Perthshire. What a total scattering!¹ Some of your people — the Scotch particularly — take it rather seriously. I said to Grant Duff that the whole country seemed to be finding Liberalism the interesting and attractive thing I had long called it, and he did not half like it. I do not affect to be sorry at the change; the Liberal party, it seemed to me, had no body of just, clear, well-ordered thought upon politics, and were only superior to the Conservative in not having for their rule of conduct merely the negative instinct against change; now they will have to examine their minds and find what they really want and mean to try for. I read the *Nonconformist* with much interest now, because there will be a great attempt to reconstruct the Liberal party on the Nonconformist platform, and from the Nonconformists knowing their objects clearly, and the Liberal party in general not knowing theirs, the attempt has some chances in its favour; but I do not think it will succeed, and still less that mere secularist radicalism will succeed, but the Liberal party will really, I think, find a new basis. To watch how all this goes will

¹ The General Election, resulting in the defeat of the Liberal Government.

be very interesting. Meanwhile I grieve to think how *time* is against men like William who came into public life late. I was talking about this to Walpole yesterday, and I don't see how one can give Disraeli less than five or six years, unless he commits some signal folly, which I don't think he will. And it is even possible, if he and Lord Derby do well, that the present turn of things may last longer still, and give them a second Conservative Parliament; but say it does not, but the nation wants more movement and swings back again to Liberalism by the time this parliament is out, five or six years is a long time for Cardwell, and even for William. However, we will not speculate on the future. I am very glad both Houses of Parliament are the same way, and that the majority is a compact one; it gives a feeling of solidity such as we have not had for many a day. Write and tell me as soon as you have settled about coming to London. I am delighted to be here and freed from long daily journeys, though I am obliged to dine out more than I like. I dine to-night with Jodrell to meet Goldwin Smith, who was with Gladstone yesterday, and says that Gladstone talked earnestly about politics for a little, but then Strauss's name was mentioned, and he went off like a man possessed, and could not be brought back again. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Saturday (February 1874).

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Many thanks for your kind note. I cannot but think Baron Lionel¹ will be rather relieved to be out of Parliament at this moment, the party too being so heavily beaten. 'What a beating it is! You know that Liberalism did not seem to me quite the beautiful and admirable thing it does to the Liberal party in general, and I am not sorry a new stage in its growth should commence, and that the party should be driven to examine itself, and to see how much real stuff it has in its mind and how much clap-trap. I do hope I shall see you in London before Easter, when we shall go back to our country cottage. My kindest regards to the invalid, and believe me, dear Lady de Rothschild, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
 LONDON, *April 1, 1874.*

MY DEAR SIR — To such a reader of English as you are it is ridiculous for me to write in French, so I shall drop that injudicious habit. I am no longer living at Harrow; we have a cottage in Surrey, in one of the prettiest parts of England, and for four months in the winter we come to London. My best address is at this club, as a

¹ Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the City of London 1847-1874.

week never passes without my coming here. All you say about the condition of the Protestant Church in France interests me greatly. To multiply divisions by forming a new Protestant Church and giving it a share in Church property is not an attractive plan in my eyes; but your old Protestant Church may be so inflexible and intolerable that no other course is open to you. From the first, French Protestantism had too much of the sectarian and narrow character which Protestant Dissent has with us, and this will probably be in the end fatal to your Protestantism as a religious organisation, as it will be fatal to Protestant Dissent in this country. You will see what I have said about these matters in the preface to a book I have just sent you. My ideal would be, for Catholic countries, the development of something like old Catholicism, retaining as much as possible of old religious services and usages, but becoming more and more liberal in spirit. And your Protestant Church I should like to see disposing itself to meet half-way a Catholic movement of this kind, and to ally itself with it. Can you not work at importing something of this broad, tolerant, and patient spirit into your official Protestantism, instead of violently severing your connexion with it, even if it desires this itself? In your Government I do not much interest myself, though I do not even now feel inclined to judge the Duc de Broglie as harshly as you do. Serious politics are really not to the taste of your people; what they like is the *game* of politics with its intrigues and sterile

agitations, and no simple solution would give them any pleasure. This is the price you pay for the entire breach of continuity in your history made by the Revolution. You ask about the English elections; they are really explained by the love of plain and simple proceedings in Government which is natural here, where the sense of continuity is stronger than in any other country. The Gladstone Ministry was straining itself to imagine and invent all kinds of reforms; it had no clear ideas, it had done what it had been set to do, it was not dignified in its foreign policy, and many of its members were pragmatistical and dictatorial. The country expressed its liking for "the old ways," for the present at any rate, and turned to the Conservatives. The party which has lost most by the recent elections is the party of the political Dissenters. What follies the Church may commit one can never tell; but if the Church is prudent, and the Government gives it the reforms it requires, Protestant Dissent is doomed, in my opinion, to a rapid decline in this country.

I do not think Mr. Henslow's book is worth your troubling yourself much with. Hepworth Dixon's book on Penn is interesting; but if those times interest you, read Burnet's *History of his own Time*, a contemporary and most instructive book, which might well give you matter for a lecture. I am bringing out the fourth edition of my *Literature and Dogma*. A French army surgeon writes to me from Algeria that he has translated the book, and proposes to send a specimen of his translation to

see if I will consent to his publishing it. What do you think about the publication of the book in French, supposing it to be well translated? In the *Contemporary Review* I am going to pass in review the principal objections which have been brought against my book. I think the discussion of the evidence respecting the Fourth Gospel and its character, in reply to the Tübingen critics, will interest you. I fear there is no chance of my visiting Havre at present, but now is the season when London has most attractions for foreigners. — Believe me, my dear sir, ever sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

October 2, 1874.

MY DEAREST FAN — You may believe that I thought of you and of Fox How, and of all the past, on Wednesday.¹ We call it the past, but how much one retains of it; and then it is not really the dead past, but a part of the living present. And this is especially true of that central personage of our past — dearest mamma. We retain so much of her, she is so often in our thoughts, that she does not really pass away from us. She constantly comes into my mind. Some words of Gull² in to-day's *Times* about what we hope and believe, which are almost word for word

¹ The first anniversary of their mother's death.

² Address by Sir William Gull to the Medical School of Guy's Hospital.

what I have said, made me think as I read them that I should have pointed that out to mamma. Then I took up the *Blackwood* article on School Board Religion, and found the Jews spoken of as a people who, with all their faults, had yet had so near a sense of "the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness," and then that the Bible had the merit of putting such a mass of people in contact with so much "of the best that has been thought and said in the world," and again I thought how I should have liked to call dearest mamma's notice to this. It will more and more become evident how entirely religious is the work I have done in *Literature and Dogma*. The enemies of religion see this well enough already. It is odd that while I was in my recent article blaming a new book, *Supernatural Religion*, for being purely negative in its Bible criticism, Morley in the *Fortnightly* was praising the book for this very thing, which he says is all we want at present, and contrasting my book unfavourably with it as not insisting enough on the negative side and on disproof. I am amused to see Strahan's handbill stuck in all the magazines and book-stalls, announcing Gladstone and me as his two attractions this month. But no one knows better than I do how little of a popular author I am; but the thing is, I gradually produce a real effect, and the public acquires a kind of obscure interest in me as this gets to be perceived.

I have been two nights splendidly put up at G. Smith's, and shall be two nights there next week. I like now to dine anywhere rather than at a club,

and G. Smith has a capital billiard table, and after dinner we play billiards, which I like very much, and it suits me. To-day has been a furious wet morning, but our weather was beautiful up to Wednesday night, and now it is clearing again. It is the exceptionalness of cheerful sunshine that is the trying thing in Westmorland. One might have all the rain without murmuring if one had brighter weather in the intervals. However, I wish I was there now—this is a very favourite season of mine. But I am going down to Cobham. I shall dine with the Leafs, and play billiards afterwards, for they, too, have a billiard table. To-morrow I think I shall go down to Hastings, as it seems stupid to be sticking at Cobham when they are so easily reached, and the Monday morning fast train gets me to my schools sooner than I can get to them from Cobham. Dick is to go up¹ in about a fortnight. I think he will pass, but I shall not allow myself to be grievously vexed if he does not. I have been delighted to find an excellent library here. Dugald Stewart left his library, a very good one, to his brother, who was an officer in the army, and this brother left it to the United Service Club, who built a fine room for it. How delicious and civilised a thing is a library! I run up and down the ladders to the shelves and bring a rather unwonted movement to this part of the Club, I think. Now I must stop, and with love to Rowland, I am always, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate

M. A.

¹ To Balliol.

To Lady de Rothschild.

COBHAM, November 6, 1874.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — Many thanks for your kind congratulations on Dick's entrance at Balliol. He must have worked with his tutor better than he worked at Harrow, and I hope he will now turn Oxford to some good account, though at present, as is perhaps natural, we hear a great deal of football, the river, and breakfast parties, and hardly a word about reading. I saw Leonard Montefiore¹ for a few minutes when I was at Oxford. I hope he will see something of Dick, for he has a really active mind, and it is contact with active minds that Dick wants. Every one is very kind to him. X

I do not see how it will be possible for me, *beschooled* as I am, to visit you at Aston Clinton before Christmas. I know I have promised. Why should not you compromise the matter by letting me come to dine with you in London some day when you are staying up here, you and your daughter Constance, and then we might go together to see *Hamlet*, which I much want to see? My Lucy puts such pressure on me to take her, that if I wait much longer I shall give way; but I do not want to take her till we are settled in town after Christmas. And meanwhile I want to go myself, and to go with you and your daughter Constance will be the very thing I should like. Do think of it! Any day in the week after next, except Saturday.

¹ Lady de Rothschild's nephew, Leonard Abraham Montefiore, a publicist of singular promise, died September 6, 1879, aged twenty-six.

You must read my metaphysics in this last *Contemporary*. My first and last appearance in that field of metaphysics, where you, I know, are no stranger. — Most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Sunday* (November 1874).

MY DEAREST FAN — I send you Jowett's letter, which turned up in a sorting of letters and papers to-day. You may burn it when you have read it. I send you also Mr. F. . . . I have written to him to say that in case I publish a cheap edition of *Literature and Dogma*, which I am not disposed to do at present, I shall very likely cut out all which is not directly essential to the argument of the book. I write in the manner which is natural to me; the manner has, no doubt, its weak points. But ponderous works produce no effect; the religious world which complains of me would not read me if I treated my subject as they say it ought to be treated, and I want them, indeed, to read me as little as they please, but I do not mean them to prescribe a mode of treatment of my subject to me which would lead to my being wholly ineffective both with them and with every one else. For it is my belief, at any rate, that I give something positive, which to a great many people may be of the very greatest comfort and service. And this is in part an answer to what you say about treating with lightness what is matter of life and death to so many people. There

is a levity which is altogether evil; but to treat miracles and the common anthropomorphic ideas of God as what one may lose and yet keep one's hope, courage, and joy, as what are not really matters of life and death in the keeping or losing of them, this is desirable and necessary, if one holds, as I do, that the common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance on miracles must and will inevitably pass away. This I say not to pain you, but to make my position clear to you. When I see the conviction of the ablest and most serious men round me that a great change must come, a great plunge must be taken, I think it well, I must say, instead of simply dilating, as both the religious and the anti-religious world are fond of doing, on the plunge's utterness, tremendousness, and awfulness, to show mankind that it need not be in terror and despair, that everything essential to its progress stands firm and unchanged.

However, the two concluding parts¹ of my "Review of Objections" will be in general conservative, and directed against negative criticism of the Bible, both German and of home production, although, of course, I do not mean to say that the subject will be treated from the point of view of the ordinary defenders of the Bible against innovators.

We have had much dining out this last week, and it is a comfort to think that this week we shall be quiet. Dr. Hooker has asked me to dine with

¹ In the *Contemporary Review*, July and September 1875. (Reprinted in *God and the Bible*.)

him at the annual dinner of the Royal Society on St. Andrew's Day. I shall like it very much. The Royal Society is our one truly great Society, a sort of Institute. You know that Hooker is President. I like him very much. We have had a day of rain, and it looks bad for to-morrow. We were to have gone with the Buxtons in their brake to see the foxhounds meet on Ripley Common—a pretty sight for the little girls; but Mrs. Buxton is prevented going, and the weather will probably be bad.— Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To Miss Kingsley.

(January 1875.)

DEAR MISS KINGSLEY — I fear your mother is in no state to read letters; you must let me write one line to you. I kept watching the accounts of your dear father's illness with a boding heart. I feared the worst.¹ It has seemed of late years as if he had not fortune on his side, as when he was young. With all the more interest I followed the accounts of this illness, and not only I, but Mrs. Arnold and my two girls. Your dear father interested and attached all with whom he came in contact. His fine talents and achievements in literature will now have full justice done to them again; the injustice which he and they had in some quarters to experience will be no longer busy. But it is not of his talents and achievements that I now wish to speak. I find myself more full of the thought of something

¹ The Rev. Charles Kingsley died January 23, 1875.

in which he seemed to me unique. I think he was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself. Among men of letters I know nothing so rare as this; it will always keep your father's memory surrounded, in my mind, with a freshness and an honour peculiarly his own. — Believe me, my dear Miss Kingsley, most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Saturday (December 1875).*

MY DEAREST FAN — Your letter was sent to London to me, and refreshed my spirit there. The cold half thaw and the streets heaped with sloshy snow were depressing, and I had a cold just departing, which was vicious enough to return on the encouragement which my week in London gave it. Add to which, that poor Healing appeared at the Training School on Tuesday so very ill with influenza that I sent him home, and though I got a substitute from the office, yet I did not like to leave him ever in sole charge of my room, as he was not my own man, and so I had the whole six hours each day. Last night I got down here, Healing being well enough to save me the paper this morning; but I have every single day next week to be in London. Then, I hope, a good break, but with

the one burden of my Edinburgh lecture¹ for the first fortnight. Dear old Dick met me at the station. It is delightful to have him at home. I do not like the course for the History School at all; nothing but read, read, read, endless histories in English, many of them by quite secondrate men; nothing to form the mind as reading truly great authors forms it, or even to exercise it as learning a new language, or mathematics, or one of the natural sciences exercises it. If they merely put in these works in other languages into their History tripos, Thucydides, Tacitus, and either Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loïs*, or Guizot's *Civilisation in France*, the Tripos would be incalculably improved, and would be a real training. As it is, I am not sure that I would not sooner Dick had the discipline of the mere degree examination in classics than the no discipline of even honours in history. The one matter which gave the mind something to school it, the Roman Law, which used to go along with the History, they have now taken away. The fact is, it is at Oxford as it is in our schools. The regulation of studies is all important, and there is no one to regulate them, and people think that any one can regulate them. We shall never do any good till we get a man like Guizot or W. von Humboldt to deal with the matter, men who have the highest mental training themselves, and this we shall probably in this country never get, and our intellectual progress will therefore be a thousand

¹ *Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist*. Two lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, January 4 and 7, 1876.

times slower than it need be, and generations will be sacrificed to bungling. You will like to see Huxley's letters, and when the absolutely hostile attitude to Christianity of many of his friends and allies, Bain of Aberdeen, Clifford, Herbert Spencer, etc., is considered, Huxley's adhesion, so far as it goes, is very remarkable, and was indeed much more than I expected. Tyndall has the same direction as Huxley. Old Darwin, on the other hand, though actively fierce against nothing, says that he cannot conceive what need men have either of religion or of poetry; his own nature, he says, is amply satisfied by the domestic affections and by the natural sciences. Let me have Huxley's letter again. You will like to see the conclusion of the article on me in the new edition of the *Conversations Lexicon*, of which the first two volumes are just out. It took me quite by surprise, the Germans are so little apt to praise so highly, above all, so little apt to credit any one with *originalität*. Tell W. E. F. that I shall have this handsome German tribute to my much-doubted "*Radicalismus*" framed and glazed. Ask him also where his conscience is (but no politician can have one), never to have offered us a day after solemnly promising he would. Now I must stop. The article on papa, which is what I turned to the new edition for, is a poor one, hardly any improvement on the old. But it is in England that papa's working ground was, and is still, and long will be. My love to all your people collected under Loughrigg; thank dear Flo for her letter. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To Miss Quillinan.*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 9, 1876.

MY DEAR MIMA — Fanny Lucy will have conveyed to you the assurance of my deep sorrow and sympathy, together with that of her own; but I do not like to let dear Rotha's death pass without writing a line to you myself. It was impossible to know her without being fond of her, and I had known her almost all my life. Her sweet affectionate nature had something unchanging and always youthful about it. I always continued to think of her as of one young, loving-hearted and simple, as she appeared to me when I first saw her at Rydal, forty years ago. With such a disposition, I think she must have had a happy life; I am sure she did much to make the life of others happy. I shall never forget all that you and she have been to our children, ever since their birth; indeed, they would not let me forget it, even if I were disposed to. I am glad dear old Dick came to follow his friend to her resting-place in Grasmere Churchyard. I had many thoughts of coming myself, but I should have had to break business engagements in which the convenience of others was interested. But you have been constantly in my thoughts, and Rotha, and your dear father too, whose nature, like Rotha's, had so much that was attractive, and for whom I had so sincere an affection. You will and must

¹ Jemima and Rotha Quillinan were the daughters of Edward Quillinan, who married Dora Wordsworth, only daughter of the poet.

miss your sister unspeakably; still you will have some comfort, as time goes on, in the warm affection which so many of us bear both to her who is gone and to you who survive. Believe me always, my dear Mima, sincerely and affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *February 19, 1876.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I am late with my letter this week, but on Sunday we were at East Horsley, and visiting is the sure parent of idleness. What a frightful waste of time it is—and to think that there are people who like to pass their lives from August to April in staying at first one house and then another! However, this visit went off well enough, and Lord Lovelace is a very accomplished courteous man when he means, as he did in our case, to be civil and friendly. . . . The country close by is delightful, and even in this weather the chalk hills and woods cannot entirely lose their charm. The plants of primrose, violet, and foxglove were literally everywhere, and Lady Lovelace declares they have the daffodil, bee orchis, and narcissus. I have promised to drive over some day to lunch, to verify her assertion about the narcissus. Lord Lovelace's tract of country is something immense for this part of England, and, my dear Fan, the part of England is really a delightful one. As I looked at the landscape from the hills above Horsley, the backbone of England, I felt how pleasant a country it

was, and how well satisfied I could be to remain all my days in it. The party in the house was quite small; Baron Cleasby and his wife and daughter, Colonel Yule and Mr. Headlam. Colonel Yule is a member of the Indian Council, the Editor of *Marco Polo*, and a great authority about the East; he told me he had been talking with some Indians about my "sugared mulberries"¹ in crossing the Hindu Koosh; the common thing to keep in your mouth is a garlic plant. But he had been sure, he said, that I had authority for the mulberries, I was so faithful about Asiatic things; and so I had. Burnes says that the pedlars eat them in crossing the highest passes, but it was curious to find my poetry taken so seriously. George Eliot says, a lady tells me, that of all modern poetry mine is that which keeps constantly growing upon her; she, Carlyle, and Gladstone have all expressed great satisfaction with the first instalment of my Butler; I send you the note about Gladstone — it may burn. But it is a great and solid satisfaction, at fifty, to find one's work, the fruit of so many years of isolated reflexion and labour, getting recognition amongst those whose judgment passes for the most valuable. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

ATHENEUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
Thursday, February 24, 1876.

MY DEAREST FAN — I am not quite sure whether you are still at Fox How, but I shall take this to

¹ See *Sohrab and Rustum*.

Eccleston Square, where I mean to go to lunch, being out from my school close here in good time this morning. My address¹ went off very well, though it gave me some horrid days in the preparing. But I took great pains, as it was of no use speaking at Sion College unless I could in some degree carry my audience with me, and I did carry them, in so much that Bishop Piers Claughton, and Litledale, and Malcolm MacColl, who had all come to curse, remained to bless, and the comic thing was that clergyman after clergyman got up and turned upon Claughton (who is a weak man), who had thought he must caution people against something in my address, and, as I had insisted on *the kingdom of God upon earth* having been the original gospel, and pointed out how no church could be in harmony with the popular classes and their ideal without reverting to this original gospel, thought he would caution them against this, and said it behoved them to remember that the real kingdom of God was not what I had said it was. Clergyman on clergyman, I say, turned upon Claughton and said they agreed with me far more than they did with him. The President said, that to some one who had expressed his astonishment at my being invited to speak at Sion College, he had answered that it would be found, he was certain, that Mr. Arnold would not speak ten minutes without managing to establish a *rapport* between himself and the clergy, and so it had turned out.

¹ On "The Church of England," delivered before a gathering of London clergy at Sion College, February 22, 1876.

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Altogether I was much pleased, and in my little speech at the end I spoke of my being a clergyman's son, of its being against my nature to be estranged from the clergy, and of the pleasure it gave me to be in sympathy with them. The address will do good by directing attention to substantials. Martineau and Allon spoke on the Dissenting side. Of course, they did not like my treating it as clear that on the question of a national Establishment the Church was all right and they were all wrong, but Martineau's speech was pleasing and touching. The address will be printed in *Macmillan*, but not till April, for I could not give it Grove in time for March. The President made a tremendous exhortation (at Grove's instance, I found; it was certainly not at mine) to people who he was told were reporting, though the Sion College rule is to exclude reporters, to desist, and not to give publicity to any garbled or imperfect accounts of what I had said, but to wait for the author's own publication of it.

x To-morrow Lucy and I go to see that gibbering performance, as I fear it is, Irving's Othello. But Lucy is very plucky in sticking to it that she wants to judge entirely for herself, and so she will. Things are coming out beautifully, and I am very glad, really and truly, that we are in the country this spring. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Mars 25, 1876.

MON CHER MONSIEUR — J'ai écrit à Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice pour lui demander les renseignements dont vous avez besoin. Il est souffrant; mais je viens d'avoir sa réponse. La voici: l'ouvrage sera achevé au commencement de l'année prochaine: s'il faudra un gros volume ou deux volumes minces, l'éditeur ne le sait pas encore. Je lui ai conseillé de se borner à un volume seul.

Lord Edmond me demande si vous êtes en Angleterre; dans ce cas il désirerait faire connaissance avec vous. Raison de plus pour venir ici; pour vous aboucher avec l'auteur dont vous critiquez l'ouvrage.

Godwin est intéressant, mais il n'est pas une *source*; des courants actuels qui nous portent, aucun ne vient de lui. C'est pourquoi je ne vous engagerais pas à le prendre comme sujet. Prenez plutôt Norman McLeod, dont la Vie vient de paraître; McLeod n'a pas fait époque, à coup sûr; mais il a été une influence très considérable, et des meilleures; en Écosse surtout. Je suis sûr que vous lirez sa vie avec plaisir. On annonce aussi la vie de Lord Macaulay: les bons sujets se présentent de tous côtés, et vous auriez tort, je crois, de les laisser là et de donner un article à Godwin.

Le cher Dean a eu une époque terrible¹ dans sa vie heureuse et rayonnante; il se remettra, parce qu'il aime le travail; pendant la maladie de sa

¹ Lady Augusta Stanley died March 1, 1876.

femme, il y a trouvé des distractions salutaires. A présent il a quitté Londres pour quelque semaines accompagné d'un vieil ami; votre lettre lui a fait beaucoup de plaisir, il m'en a parlé les larmes dans les yeux.

Pour Shakespeare, vous ferez bien, je pense, de prendre l'édition de Tauchnitz, édition faite sur la grande édition anglaise de Dyce, et bien imprimée.

Agréé, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments bien dévoués,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George Macmillan.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,

May 6, 1876.

DEAR MR. MACMILLAN — Thank you for sending me the enclosed. If A. F. had read my books he would know that I have always insisted that the only right way to an outward transformation was through an inward one, and that the business for us and for our age was the latter. In *Literature and Dogma* I have pointed out that the real upshot of the teaching of Jesus Christ was this: "If every *one* would mend *one*, we should have a new world." And I think I sufficiently marked, in the address at Sion College, the way in which the new world was to be reached. Still, to insist on this new world, on felicity, as the result of the widespread cultivation of personal religion, and as the goal for mankind to have in view, is most important, and, I think, is overlooked by many who insist on personal religion. Believe me, truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

(June 1876.)

MY DEAREST FAN—I send you some letters which may burn, all except Sarazin's,¹ which you must return. He is always praising the freedom of opinion in Protestant religious circles, so I sent him an extract from the *Pilot* about my address at Sion College. But it is curious how utterly the religiously disposed people in Catholic countries are without belief in Catholicism's power to transform itself. I, however, believe that it will transform itself; I see no other possible solution. Not to break one's connexion with the past in one's religion is one of the strongest instincts in human nature. Protestantism is breaking up everywhere where it has severed this connexion; only in England has it any hold upon the educated class, and that is because the Church of England is the one Protestant Church which maintained its connexion with the past. I am going to dine with the Bishop of Derry on the 3rd of July. I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times. I also heard from Morley yesterday that G. Sand² had said to Renan that when she saw me years ago, "*Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant.*" Renan told him this. Her death has been much in my mind; she was the greatest spirit in our European world

¹ A French army-surgeon in Algeria, who translated *Literature and Dogma*.

² George Sand died June 8, 1876.

from the time that Goethe departed. With all her faults and Frenchism, she was this. I must write a few pages about her. Do not hang yourself for vexation at not being able to make out this flower. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

Glorious weather, but it will not last.

To the Same.

COBHAM, *Sunday (July 1876).*

MY DEAREST FAN — I wish you could see the roses and the jessamine; the jessamine a large flowered kind, quite lovely. Flu's plan of putting manure round all the hybrid roses, and securing it with great stones has answered perfectly. We have never had them so beautiful. And the rhododendrons are all making their new shoots capitally; so the garden gives me more satisfaction this year than ever before. Things are not so prosperous in the kitchen garden, where both potatoes and strawberries are very small.

I hope you have got the *Macmillan* by this time. Of course, the Liberals will not like what I have said,¹ but I think I have put the thing in a way to satisfy reasonable people who wish to decide the disputed matters fairly; and perhaps these reasonable people are not so few as is supposed. Cole-ridge told me he thought the Dissenters had a right not only to have their services in the parish

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¹ "A Last Word on the Burials Bill," *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1876.

churchyard, but also to have them in the parish church. For my part, I do not think that anybody has, or can have, any rights except such as are given him by the law; and I do not think the law will ever, in England, confer such rights as these. I met Gladstone in the street yesterday, who began to talk to me about my article. He said that undoubtedly, as soon as you got beyond abstract resolutions and had to legislate practically, the necessity of insuring a *proper* service in the churchyard would have to be provided for; and the difficulty of doing this while the Dissenters make the pretensions they do now was almost insuperable. He said he was extremely glad I had dealt with the question, and added, "You are the most inaccessible man I know; now, can you come to tea with me at half-past five this evening to meet the Duke of Sermoneta?" I could not, for the carriage was ordered to meet me; but his asking me shows his friendly feeling. I think at one time he positively disliked me. I had to hurry back to the Athenæum to correct the translation of the motto from Butler to *Lit. and Dogma*. M. Sarazin had just sent it to me with the news that the book will be out in a fortnight. Parker's letter was absurd, as you say; but the Dissenters are in a false position, and can hardly improve while they are in it. This day four weeks I hope my holiday will have begun. My schools go on into August this year, but only for a day or two. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

*To the Same.*COBHAM, *Thursday (July 1876).*

MY DEAREST FAN — We dined at Walton with the Smiths on Sunday, and that hindered my writing my usual letters to you. Since that day I have been inspecting, with all the interruptions usual. I have heard from Sarazin that his translation will be out almost immediately, and that the publisher will send me twelve copies. You will like to see Sarazin's last letter, and so will dear old Tom; it shows what a serious and remarkable man he is. What he says about Catholicism was called forth by my saying what I often say to Liberals, that Catholicism cannot be extirpated; that it is too great and too attaching a thing for that; that it can only be transformed, and that very gradually. It is easy for me to say this who look at Catholicism from a distance and see chiefly its grandeurs and sentimental side; but men like Sarazin who live in the midst of it see also its *côté laid et sale*, and have a feeling of antipathy to it accordingly. His letter shows this in a very interesting way. His mother must have been a very admirable woman. She brought the family round after the father had smashed them by imprudences in business, and she gave this son a sense of the spirit and power of religion which has been permanent in him. When one thinks what radical students generally are, and in Paris above all, the conversations of Sarazin and his friend Dr. Tom Bates are pleasant to reflect upon. Send the letter back to me, as Stanley will like to see it.

The *Saturday Review* attacked my burials' proposal and me, as was to be expected, but the paper will do good, and is in many quarters much liked. It is a seed sown in the thoughts of the young and fair-minded, the effect of which will be gradual but persistent. In all I write, this is the sort of effect I aim at. The *Saturday* was smart enough. The long article in the *Church Quarterly* is hopelessly rambling and ineffective. Its great consolation is to quote passages from the *Westminster Review* upon me, which had been irritated by my remarks upon it. But the *Church Quarterly* has very few readers and has no importance. The new *Quarterly* is an admirable number. Dr. Smith has sent it to me, so I can bring it to Fox How. Nearly every article is readable; Gladstone's on Macaulay is the best article of his I have ever seen, full of good judgment and sense, and charming in tone and temper. Hayward's article on Ticknor is delightful. There is an article on trees and planting which gives me much pleasure. Dr. Smith has written a defence of Croker which Fanny Lucy will appreciate; and, indeed, Macaulay's abuse of him was unmeasured, and had a great deal of personal irritation in it. Macaulay is to me uninteresting, mainly, I think, from a dash of intellectual vulgarity which I find in all his performance. Have you read his Life through yet? The Bayreuth performance turns my mind longingly to very different matters, the Nibelungen ring, and Fafnir and Siegfried and Gudrun and Brunhilde, all of whom I had once hoped to touch in poetry.

They and their story are all at full length in the series of operas Wagner is to give at Bayreuth, £45 a ticket, and they are all taken! — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

To Henry Nettleship, afterwards Professor of Latin at Oxford.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 5, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP — Your letter went to Cobham, and we are in London, at 3 Eccleston Square, till Easter.

My best thanks to Mr. Fowler¹ and those who have thought of me for the Poetry Chair again. But I shall not offer myself as a candidate. I am not sure that it is not well to give new men the chance of showing themselves in the Poetry Chair; but, apart from that, I feel certain that, if I stood, the religious question would be raised, and to have this question raised in an election to a Chair of Poetry would be, in my opinion, a bad thing for the University; to me myself it would be intolerable. And I think you will see that, a body like Convocation being the electors, it could hardly be but that the religious question would be raised if I came forward at present, either for the Poetry Chair or for any Chair at Oxford.

We all send every kind remembrance to you and your wife, and with many thanks for your letter, I remain, my dear Nettleship, sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ The Rev. T. Fowler, afterwards President of Corpus.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
February 23, 1877.

MY DEAR NETTLESHIP — I wish, if you still have my letter to you, you would send it to the Editor of the *Guardian*, not for publication, but for his information. I do not wish it supposed that I refrain from standing for the Poetry Chair because I am afraid of being beaten. I refrain because a religious row over a literary election is an odious thing — and I think there would be one. I would not either win or fail at the price of such a row. Winning at such a price would be not less disagreeable to me than failing.

And any way I have great doubts whether an ex-professor does well to put himself forward again, to the possible exclusion of younger men, by whose emergence the University might be benefited. —
Ever sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To the Rev. G. W. Boyle, afterwards
Dean of Salisbury.*

3 ECCLESTON SQUARE, S.W.,
March 11, 1877.

MY DEAR BOYLE — I have told Shairp¹ that I shall vote for him² in preference to any of the present candidates, supposing the Bishop of Derry not to be among them.

To the Bishop of Derry I am in some degree

¹ J. C. Shairp, Principal of St. Andrews.

² As Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

pledged, having promised to vote for him at the last election.

You may have seen that I was asked to stand, but I have definitely refused. A theological election for a literary post is an odious thing, and that is what we should have had. Besides, I really think it better that the same man should not be professor more than once.

I have promised Macmillan to make a volume out of the best of Hales and Whichcote, and Cudworth's two sermons. I shall write twenty pages of introduction, and call the volume *Broad Church in the Seventeenth Century*. I think it will do good.

I had forgotten the poem¹ about Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Martineau, but I will look it up. I think there were things not bad in it, but I do not want to overpraise a personage so antipathetic to me as H. M. My first impression of her is, in spite of her undeniable talent, energy, and merit — what an unpleasant life and unpleasant nature! — Ever yours sincerely, M. A.

To his Wife.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, May 5, 1877.

G. Sand² is beginning to weigh upon me greatly, though she also interests me very much; the old feeling of liking for her and of refreshment from her, in spite of her faults, comes back. Everybody is in a great way about Monday, and they are in

¹ "Haworth Churchyard."

² An article on George Sand in the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1877.

consternation at the Reform Club, I hear, because while most of the Liberal party want to go with Lubbock and Lord Hartington, the Liberal constituencies are pouring in letters and telegrams to their members desiring them to vote with Gladstone.¹ Chamberlain has organised the thing — with the hope, no doubt, of winning over Gladstone for future purposes; and he is a great and successful organiser. I cannot say I much regret to see the Liberal party in a state of chaos, but I am sincerely sorry that a charlatan like Dizzy should be Premier just now. I must dress presently and go to the Academy. Wiese will like my having given an account² of his book, and that was why I wrote it; then at the end I had a little fling on my own account. The Master of Trinity³ told me he thought Wiese's view perfectly just, and that Whewell would have thought so also. I saw Greenwood⁴ at the opera last night, who was very grateful for the article, and said, what was true, that it is invaluable to have such criticism as Wiese's put resolutely before the British public. It gave me a great deal of trouble to write the thing. I have just seen the Archbishop of Canterbury,⁵ much worried by having to speak to-night. I said to him that a speech about Burials would be far pleasanter

¹ Mr. Gladstone's Resolution, condemning the conduct of the Porte with regard to the Bulgarian Massacres, was defeated May 14, 1877.

² "German Letters on English Education," *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 3, 1877.

³ Dr. Thompson.

⁴ Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

⁵ Dr. Tait.

and easier to make, to which his Grace assented with a pleasant grin. I am thankful that I don't speak; John Duke,¹ who is dining somewhere else, declares that if I had spoken he should have thrown up his engagement to come and hear me.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM, *Sunday Night, May 6, 1877.*

. . . Dick was going back by the half-past six train to Oxford, and I had to dress for the Academy dinner. The room is always a beautiful sight, but the speaking was not good. Gladstone was received with wonderful enthusiasm, but I think it was not a political reception, but the artists showing their feeling for him as a man of genius. The moment the dinner was over, I had to hurry off to meet Lucy here. There were a good many people at Mrs. Yorke's² and the women quite superbly dressed. The weather being cold, they wore heavy stuffs, and the floors were almost impassable from rolls of brocade. I was taken to the Princess Louise, and talked to her for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. She is very pleasing in manner, and very pleasing in looks too. . . . After luncheon I took Nelly to Froude, and thence to Carlyle. We sat with Carlyle more than an hour; he was very easy to get on with, and very kind to Nelly; he shook hands with her several times, and said she was just entering life, and he wished her

¹ Lord Coleridge.

² The Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke, *née* Annie de Rothschild.

“a clear and prosperous course.” His letter to the *Times*¹ is very mad, however; I mean, he has not really the *knowledge* he says he has; it turned out to-day that he had not really anything but somebody’s assurance that Dizzy wanted to do *something* in the East. Nelly liked Froude very much too; he was most kind to her. Tell Fan the first volume of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen’s letters is very interesting. She should get it.

To the Same.

ATHENÆUM, May 7, 1877.

I was going to dine at the Literary Club, as I have not dined there since they made me an honorary member, and I shall have to dine there some day; but I want to see Edith again, so I shall give up the Literary Club, and go to her. You will hear by telegraph that Gladstone has altered his Resolutions so that his party can vote for them; to Forster this is evidently an immense relief. Whether the Government will now get the previous question moved by Drummond Wolff, on their own side, or what they will do, is not certain. Perhaps they will ask for time to consider what to do in these new circumstances. In that case those who go down expecting an exciting debate will be disappointed. Your better account of my dear old Edward was indeed a pleasure to me. I hope and trust he has got out — not getting out must be terrible. “When I am dying, *qu’on*

¹ On the Eastern Question, May 5, 1877.

place ma chaise sur l'herbe courte" says Obermann, and I quite share his feeling. . . . I think Fan and Edward would like to look at the *New Republic*; they can get it at any library. It seems generally thought that my verses are well parodied,¹ but I myself and my conversation are not well hit off. But then the writer² did not know me personally, even by sight: and Ruskin, Jowett, Pater, etc., he knew.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Saturday* (December 1877).

MY DEAREST FAN — I came bolt upon Dizzy as I went in to the Athenæum the other day — it is the first time I ever saw him there. He was talking to the Dean of Windsor in the hall. I just shook hands with them both and passed on. He was very elaborately got up, and looked well and lively, I thought. He did not stay in the Club more than a quarter of an hour. I am delighted to think that to-day I shall stop here. I have not been round the place by daylight since Sunday, for Tuesday I slept in London and inspected a school

¹ "Softly the evening descends,
Violet and soft. The sea
Adds to the silence, below
Pleasant and cool on the beach
Breaking; yes, and a breeze
Calm as the twilight itself
Furtively sighs through the dusk,
Listlessly lifting my hair,
Fanning my thought-wearied brow."

² W. H. Mallock.

on Wednesday. It was not very interesting, the dinner with —, but then I did not expect it would be. An evening of Bulgaria is too much, and of course Forbes knows nothing else, and Gladstone can go on for hours about that or any other subject. There were only nine people. Lord — rested his face on his hand, after he had stuffed himself, and went fast asleep. Forbes is a fine, iron-gray, soldier-like sort of man. Ruskin was there, looking very slight and spiritual. I am getting to like him. He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy's being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats. Huxley was there, too, and I was by Chenery, the new editor of the *Times*, who was not at all a bad neighbour. Gladstone was not animated, and I think even he must have felt himself a little over-Bulgarised. His position between Knowles and Forbes almost compelled him to talk Bulgaria to Forbes incessantly. After dinner Huxley and I talked to him a little about Ireland, which was interesting. I am sorry to say he seemed full of the deep opposition in Ireland to England and English policy — for the present at any rate — that to *go contrary* was the main impulse there. One of the many blessings, my dear Fan, which we owe to Puritanism is this impracticable condition of Ireland. I am glad to hear from Green, who is expanding his history, that the more he looks into Puritanism, and indeed into the English Protestant Reformation generally, the worse is his opinion of it all. Now I ought to dress, for before I

began this I had been reading Proverbs, and correcting unintelligible things in our version by Ewald. This is merely for my own use and benefit. I am not going to publish any more Bible books such as the *Isaiah*.¹ But I like reading my Bible without being baffled by unmeaningnesses. There are not very many in Proverbs, but it is so delicious a book that one is glad to get rid of what there are, and to enjoy the book thoroughly.

I send you a letter from Rhoda Broughton, which will amuse you. She had asked me to call upon her, and I wrote word I could not, but I wished she would call and cheer my gloom at the Training School. I cannot dine with her, either. Return her note, as Nelly wishes to keep it. I send also a letter from Stopford Brooke, which you need not return — yes, you may, though. It is worth while reviewing² a man when you produce so much positive result. However, the Primer will be much improved by his following my advice. It is a good little book, and my great desire in education is to get a few good books universally taught and read. I think twenty is about all I would have, in the direct teaching of the young and to be learnt as text-books. Young people may read for themselves, collaterally, as much as they like. Now I have just finished my paper and said nothing about my dear old boy.³ I had a long letter from Victor

¹ *The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration*. 1875.

² "A Guide to English Literature," *Nineteenth Century*, December 1877.

³ His brother, the Rev. E. P. Arnold, then very ill at Plymouth.

Marshall, saying he had seen him and giving rather a good account. I should like to hear daily, but that is impossible, and of no real use either. My love to him. Tell him there is an awful novel which Paris is reading now: *The Girl Eliza* — *La Fille Elisa* — but I do not recommend it. Has he ever read Legh Richard's *Annals of the Poor?* — Your ever affectionate M.A.

To the Same.

COBHAM, *Saturday Morning* (December 1877).

MY DEAREST FAN — There is not very much light for writing to you, but the sky is filling with pale beautiful colour, and I cannot bear to resist it with gas. I have read my chapter in Proverbs — what a delicious book! “The name of the Eternal is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.” After breakfast I must read Ewald's commentary on the chapter and correct the few things that make bad sense; but in general our version of the Proverbs is particularly sound and fine, and indeed the book is such plain sailing that there were fewer openings for mistakes than in the psalms and prophets. Then I must work at my Goethe,¹ which I have begun, but am not yet thoroughly into. I have promised it by this day week. Considering how much I have read of Goethe, I have said in my life very little about him; to write an article in general about him would be an alarming task; I am very glad to be

¹ “A French Critic on Goethe,” *Quarterly Review*, January 1878.

limited by having only to speak of my Frenchman's talk of him. I have got all the hours of the great Examination this week for writing my article, and if people will not call and talk to me I shall do very well. Hardy, Cross, and W. H. Smith¹ all lunched at the Athenæum yesterday; I talked to Hardy about St. Andrew's, and told him how gratified I was that the Church and Conservative party among the Students had considered me the proper substitute for Lord Salisbury when Lord Salisbury failed them.² People at the club were talking much about the chances of war, but you know how they talk. That wonderful creature, the British Philistine, has been splashing about during this war, in a way more than worthy of himself. That is what is peculiar to England and what misleads foreigners; there is no country in the world where so much nonsense becomes so public, and so appears to stand for the general voice of the nation, determining its government. I am glad of the turn things have taken in France. We have breakfasted and your note has just come. It is a hoar frost, and you should see the squirrels scampering about the lawn for the nuts we strew there. We have also a jackdaw who visits us and is becoming very tame. But my delight at present is in the black-birds and thrushes, who abound, and sing indefatigably. Now I must take a turn round the place, and then work at my Goethe. On looking back at

¹ Three members of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet.

² He was invited to stand for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's University; and declined November 22, 1877.

Carlyle, one sees how much of *engouement* there was in his criticism of Goethe, and how little of it will stand. That is the thing — to write what will stand. Johnson, with all his limitations, will be found to stand a great deal better than Carlyle. —
Your ever affectionate M. A.

*To Rev. C. Anderson, Vicar of St. John's,
Limehouse.*

ATHENÆUM CLUB, March 25 (1878).

MY DEAR MR. ANDERSON — Thank you for your note. I always like to think of you as one of my readers.

I read *Philochristus*,¹ and learnt by inquiry of Farrar who the author was. I looked through the book with interest, but the work seems to me to have the defect of being neither quite a work of art nor quite a direct treatment of its subject, but something betwixt and between. — Ever truly yours,
MATHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — Seeley's articles² are, as you say, signs of the times, but there, too, the treatment of the subject is not frank nor direct enough.

To Lady de Rothschild.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Pall Mall, S.W.,
April 17, 1878.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I should have been to see you had I not been called to the North

¹ *Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord.* 1878.

² On "Natural Religion."

by my poor brother's increasing illness.¹ I stayed after his death for his funeral, and am only just returned. Your note is very kind, as all that you say and do always is. But these losses are blows which beat us down and age us, however good, in general, our health and spirits may be. I have now lost the two brothers who came together in the middle of our family: both of them born with happy dispositions and keen enjoyment of life, and both of them naturally called, as it seemed, to enjoy it longer than I should. I have come back low and depressed, but we return to-day to the country, and I must look to the country, and to getting to work, to bring me round again. I will not be long without coming to see you. My kindest remembrances to your daughter Constance, and believe me ever most sincerely yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

COBHAM, SURREY, 26 *Juin*, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI — Je viens de voir le cher Dean; je lui ai fait part de ce que vous me dites au sujet du buste de Lady Augusta; il en est fut touché et il me prie de vous exprimer toute sa reconnaissance.

Pourquoi ne pas prendre, comme sujet, *Lord Beaconsfield homme de lettres?* Il faut soigneusement faire la division entre les deux hommes; écrire un article sur Lord Beaconsfield pris dans

¹ The Rev. Edward Penrose Arnold died April 6, 1878, aged fifty-one.

toute sa généralité, ce serait se donner la mer à boire dans ce moment; tant de questions s'y rattachent. Mais tenez vous rigoureusement à l'écrivain, au romancier, et vous trouverez un excellent article à faire, très plein, très amusant, et surtout très actuel. Lord Beaconsfield, c'est toujours le même homme, depuis son premier roman de "Vivian Grey," jusqu'à ce moment où il étonne le Congrès de son aplomb et de son abstention de la langue française. Nos Libéraux le comprennent mal et ils le détestent; je ne l'ai jamais détesté, moi; il n'appartient pas à la famille des Périclés, bien sûr, mais je le préfère à la plupart de ses rivaux.

On débite bien des canards sur le compte du Prince de Galles; il est possible, cependant, qu'il ait tenu le propos dont vous me parlez. Il ne faut pas y attacher trop d'importance; le Prince est . . . bon enfant et bon ami. S'il lui arrivait, de penser au Prince Imperial, à l'Impératrice et à l'amitié du feu Empereur pour l'Angleterre, il pourrait très aisément faire l'indiscretion d'exprimer des vœux pour le retour du Prince Imperial. Mais vous êtes dans une voie excellente, et ce n'est pas un mot ou un vœu du Prince de Galles qui vous en détournera.

Je vous enverrai dans quelques jours la *Fortnightly Review* avec un article de moi sur la Catholicisme en Irlande et sur la politique de nos Libéraux anglais et écossais envers lui. Cela vous intéressera, je crois; mais votre sentiment huguenot se revoltera un peu, probablement, contre ma faiblesse pour les religions historiques.

Nous étions très heureux de vous accueillir ici, et nous avons parlé beaucoup et longtemps de vous et de votre visite. Come again soon, and till then, believe me cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

COBHAM, SURREY, October 5, 1878.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI — J'ai été passer, après tout, une dizaine de jours à Paris; il a fallu une escorte à ma fille, qui s'y rendait en visite; elle a fait appel à mes sentiments de père, et, bien que je n'aime pas les Expositions, je me suis exécuté avec assez bonne grace. Une fois à Paris, le gout m'en reprit comme cela arrive toujours; et je regrettais beaucoup d'être forcé de repartir sitôt. J'ai vu M. Waddington, M. Bardoux, le duc de Grammont, M. Edmond Texier, le bibliophile Jacob, Scherer; Renan n'était pas encore rentré à Paris, et Cherbuliez n'y venait que rarement, et je l'ai manqué, à mon grand regret. Rentré en Angleterre, je trouve votre bonne et intéressante lettre. Je ne savais pas que le cher Dean vous avait conseillé de me prendre comme sujet; ce que vous me dites du plaisir que vous auriez trouvé à parler de mes poésies est bien flatteur, mais je conçois que la direction de la Revue tienne, en parlant des ouvrages de littérature étrangère, à la nouveauté et aux honneurs de découverte; or, Madame Blaze de Bury a découvert mes poésies, il y a vingt cinq années, et elle en a parlé longuement dans la Revue; sa critique n'avait pas une

grande portée, peut-être, mais elle en a assez dit pour ôter au sujet sa nouveauté en France. Vous me demandez un autre sujet; vous ne me parlez pas des romans de Lord Beaconsfield, que je vous avais indiqués comme un sujet plein d'actualité; le choix ne vous plait pas, apparemment. Il y aurait un bon article à faire sur le livre de M. Lecky, ouvrage qui a paru tout récemment sur l'Angleterre du 18^{ème} siècle; on y trouve une foule de choses intéressantes sur l'Irlande, sur Wesley et le mouvement religieux, etc. Il est paru aussi une fort bonne monographie (pour parler comme les Allemands) sur Gibbon, par M. Morison; mais vous nommer tous les ouvrages où l'on pourrait trouver la matière d'un bon article, ce serait un peu vague et un peu long. Il faut qu'un sujet vous attire, d'abord; ensuite vous me demanderez des renseignements sur les choses collatérales à étudier et à produire, et je ferai de mon mieux pour vous satisfaire.

Je vous remercie de la rectification au sujet de l'université de Strasbourg, et j'en profiterai. Peu importe, cependant, que l'université soit mixte à quelques égards, si pour les chaires de théologie, de philosophie et d'histoire, chaires où il est parlé de la religion, il y a séparation. — Croyez, cher Monsieur, à mes sentiments affectueux,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ma femme et mes filles vous remercient de votre bon souvenir; vous vivez dans le leur, je vous assure.

To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper.

October 26, 1878.

MY DEAREST SUSY — I have sent you *Light*¹ with a rather rhapsodical review of my poetry, because it praises and quotes a poem² which I remember repeating to you just after it was composed, and I can see your dear face now as you listened to it, and were touched by it. My poems have had no better friends in their early and needy days than my own sisters. It is curious how the public is beginning to take them to its bosom after long years of comparative neglect. The wave of thought and change has rolled on until people begin to find a significance and an attraction in what had none for them formerly. Send *Light* to Fan when you have read it, she will like to see it. I believe the article is by Robert Buchanan. The writers of poetry have been better friends to me always than the mass of readers of poetry. — Your affectionate
M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

COBHAM, December 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. FONTANÈS — You read English so well that I am sure there is no need for me to afflict you with my imperfect French. Stubbs's book³ is a sound and substantial one, but rather overpraised by a certain school here, the school of Mr. Freeman,⁴ of whom Stubbs⁵ is a disciple. This school

¹ Of August 31, 1878.

² "Switzerland."

³ *The Constitutional History of England.*

⁴ E. A. Freeman, Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

⁵ The Rev. W. Stubbs, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and of Oxford.

has done much to explore our early history and to throw light on the beginnings of our system of government and of our liberty; but they have not had a single man of genius, with the *étincelle* and the instinctive good sense and moderation which make a guide really attaching and useful. Freeman is an ardent, learned, and honest man, but he is a ferocious pedant, and Stubbs, though not ferocious, is not without his dash of pedantry.

I suppose your thoughts, in France, must turn a good deal upon the over-meddling of the State, and upon the need of developing more the action of individuals. With us the mischief has, I am convinced, been the other way. The State has not enough shown a spirit of initiative, and individuals have too much thought that it sufficed if they acted with entire liberty and if nobody had any business to control them. The sort of action which has thus become common amongst us — action at once so resolute and so unintelligent — produces the spectacle which made Goethe, who nevertheless liked and admired England greatly, say, “*Der Engländer ist eigentlich ohne Intelligenz.*”

Therefore I have always wished to make the State the organ of the best self and highest reason of the community, rather than to reduce the State to insignificance, and to cultivate, in fact, the American ideal. I see that Gambetta, in his speech at Rouen, guarded himself against being taken for a pronounced enemy of your centralisation, and said that to your centralisation you owed a great deal; and I think he was right. Only you do cer-

tainly require to cultivate the side of individual character and activity more than, perhaps, you have done.

I am bringing out a volume of collected *Essays*,¹ in one of which — that on Democracy — you will find more to this effect, and will see that I have long been of my present opinion, an opinion not commonly held, I admit, in England.

The Dean² is wonderfully well, but he has a sad time at Windsor just now. He went there for the anniversary of Prince Albert's death, and finds the poor Queen visited by this second great affliction³ on that very anniversary.⁴ I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, most cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Sister, Mrs. Cropper.

COBHAM, Monday (January 1879).

MY DEAREST SUSY — If I had not been overwhelmed with papers you should have been thanked sooner for your welcome letter and for your pretty and useful present. But I accepted a proposal from Walrond to set and look over a paper in French for the Army Examinations, and the candidates are so many that the work is much more than I counted upon. However, it will bring me £30 or £40, and it is nearly over. I set them a fine passage from Lamennais, describing the arrival and so-called conversion of the northern barbarians. "On

¹ *Mixed Essays*. 1879.

² Dean Stanley.

³ Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died December 14, 1878.

⁴ Of the Prince Consort's death.

menait ces brutes au baptême, comme des troupeaux a l'abreuvoir," says Lamennais. All sorts of mistakes are made in translating this, but I have this morning come across a very amusing one: "These brutes crowded in to baptism in troops, in order to shorten the ceremony." The man has not known what *abreuvoir* meant, and has helped himself out by guessing *abbreviate*. To-morrow I hope to finish these papers, and then I must turn to my Ipswich address. I have to make an address to the Working Men's College there, the largest College of the kind in England. The inducement to me was that I might try and interest them in founding a system of public education for the middle classes, on the ground that the working class suffered by not having a more civilised middle class to rise into, if they *do* rise; this is in my opinion a very true plea, but you may imagine the difficulty and delicacy of urging it in a public meeting in a provincial town, where half the audience will be middle class. However, the speech is meant for the working men, the hands in the great factories for agricultural implements there. They are said to be an intelligent set, and I do not despair of making them follow me. I heard with great interest of your Christmas, and perhaps there is nothing in which one may more safely employ oneself, or which brings one, and properly brings, so much happiness as beneficence. But do not you feel sometimes anxious to attack the condition of things which seems to bring about the evils on which your beneficence has to be exercised? When once you have got it into your head that this condition

does in great measure bring the evils about, and that it is in great measure remediable, I think one can hardly rest satisfied with merely alleviating the evils that arise under it. But I am sure women do not in general feel this — and perhaps it is as well not to feel it. Here is a long prose; and yet I must not begin another sheet. We have the thermometer at Temperate, and yet the ice on the lake at Pains Hill still bears, and Lucy has been skating. We have lost a cytusus or two by the frost, but nothing else; even the veronica, quite a large one, has stood. But in Devonshire, where things had been softened by years of mild weather, this frost has killed them by wholesale. . . . I am always your most affectionate brother, M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *January 16, 1879.*

MY DEAREST K. — Fan says this morning in a letter to Fanny Lucy that you have been looking in vain for some account of my lecture, so, as you have been often in my thoughts lately, and I have been wishing to write to you, I will indulge myself, though I have a great deal to do on my return home. I send you a note from dear old Barham Zincke,¹ by which you will see that the lecture² was a success. There were about 600 people present, and they listened very well. I hear that some

¹ The Rev. F. Barham Zincke, Rector of Wherstead, near Ipswich.

² "Ecce, Convertimur ad Gentes," *Fortnightly Review*, February 1879.

in the body of the room showed great signs of irritation at times, but they did not break out. The local reporters reported the address, and a man came to me afterwards for my manuscript, to send a condensed report to the London papers. But this was just what Morley had deprecated, so I refused, saying the address was promised to the *Fortnightly*, and the editor did not wish it published in part beforehand. I have so much more the feelings of a literary than of a political man, that I confess, unless one could be reported as only political personages of the very first class are reported, I would sooner keep out of the newspapers altogether, I so hate to see myself put all amiss. But I hope you and William will read me in the *Fortnightly*. I think I am gradually making an impression about public secondary schools. This reform interests me as the first practicable of those great democratic reforms to which we must, I believe, one day come. And they call me a bad Liberal, or no Liberal at all!—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Wednesday (January 1879).*

MY DEAREST FAN—I am very glad you liked my Ipswich discourse, and the praise you give to it as being well adapted to its audience pleases me particularly. I was careful to try and so adapt it, and therefore refrained from all irony and playfulness, because these are so often misunderstood by people who have not had a literary training. Mr.

Barham Zincke tells me that they had a number of copies struck off from the report in the Suffolk paper, at a penny apiece, for sale among the workmen, and that they were all bought directly. The *Western Morning News* is really valuable in its support, especially in these early days when the newspaper press is as yet apathetic upon the subject. Grove will interest you; he may burn. And Maine and Lecky both said to me, only yesterday, that the work I was doing by forcing the question of middle-class education and civilisation upon people's thoughts was invaluable, and that they were heartily with me. But I want other people to talk about the matter rather than to talk about it myself, for fear of its getting to pass for a hobby of mine.

You must not pay much attention to attacks on the Christian Brothers' School such as you sent me. To call them *frères ignorantins* is a mere renewal of the abuse and ridicule of the teaching clergy at the time of the Reformation; it is a mere commonplace. The Brothers have to get the Government certificate just like other teachers, and their schools are not, or were not, on the whole, inferior to the lay schools, though neither are particularly good. Of the French it is particularly true that a great deal of their civilisation is got outside the school. The Brothers teach more of what they call "religion and morals" than the lay schools do, and, of course, a great deal of what they teach under this head is rather childish; but then, on the other side, you have the lay teacher saying,

according to Guizot's report, when asked how he provided for teaching religion and morals, "Je n'enseigne pas ces bêtises là," and between the two one does not know which to think least eligible, but I am inclined to prefer the Christian Brothers.

The news from Africa is absorbingly interesting for the moment. Good will come, I suppose, of this disaster,¹ because it will lead to a more thorough subjugation of the Zulus, and to a more speedy extension of the Englishry as far as the climate will let them extend—that is, about up to the Tropic of Capricorn. And unattractive as the raw Englishry is, it is good stuff, and, always supposing it not to deteriorate but to improve, its spread is the spread of future civilisation.

I have my General Report on my hands now, but shall get it done in a few days; then I must set to work on the Selections from Wordsworth, which are to form a volume like my *Selected Poems*, only about fifty pages thicker. It will be out at Whitsuntide, I hope; a short essay on Wordsworth, which is to appear first in the Magazine, and then as preface to the Selections. I think I shall like picking the poems. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

(January 1879).

MY DEAREST K. — My letter must be merely a scrawl at the end of Flu's, but I write because she thought I had already written to you to say how delighted we shall be to have dear Flo here at the

¹ Repulse of the British troops at Isandlana, January 22, 1879.

time you name. She will be a great consolation. Your letter gave me great pleasure too; and you so entirely enter into my feelings about this reform, which seems to me the pressing reform for our own present time to accomplish. At bottom I greatly sympathise also with what you say about the religion of the middle classes, nor in the Ipswich address have I said anything on this point which you will dislike, I think. I never read St. Paul on the Jews, but I feel how exactly his sentiment about the Jews answers to mine about our middle class — “My heart’s desire and prayer,” etc., etc. There is a moderate and pleasing article on “Porro”¹ in the *British Quarterly*. It shows the stirring, even in those quarters, of a sense that something *must* be done. I send you Morley, who is always pleasing in his communications to me, and I send you an extract from the *Revue Philosophique*, which puts what I want very well, and without at all turning it to the glorification of France. Are you not glad that this late crisis has turned favourably in France? Not that she has not great perils before her; she has. Fitzjames Stephen will amuse you. I had written to congratulate him on being made a judge. Let Fan have what I send you. William was very good both at Yarmouth and Bradford. I was very glad he touched at Yarmouth on the municipal question. He will see that I said something about it at Ipswich.

¹ “Porro, unum est necessarium,” *Fortnightly Review*, November 1878.

It was very pleasant at Goschen's, and pleasant too to see the movement towards what I call *real* ideas in politics spreading among the younger men. Now I must stop. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

April 14, 1879.

MY DEAREST FAN — It is an east wind and a gray sky, but I had meant to go to Horsley and see the daffodils; however, the dentist willed it otherwise, and I have had to come up here, my appointment being made for eleven this morning. How much time and power, in the course of my life, my teeth have made me lose! I have since been correcting the proof of my Eton speech,¹ which is to appear in the *Cornhill*. I am well forward with my school reports, and have nearly finished arranging my Wordsworth selection, so I feel more of a free man than usual. It is delightful to have to occupy oneself with Wordsworth, and he will come out better, and more effective in my arrangement, I think, than he has ever come out before. I have gone on the plan of throwing pieces of one poetical *kind* together, not of classifying them, in Wordsworth's own intricate way, according to the spiritual faculty from which they are supposed to have proceeded. I don't think any of his *best* work will be left out, though a great deal must be left

¹ An address on *εὐτράπελία*, delivered before the Eton Literary Society, April 5, 1879. X

out which is *good* work, especially of his later time. When I have sent my list off to the printer I shall set about my introduction — a short one, but I hope to do him justice. He can show a body of work superior to what any other English poet, except Shakespeare and Milton, can show; and his body of work is more interesting than Milton's, though not so great. This seems to me to be the simple truth. I hope this collection of mine may win for him some appreciation on the Continent also. I shall send the book to Scherer, and beg him to review it. Wordsworth's body of work, to keep to that phrase, is superior to the body of work of any Continental poet of the last hundred years except Goethe; superior to that of Schiller, Heine, Musset, Victor Hugo. This, again, seems to me to be the simple truth. But I must not run on.

I have had some happy gatherings of white violets, though the cottage children are apt to be before me, and they spoil as much as they gather. We are going to-morrow to Aston Clinton, and there, in the lanes of the Chilterns, I hope to find the white violets in masses. It is one of the best soils in England for them. The wild primroses are only just showing. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Miss Quillinan.

April 21, 1879.

MY DEAR MIMI — I am making a selection from Wordsworth's Poems, and I want to restore some of his lines to what they were before he, as dear Mrs. Wordsworth used to say, "tinkered" them. The

line towards the end of "Laodamia" which is now

"By no weak pity might the gods be moved,"

was originally

"Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved!"

But I have not the early edition, that of 1815, in two volumes octavo, which gives this original rendering. Probably you have it; at any rate, it is in the drawing-room at Fox How, and Rowland could find it for you. Would you do me the great kindness to write out for me the six or eight lines which follow the line I have mentioned, or as much of them as differs at all from the present editions, and to send them to me at Cobham? If Fan were at home I would not give you this trouble. — Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Easter Sunday, 1879.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — My real answer to your long and interesting letter is the volume of *Essays* containing the essay you want. I desired the publisher to send it you à day or two ago. I am so overwhelmed with a mass of official work just now — schools wanting to be reported upon and paid at Easter — that I cannot attempt to answer your letter as it deserves. You give me great pleasure by your continual interest in what I write. In general, we English write for the English-speaking public, and expect no other; this public is now a

very large one, and an author may well be satisfied with it; still, the civilised European nations ought to understand one another and to share one another's thoughts, and it is partly our own fault — the fault of our own insularity and eccentricity — that English literature reaches the other European nations so little. For this reason I highly prize my few French readers; they are a proof that I have succeeded, so far, in breaking through the Britannic "wall of partition"; and among my French readers there is no one whom I value more than you. It is incredible to me that M. Ferry's policy can be a good one; the Catholics are to be mended, not by throwing them back upon themselves by a *régime* of what they consider persecution, but by gradually inducing them to admit the influences of the time amongst them, and to feel their penetrative effect; I am sure that it is so in Ireland, at all events. But I should like to talk to you on this subject — and, indeed, on many others. I have begun Renan's discourse, but have only got a little way. His taking Victor Hugo's poetry so prodigiously *au sérieux* does, I confess, amaze me in so fine and delicate a mind; but Renan is not *sound*, I think, in proportion to his brilliancy. There are no new books here; every one is looking to see what and where is the new war. The Dean¹ has been lecturing in the north of England; I shall tell him of your letter, and shall make him send you the volume of his American addresses, which he has just published. What weather!

¹ Dean Stanley.

This morning it was snowing hard; now it is a fine spring day; to-night it will probably freeze. Nevertheless our valley is beginning to look like the "nid de verdure" which you call it.

Mrs. Arnold and my girls desire to be most kindly remembered to you, and believe me always, my dear M. Fontanès, most truly and cordially yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Sunday (May 25, 1879).*

MY DEAREST FAN—Fanny Lucy is gone to church, and I am alone in the house. Geist¹ finds me dull and has begged me to let him out into the garden; now he has had his bark at the thrushes, and I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful. The girls are at Harrow, as you know. It has been a most beautiful day, and the foliage is almost all out, and now in a day or two we shall have the May and the Chestnut blossom. I have never known the birds so rich and strong in their singing; I had two blackbirds and three thrushes running about together on the grass under my window as I was getting up yesterday morning, and a stockdove has built her nest in the leaning ivied fir-tree which you will remember, between the house and the stables. So there is plenty of music, and the cuckoo comes in amidst it all. I am told by the natives that the nightingale used always to build in the shrubberies of the cottage, but she has given up that good habit;

¹ A Dachshound.

however, all round us the nightingales postively swarm. We dined at Effingham last night, and twice as we drove home the man stopped to call our attention to the chorus of nightingales. At one place, a thicket just before entering upon Effingham Common, they were almost maddeningly beautiful. It is a great loss to the North and the South-west of England not to have them; their extraordinary effectiveness is shown by even the poor people being so much interested about them and always knowing their habits and haunts. I should like to have you here for the cowslips and the nightingales; and it really must be arranged next year, if we live. The effect of reading so much of Wordsworth lately has been to make me feel more keenly than usual the beauty of the common incidents of the natural year, and I am sure that is a good thing. I have got a week before me which I don't much care about; three dinners in London, and I am to be taken to the Derby by George Smith. He offered to take me and show me the whole thing, and it seems absurd never to have seen such a famous sight, but at present I look forward to the day as a boring one, and wish it was over. I think about the Irish University Question I have effected some real good. You saw Lowe's speech,¹ and Sir Louis Mallet told me that Bright was dining with him the other night and said there was not a word of my argument for the Catholics² which did not carry him thoroughly

¹ On the University Education (Ireland) Bill, May 21, 1879.

² "Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1878.

along with it. Now good-bye, my dearest Fan; how I wish we had you here with us. — Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

To M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.

FAIRY HILL, SWANSEA, August 22, 1879.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF — I meant to thank you for the Richmond paper,¹ and for your kind words about my *Isaiah*; but that, with several other good intentions, came to nothing in the hurry of leaving home. I do thank you, however; the more so as the labour of mine which you commended was one which I undertook with a good deal of hope, and which has produced very little result. But I more and more learn the extreme slowness of things, and that though we are all disposed to think that everything will change in our lifetime, it will not. Perhaps we shall end our days in the tail of a return current of popular religion, both ritual and dogmatic. Still, the change, for being slower than we expected, is not the less sure. You have been much in my mind lately, for you first turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them; and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so. I send you two things which grow beautifully here, on the southwestern peninsula of Gower, fifteen miles from Swansea, the St. John's-wort and the *Cenothera*. The *Cenothera* is a beautiful sight, covering every

¹ An address on Primary Education.

grassy spot in the sand, by Oxwich Bay, where we were yesterday. I came over from Ilfracombe here; at Ilfracombe too the vegetation was something wonderful. At Coleridge's, at Ottery — where I have also been, and where we talked of you — everything has been killed by this last winter, but at Ilfracombe they had had no ice at all; and the fuchsias, hydrangeas, verbenas, veronicas, and myrtles were growing as I never thought to see them grow in England. Also the wild things grew with a wonderful lustiness. Pellitory was nearly a yard high, and pennywort a foot, and the *Ruta-muraria* on the walls was something too delicious. I found the absinth, which the Alps make us so familiar with; we have the mugwort and the tansy to any extent in Surrey, but not the absinth. I must stop, or I may as well send you a botany book at once, which would be sending coals to Newcastle. We are here till next Wednesday, and then we go to Fox How. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff and “hommages” to Clara. — Yours ever most cordially,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *October 13, 1879.*

MY DEAREST K. — It is indeed a long time since I have communicated with you directly; I only wish it were not by letter but by word of mouth that we communicated now.

I followed you in your travels with interest. The valley of the Brenta I should particularly have liked to ascend with you. I think there is a lake

before you reach Trent which on the map looks very interesting. I like small lakes, in general, so much better than great things like the Lake of Garda. I am sorry you were tormented with the mosquitoes at Florence; they are enough to spoil anything; but Florence is the most enchanting place I know in the world, and I think you had never seen it before. Papa never did it justice; it took me quite by surprise when I first arrived there one beautiful morning in May. The Cathedral outside (not inside) is to my feeling the most beautiful church in the world, and it always looks to me like a hen gathering its chickens under its wings, it stands in such a soft, lovely way with Florence round it. Then never did pictures give me the pleasure that the pictures in those two great galleries did. Andrea del Sarto and Fra Bartolemeo, two artists who touch me particularly, are not to be known without going to Florence. And San Miniato, and the Carrara Mountains, and Fiesole! But I must not go on about Florence.

We had a good time, but better perhaps for the young people than the old. However, it is a pleasure for us old ones to see the young ones enjoying themselves. Before we went to Fox How we had very much enjoyed Fairy Hill; that peninsula of Gower was something so new and remote, the coast so beautiful, the flowers and ferns so interesting, and then the Benson children are all of them such dear children. I got some good fishing too—at least good by comparison with Westmorland.

I wonder if Fan is with you to-day; we do not

hear from her. I hope she will take you two newspapers, a French and an American one, with articles about my French play article.¹ Flo will be interested by them. Of course, you are to have the Wordsworth,² but the large paper copy, which little Delafield, when he takes to riotous courses and wants money, will be able to sell for a vast sum. It is not quite ready yet, and I shall not send it by post, it will get so bruised; you must come here for it, or to London. "The Primrose on the Rock" was in once, but was thrust out to make room for other things. I think I shall put it into the next edition, since you like it; mamma liked it, and I like it myself.

Tell William it is impossible to maintain that the salaries of the London School Board were forced upon them by the state of the market; they sat down and invented their rates, as people with an ample purse, who were going to do the thing handsomely. They have given people such a handle that the public institution of secondary schools is made harder than ever. That is my great cause of quarrel with them. Lyulph Stanley and Sydney Buxton³ take my report most amiably. Sydney says that the party of economy in the School Board are glad to have their hands strengthened by it.— Your ever most affectionate
M. A.

¹ "The French Play in London," *Nineteenth Century*, August 1879.

² *Poems of Wordsworth, Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold*. 1879.

³ Members of the London School Board.

To Henry Arthur Jones.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
October 14, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR — Many thanks for your two pieces, and for your letter with its most kind expressions. I produce little effect upon the general public, but I have some excellent readers nevertheless; I may count you as one of them. The *Garden Party* is extremely interesting. I hope it will appear in some magazine as you propose. The *Clerical Error* I must try and see — which is far better than reading — some night that I am in town. I am afraid we are still a long way off from the attainment of a satisfactory theatre and a satisfactory drama, but they will come in time. — Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

COBHAM, SURREY, *January 21, 1880.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — It is quite absurd that I should write in French to one who reads and criticises English literature as you do. I have been away from home for the last month. Your letter was forwarded to me, but I would not answer it until I returned to the neighbourhood of London, and on one of my daily visits to that place could call at my publisher's and send you my little volume of Wordsworth. There is nothing of mine in it but the preface. However, if you make Wordsworth's acquaintance through this little book, you need ask for nothing more. He is one of the best and deepest spiritual influences of our century.

Burke is an excellent subject for you. You should order a small volume on Burke by John Morley, published by Macmillan, London. It is a cheap book, costing but half-a-crown, and you will find it very suggestive. Burke, like Wordsworth, is a great force in that epoch of concentration, as I call it, which arose in England in opposition to the epoch of expansion declaring itself in the French Revolution. The old order of things had not the virtue which Burke supposed. The Revolution had not the banefulness which he supposed. But neither was the Revolution the commencement, as its friends supposed, of a reign of justice and virtue. It was much rather, as Scherer has called it, "un déchaînement d'instincts confus, un aveugle et immense besoin de renouvellement." An epoch of concentration and of resistance to the crude and violent people who were for imposing their "renouvellement" on the rest of the world by force was natural and necessary. Burke is to be conceived as the great voice of this epoch. He carried his country with him, and was in some sort a providential person. But he did harm as well as good, for he made concentration too dominant an idea with us, and an idea of which the reign was unduly prolonged. The time for expansion must come, and Burke is of little help to us in presence of such a time. But in his sense of the crudity and tyranny of the French revolutionists, I do not think he was mistaken.

An admirable article might be written upon him from a French point of view, and I hope you will write it.

Mrs. Arnold and my daughters send you their best wishes for the New Year, and so do I. —
Affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *Saturday, April 2, 1880.*

MY DEAREST K. — I think you will expect a line from me of congratulation on William's position on the poll at Bradford,¹ and on the number that voted for him. Both are most satisfactory, and he will be well pleased, I suppose, to have brought in Mr. — along with him, though about my joy at this other success I do not feel so sure. However, if the Liberals are to come in, my earnest desire is that their English and Scotch majority should be as large as possible, and in this view I may accept —. What a total scattering it is! and I should not wonder if it extended to the counties. I hear that both Middlesex and Mid Surrey the Liberals now expect to win. I had an obscure presentiment that there would be a change, but I did not feel that I had any data for a real well-grounded opinion; it weighed with me, as I told several people, that William, who is a judicious man, and not one who will say anything to serve the moment's need, expressed himself so confidently. Lord B. was demoralising for our people, and the Tories show their bad side more and more the longer they stay in; and then the Tory *Bottles*,² the shoddy Con-

¹ The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, returned for Bradford at the head of the poll, April 1, 1880.

² A character in *Friendship's Garland*.

servative, Stock Exchange or commercial, is terrible. Still, the Radical Bottles, and middle-class Liberalism in general — you know my opinion of them — at best, they are in a very crude state, and with little light or help in them at present. But through their failing, and succeeding, and gradual improving lies our way, our only way; I have no doubt of that. But that they will yet fail more than once, and give other chances to the Tories and to future Lord Bs., I think too probable. Love to all.—
Your ever most affectionate M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Sunday, May 15 (1880).*

MY DEAREST FAN—I hope you are enjoying Tunbridge Wells (with a *u*, not an *o*, please), and that you have seen many woods and copses such as I saw yesterday, where you cannot see the ground for primroses and hyacinths. I went along one of the old grass roads of this country, some thirty yards wide, leading from Bookham Common to Effingham Common, with woods on one side and a great bowring hedge on the other, and the nightingales singing as if they were distraught. I don't think there will be much May in the hedges this year; it is one of the many bad results of the wet and cold of last year. We now want rain very badly, but the warmth is delightful. Why should it have been at 45 at mid-day a week ago, and now at 72 at mid-day, with the wind in precisely the same odious quarter — the north-east? This is one

of those things that quite beat my poor little science. The hollies and laurels that we moved in the autumn and spring are what I am uneasy for, if the rain does not come. It is just the moment now which tries them. The rhododendrons are beginning to come out. When shall you be coming here, do you think? You say nothing about it in your last letter.

Jane will send you a letter by which you will see that Morley accepted my counsel to take the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am very glad of it, and now we shall have two newspapers with a considerable and known literary *personality*, in the French sense, informing them. *Personality* reminds me of Tennyson's poem¹ — did you ever? Swinburne has sent me his new volume with an amiable note; he has a violent sonnet on A. P. S., for his monument to the Prince Imperial in the Abbey. I have promised Knowles my article on the Future of Liberalism for his July number, and I have my notice of Keats to do by the end of this month; so I have my hands full. On Thursday I got a card from the Duchess of Norfolk for a party that evening, to meet Newman.² I went, because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman, and because I wanted to see the house. The house was

¹ "Hallowèd be Thy name — Halleluiah!
 Infinite Ideality!
 Immeasurable Reality!
 Infinite Personality! — Halleluiah!"

"De Profundis," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1880.

² Cardinal Newman was staying with the Duke of Norfolk in St. James's Square.

not so fine as I expected. Newman was in costume — not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but then it was in general only the faithful who were presented. That old mountebank Lord —, dropped on his knees, however, and mumbled the Cardinal's hand like a piece of cake. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, "I ventured to tell the Duchess I should like to see you." One had to move on directly, for there was a crowd of devotees waiting, and he retires at eleven. But I am very glad to have seen him. I met Lady Portsmouth there, who is a relation of the Duke; she took charge of me, and carried me through the crowd to the chaplain, who knew who I was; else I should never have got at Newman at all. I met A. P. S. at dinner at the Buxtons' before I went, who was deeply interested and excited at my having the invitation to meet the Cardinal; he hurried me off the moment dinner was over, saying, "This is not a thing to lose!" How is my precious Susy? Tell her there is a clever young man over here from the French Foreign Office, a M. Gérard, said to be a natural son of Gambetta, but whom Gambetta is at any rate pushing on in the world with all his might, who is going to write an *article*

de fond on me in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. That will be interesting, as he really knows my works, and brings little quotations about conduct being three-quarters of life into his notes to me. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

PONTRESINA, *September 13, 1880.*

Tell dear Fan I shall write to her in a day or two, as soon as I have seen a little more of the flowers. Of course, I am late for them, but I have already seen enough to fill me with delight. I had a bad-dish night; the partitions are very thin, and a young lady next to me was very noisy till she went to bed, and very asthmatic when she had got there. This morning I woke to a wet and cloudy world, and it was all very gloomy; however, after breakfast I went to the Sarratz, the hotel where the Sandfords are, and was received by them with open arms. I said I thought I would come and join them at the Sarratz to-morrow, and presently Sir F.¹ slips out of the room and comes back saying that he has engaged a room for me, that Madame Sarratz knew my works perfectly well, and said she should give me the room she had given to Tennyson. Madame Sarratz is a character; no doubt, Sir F. told her he was bringing a poet to her hotel, and then she said she should give him Tennyson's room. I like the looks of that hotel better than those of this, and, of course, being with the Sandfords is to be very much at home.

¹ Sir Francis Sandford, Secretary to the Education Department; afterwards Lord Sandford.

Sandford says there is no place in the world where he is so well and so happy, and the place has certainly something fascinating. It rained and thundered all the morning, but about two it cleared up, and then you saw what it was, and how in every direction from Pontresina you are led up to beauty unutterable. It is of no use denying that the snow and the glaciers give a charm to the Alps which our mountains and Scotland can never possess. To-day after my calls I followed a path through a firwood that brought me first to a small lake and then to a green slope above St. Moritz and its lake; the walk would just have suited you, and you may think how I wished for you. The mode of life would suit you too.

In the conversation rooms after dinner there is too much conversation, and, above all, too much music; every one is very civil. Now I must stop. It is raining hard again, but it is all fresh snow on the mountains, and the glass is high, so I think I shall make out the week very well. I am better already.

To Miss Arnold.

PONTRESINA, *September 15 (1880).*

MY DEAREST FAN — I may not be able to finish this to you, for I am going presently with the Sandfords to the Roseg glacier, but I will begin it. I am quite frozen. The thermometer up here was at about 34 this morning, and now that the wind is getting up it will be colder still. Every one is preparing for a retreat, but I shall stay on till Sunday or

Monday now I am here. The air certainly does me good; I feel quite different already. It is so stimulating, however, that it is not good for sleeping; one sleeps very lightly, and without becoming sufficiently unconscious, and one wakes very early in the morning.

This will reach you on the last day but one of my party's stay with you. How good you have been to all of us! This place would be too cruelly cold for Fanny Lucy. I must bring her here, but it must be in August. You, however, would enjoy it now, and I continually think how I should like to have you with me. The charm of the great mountains is indescribable when the mist lifts; to see, instead of the outline of Fairfield, a snowy serrated line of some 12,000 feet high makes all comparison impossible. On Monday we had a wet morning but beautiful afternoon; I told Fanny Lucy of my walk that afternoon. Yesterday was a simply perfect day. I started about half-past ten up the road over the Bernina pass to Tirano and Italy, and turned off it to the Morteratsch glacier, which comes down from the great Pitz Bernina itself. I lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and then made my way up by a mountain path to a point called the Signal, and thence along the mountain side to the Boval hut, the place where those who ascend the Bernina, or one of the mountains round him, sleep before they begin the ascent. It was worth coming abroad merely for this afternoon walk, high on the mountain side, with the great glacier below running up to the great snow-vested sweep of the

Bernina and his fellows, all their upper parts sparkling in sunshine, but the deep black shadow steadily creeping up them. The flowers are very much gone, but up at that height there will still be a few late blooming ones for two or three weeks to come. I could have stayed there till it was dark, and I wish I had had you with me. My old friend the giant yellow gentian was in seed in the sheltered hollows, but I send you two other gentians and several other things that you will like to see. The good of an acquaintance with an even limited flora is that it makes you feel at home with even the most extensive one. The Alpine aster you will like; it is a very characteristic flower. The little deep-coloured *Epolobium* is the same, I think, which I and Dick found on Great Gavel. I was obliged to come down at last, having met with no soul except a man carrying a can of water, whom I asked to name the different peaks to me; and being struck with his mode of speech, I asked him what he was doing up there. He answered, "Ich messe die Bewegung des Gletschers" (I am measuring the movement of the glacier), and pointed out to me a hut down among the rocks where he is living with one comrade for this purpose. I thought these glacier measurers were very appropriate inmates of the solitude. He told me they were employed by a scientific society. I asked him if he was *Militar*, and he answered "Nein, Gelehrte." I got back to find all my things transported to the hotel from which I am writing. It is much better than the other, better furnished and cleaner, and as the Sandfords are

here, and Madame Sarratz offered me a very good room, I changed directly. Mr. Ayre¹ is quite a power here, and it pleases me to see how the quality of Anglican chaplain gives a man a sort of natural headship among the English visitors, and quite the status of an agent of Government, yet without any officialdom, when he is like Ayre—a man who, by manners, conduct, and sense, is capable of filling such a position. His departure was quite the sensation of the day. The carriage in which he and his nieces went off was surrounded by people from all the hotels, who came to say good-bye and to thank him, and the innkeeper the night before sent in a bottle of champagne, that he and his nieces might drink success to their journey, though none of them drank wine. But on this occasion they had to drink it, and I helped them. It is curious that I heard from Ayre of the appointment to Rydal, a Mr. Riddle, whom he had been on the point of engaging as a curate when this appointment to Rydal came. To-day it is changed to iron gray skies and cold wind; this morning, however, I went with the Sandfords and Mundellas to the Roseg glacier, and lunched at the little inn there. But how different was the scene from that of yesterday! All the hollow of the glacier was filled with a sleety cloud, and not a single mountain summit was to be seen. On our way back it began to rain, but I walked with Mundella,² and had an opportunity of pressing sev-

¹ The Rev. J. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

² The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education.

eral things upon him with regard to Education which I think important. He is very anxious to do right, and I think I have more chance of having influence with him than with any Vice-President we have had. I think much of my dear K., and shall write to her soon. I never write a journal, but I tell my story in letters, which is the better and pleasanter way. I think I shall stay here whatever the weather may be, till Sunday or Monday; then I shall go over the Maloja to Chiavenna, Como, and Orta; then by the Lukmanier Pass and the St. Gothard to Lucerne; thence by Basle to Frankfort, where I want to have another look at the house where Goethe was born, thence by Brussels home. — Ever, my dearest Fan,
 your most affectionate M. A.

To his Wife.

PONTRESINA, *September 15, 1880.*

Yesterday was a perfect day — fresh, but not a cloud in the sky. There are some very nice people at the Krone called Trench (he is a son of the Archbishop)¹ who offered to drive me up to the Bernina Lakes. I said I would walk up and join them at lunch, but I took a wrong turn, which led straight up to the Pitz Bernina instead of up the side valley over which is the Bernina pass into Italy. However, the valley I took led me to the Morteratsch glacier, which is perhaps the most beautiful thing here — a grand glacier, folded in by the Bernina and his great compeers; lovely names they have, but you would not know them.

¹ Of Dublin.

But nowhere even in the Oberland have I seen a more beautiful line than they make. I lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and then wandered on by a path along the mountain side to a hut from which the ascent of the Bernina and the great peaks near him begins. I have seldom enjoyed anything more, and I did a good deal of botanising, as at that height the flowers linger on much later than down here. I did not see a soul. The moon rose, the black shadows stole gradually up the sparkling snow-sides of the mountains, and I could hardly tear myself away. It was a day which alone makes it worth while to have come here. This morning the fine weather of yesterday had totally departed; the clouds were low, the air was iron gray, and a fierce wind blew. But Mundella and his daughter came to propose going with us to the Roseg glacier, and we all started. It is five miles up the Roseg valley to the foot of the glacier. We lunched at the little inn at the foot of the glacier, and had a lively time; but after luncheon the rain came on, and some guides who were on their way down said it was useless going on the glacier, it was sleeting fast there, and you could not see a yard before you. So home we walked again by the Roseg valley. I walked all the way with Mundella, who asked me a great deal about the policy which the office should follow, and I had an opportunity of urging upon him several things which I think important, and, I hope, of doing a good turn to Healing and his brother assistants, who have been hardly treated.

To the Same.

HOTEL SARRATZ, PONTRESINA,
September 16, 1880.

No doubt it is better you should be where you are, for the cold here is very severe; still, you would like the life here and the people. The hotel is excellent and the *table d'hôte* all that can be desired. It is a much better class of English people here than in the other parts of Switzerland, because the fifteen hours' journey from the railway keeps off the mass of the "personally conducted." It snowed all last night, and this morning it was a white world, with the snow not only lying on the ground up to the door of the hotel, but loading the branches of the fir-trees, as with us in Surrey it does in January. But at ten it began to clear, and I assure you the air here is so perfectly exhilarating that even on a dull morning you feel radiant. The Mundellas arrived about eleven to ask us to go somewhere, and we determined to go on the Morteratsch glacier. We went and lunched at the restaurant by the glacier, and a very jolly party it was. Mundella makes himself so pleasant, and I am sure, as I said to Sandford, that nowhere else in Europe is there to be found a Minister exhorting his subordinate official to write more poetry. After luncheon we all went on the glacier, which we could get upon only by cutting steps with an ice axe; it was great fun. The fresh snow made the ice very good walking, and we all enjoyed it greatly. What you would greatly like is the sight of the Bergamesque herds-

men, who have been feeding their herds on the pastures here for the summer, collecting them to drive them back to Italy. The men are picturesque objects, tall, swarthy Italians, with their civilised speech instead of the rough guttural German. And their cattle are too lovely. I could have stayed till night yesterday to see a herd driven through the swollen torrent of the Roseg which lay between their Alp and the road to Italy. In one place they had to swim, poor things, but it was beautiful to see how well they managed, greatly as they disliked it. At luncheon a gigantic St. Bernard seated himself between Miss Muddella and me. He entirely refused bread, and would eat nothing but beef-steak.

To the Same.

CHIAVENNA, *Monday, September 20, 1880.*

I had a fine day yesterday, and left the Roseg glacier, up to which you look from the front of the Hotel Sarratz, showing itself in all its glory. But the cold was bitter, and I was not sorry that my place was in the coupé and not on the banquette. I had to drive down to Samaden, four miles, to catch the diligence, and very nearly missed it; but when I was once fairly established in the coupé (which I had all to myself) I enjoyed my day greatly, with Bädiker and my maps and a new country. And such a country! All the chain of the lakes through which the inn flows, from St. Moritz to where he comes in waterfalls, like a

little Westmorland stream, out of the side of a hill at the top of the pass. The Engadine lies so high, and the ascent to it and out of it is spread over so many miles, that there are no zigzags whatever, nothing whatever to make you aware that you are crossing the main chain of the Alps into Italy; you trot on, and presently you stop at a great desolate white inn, and that is the Maloja Kulm. But while the diligence stops you go to the edge of a rock guarded by a rail, and there is Italy below you, sure enough, and zigzags enough for any one's taste leading down to it. We stopped at Vicosoprano, the chief town of the Swiss part of the valley, to lunch, and here a melancholy thing happened. I had been looking at a small cat, the colour of William's cat, running backwards and forwards across the street. It was in beautiful condition and high spirits, with a small bell round its neck like the bells worn here by the cows — evidently a favourite. I went a little way towards the bridge over the river to see if I could find any plants, and met a voiturier with four horses driving fast into the place. Presently I returned, saw a crowd, went up to it, and there was my poor little cat lying quite dead in a pool of blood. The voiturier had run over it — not by his fault, I believe, — but it darted into the street at the moment he was passing; the wheels had gone over its neck, and it had died instantly, but it was not mutilated. It made quite a sensation, and presently a young man took the little thing up, and laid it under the wall of the side street

from which it had just before been darting out full of prettiness and play. I know the girls will be interested in this sad story; the sudden end of the poor little cat quite afflicted me. We went on in the diligence presently, and passing through a gorge, came into a new world; chestnuts, walnuts, and mulberries began as if by magic, and vineyards on the hillsides and all the Italian landscape which is so beautiful. In the grass under the chestnuts I saw more flowers than I have yet seen this time in Switzerland, but no cyclamens, though we found them, if you remember, in a like country from Premia downwards. I don't think you have ever been in this most picturesque and truly Italian place. The inn has the wide passages, high rooms, and marble floors of Italy, but it does not do, as to comfort, after the Hotel Sarratz. I slept well, however, and after breakfast this morning I bought for 2½d. more black figs than I could eat; you would like to see, and to buy and eat from, the baskets of peaches, black and white grapes, and black and white figs amongst which I shall be constantly finding myself for the next few days. I have taken my place by the diligence for Colico and changed a French note for 100 francs at the bank here, gaining nine francs on the operation. To-night I shall be at the Cadenabbia Hotel — how changed since you and I were at the little bit of a house which preceded this great big hotel! The present hotel is a very good one, however, and every one says it is very preferable to Bellaggio.

*To the Same.**September 22, 1880.*

I last wrote to you from Chiavenna—a rainy morning, but it cleared, and on I went down to Colico on the banquette of the diligence, side by side with a German Jew. The sun got entirely the better of the clouds, and has been reigning in all his glory ever since. The voyage from Colico was perfect, and it happens that I have never before made the passage on that part of the lake in fine weather. The hotel at Cadenabbia was quite full, so I took a boat and was rowed over to the Grand Hotel at Bellaggio. You may imagine, if you can, what it is to be rowed on the Lake of Como between five and six on a perfect September evening. I got an excellent room, but I had rather have stayed at Cadenabbia, for at four o'clock the next morning the Miss Archers were going up the Monte Circuni—the mountain behind Cadenabbia—escorted by one Wainwright, a great Alpine climber, who is there with his Chamouni guide, and I should have gone with them; it is that mountain with an exquisitely soft cone and a band of precipice running obliquely across the middle of him which you may remember as coming so beautifully into the view from Bellaggio. At dinner I found myself by a man who made himself very pleasant—so pleasant that we sat on when the other people were gone; and presently, on the terrace, Edgcumbe, the Byron Memorial man, who is staying at Bellaggio, came up to me and said, “I was so amused at seeing you and Labouchere talk-

ing in that intimate way!" So it was Labouchere,¹ whom I had not met since we met him at the Herman Merivales', and did not recognise. He goes to bed at one, long after every one else is in bed, and gets up at one the next day, so I did not see him again, for at half-past one I started yesterday by the boat for this place. It is the villa where Queen Caroline lived; it has been added to, and is the finest building on the Lake, a really splendid specimen of an Italian palace-villa. It is not so beautiful a point for mountains as Bellaggio, but it is exquisitely beautiful, and the sight of Como, and the soft, low range of hill behind Como, gives it a character of its own. I am going to drive into Como to see the Cathedral, which is very interesting, and then I shall go by rail to Lugano — a new approach to Lugano for me. To-morrow I go to Stresa.

To the Same.

FLUELEN, *Monday, September 27, 1880.*

I am glad I went to Stresa; they are sincerely kind, and glad to see one of us again, and to be able to write to the Prince² about it. They say that as I have not yet seen the L. of Orta, I must come again next year, and bring you and the girls, and Madame de Gatinara says she shall bring her daughter from Turin to make acquaintance with Lucy and Nelly, and to learn lawn-tennis. Meanwhile, she is going to send me, she says, a Pied-

¹ Henry Labouchere, M.P.

² The Duke of Genoa, whose mother and step-father resided at Stresa.

montese grammar and dictionary, that I may learn Piedmontese and miss none of the *asides* when they talk to one another in that idiom. After I wrote to Lucy we dined. The Duchess talks to me alone in one of the outer rooms for about half an hour after dinner; then she and the ladies absent themselves for half an hour and Rapallo¹ talks to me. He gave me an article to read in the *Fanfulla* on the spirit and sense which the Prince had shown in China, which had given them much pleasure. Then the Duchess and the ladies return, and tea is brought, and the Duchess plays patience, and we all sit and talk to her and one another till about eleven. Rapallo smokes the whole evening; but I think he has a good heart, and I am touched by the way he remembers the children, and all about the house and grounds at Harrow, and even about Toss and Rover. Breakfast is now at eleven, but they had it at ten on Saturday morning for my benefit, and I will tell you that it is at the end of breakfast that you should drink Asti, slightly iced; then it is in perfection. At eleven I took my leave, and Rapallo accompanied me to the boat and saw me off. It was a dull day at first, but after dinner it cleared, and it happens to be just the portion of the lake from Luino to Locarno which was new to me. It is deeply Italian and indescribably beautiful. At the villages, high on the hills, with their campanili, I am never tired of looking, and anything so paintable never was seen. I can well understand why the artists are so fond of Italy

¹ Count Rapallo, the Duchess of Genoa's second husband.

and so indifferent to Switzerland. The town of Locarno is in Canton Tessin, but is a perfectly Italian town. The new Grand Hotel is one of those palaces which you do not find out of Italy, and which make all other hotels seem mean. It is not so beautiful as the Villa d'Este, however, because it was not built for a palace-villa, but for a hotel, and has not the same grand air; but it has the spaciousness, the marble everywhere, the vast corridors, the wide and high rooms. The cottage at Cobham would go entire into the end of one of its corridors. I was not very well at Locarno, but am better now. I saw the sunrise yesterday morning — a cloudless September day for seeing my last of Italy; and nothing can be more Italian than the mouth of the valley of the Ticino from Locarno to Bellinzona. The railroad goes from Locarno to Biasca, close to Bodio, where the rain was so furious and you admired the waterfalls so much. At Faido I got out while they changed horses, and looked at the Angelo where we slept. I am glad to have seen this most beautiful of the passes in true summer weather; all the towns were *en fête* for Sunday, and the concourse of workmen for the railway, which is now very far advanced, makes this line very animated. At Airolo we had a rough Italian dinner at two o'clock, but it was eatable; then we started on the real ascent. We all got out of the diligence and walked up the first set of zig-zags to the lowest Cantoniera, but I was then so far ahead that I thought I would go on alone through the Val Tremolo to the second set of zig-

zags and the top; and so I did, and arrived at the Hospice more than half an hour before the diligence. I saw the place where the diligence came to grief when we were making the passage that snowy day, and I remembered the very spot by one of the little lakes where some cattle passed us. There is now a new hotel at the top; they have St. Bernard dogs for sale, and one of them, four years old, is the greatest beauty I ever saw, just like a lion. They want £32 for him. I thought of Nelly. I arrived at the top in a beautiful sunset, but while I waited there the mists rushed up from the north, and we descended to Andermatt in fog. At Andermatt it cleared, but it was now growing dark, and when we got here it was ten o'clock — a journey of sixteen hours. I was so tired that I had an egg and some tea and went to bed. An old gentleman in the room next to me coughed a good deal, so I did not sleep well, but the inn, the Urnerhof, is a good one. I have been into the little church, and at half-past ten I start by the steamer for Lucerne; it will be delightful to see this lovely lake again from end to end, but the day is dubious. I am glad to be drawing nearer to you, for I miss you constantly, but if you were with me I should be in despair at turning my back upon Italy. It is a great consolation that at Frankfort I shall get letters from you. I had one from you at Stresa, and one from Lucy. I sleep to-night at Basle, going straight on thither from Lucerne; it will be an easy day, and so will to-morrow.

To J. G. Fitch, of the Education Department.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
October 14, 1880.

MY DEAR FITCH — It was very stupid of me to send you the wrong book, but I was putting up a copy of the second edition of the *Mixed Essays* for my sister, and I took a copy of the same book for you instead of the volume I had promised you. You shall have the extracts¹ when they come to a new edition; I want to improve the arrangement a little. Meanwhile, I am glad you should have the *Mixed Essays*, with their remarks on middle class education. I have this year been reading *David Copperfield* for the first time. Mr. Creakle's school at Blackheath is the type of our ordinary middle-class schools, and our middle class is satisfied that so it should be. — Ever yours truly,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

(November 1880.)

Nelly has been staying with the Deacons, who have a shooting party. We dined there last night and brought her home. The night before we dined with Lucy at the Enfields' and met Admiral Eger-ton. I like him, and I like the Enfields. Lord Enfield² told me that he meant, through the occasion given by my little book, to make acquaintance with Wordsworth as he had never done before in his life. And certainly a great many people will

¹ *Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold*, 1880.

² Afterwards Lord Stafford.

be led to do this. I find that the poem so wanted by dear old Cradock¹ was the one about John Wordsworth written on the Grizedale paper, and beginning "The sheep-boy whistled loud," but I think it is the *Silene Acanthis* in the poem which so draws Cradock's botanical heart to it. I have been reading Chaucer a great deal, the early French poets a great deal, and Burns a great deal. Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presbyterianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive. Chaucer, on the other hand, pleases me more and more, and his medium is infinitely superior. But I shall finish with Shakespeare's *King Lear* before I finally write my Introduction,² in order to have a proper taste in my mind while I am at work.

To his Son.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

December 3, 1880.

MY DARLING BOY—I hoped to have sent you to-day my lines about your dear, dear little boy,³ but I have not yet been able to get a correct copy from the printer. You shall have it by next week's mail—at least, I hope so,—and you will then get it a fortnight sooner than if we waited for the magazine containing it to be published. The daily miss of him will wear off, but we shall never forget

¹ Dr. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose.

² A General Introduction to T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

³ The Dachshound, commemorated in "Geist's Grave," *Fortnightly Review*, January 1881.

him, and I am very glad to have stamped him in our memories by these lines, written when he was fresh in our minds. I like to think of all the newspapers having his dear little name in them when the Christmas number of the *Fortnightly Review* is advertised, and I hope people will like the lines, and that will lead to his being more mentioned and talked about, which seems to be a sort of continuation of him in life, dear little fellow, though it is but a hollow and shadowy one, alas!

We have settled not to go to Ireland this winter. Parliament is to meet on the 6th of January, so we must have left Dublin on the 5th. We do not return from Lord Coleridge's till the 17th of December, and we could not get away from Cobham till the end of the year. What I want to do is to unite our visit to Ireland with our visit to Fox How next autumn; then I should get a sight of the west of Ireland, which I have never seen, and probably get some sea-trout fishing, which is excellent there, and at its best in September. But really Ireland is in such a state that what will happen there, or what will become of the Ministry which has to deal with its affairs, or how far travelling in Connemara will be profitable next autumn, no one can now say. I am going on the 27th and 28th to dine at two great dinners at Trinity Hall at Cambridge. I shall like that, for I shall be staying with Sir Henry Maine. There will be a pleasant party of lawyers from London, and I always like seeing Cambridge and the best Cambridge men. Next

week I dine with the Aylesbury Dairy Company, whose business has flourished wonderfully, and a great dinner is given by them to commemorate their success. The day after I dine at the Garrick Club to meet a number of authors, and directly after that we go to Lord Coleridge's.

Your cousin Willy¹ is doing very well indeed at Manchester, and will end by being a first-rate journalist, I suspect. We have no skating, though I thought it was coming, we had such cold weather a fortnight ago, the thermometer down to 21 more than once in the night, and all the ponds frozen over. However, the wind has changed, a thaw has come without snow, the thermometer is every day from 45 to 55, and we shall have no skating on this side Christmas. Tell me if you read *Endymion*, and what you think of it. There is a very good parody of it in *Punch*.

Now I must set out on my return journey. Lola² has had a capital year, and is very flourishing. — I am always, my darling boy, your most loving

PAPA.

To his Wife.

COBHAM, Wednesday, December 22, 1880.

Nelly is, like Traddles's young lady, "the dearest girl in the world." Her face is much better — the swelling all gone down. I sit with her for an hour at tea-time, and read the *Times* then instead of reading it after dinner. This makes the evening less long for her from dark to dinner.

¹ W. T. Arnold, of the *Manchester Guardian*. ² A pony.

Then I go and work, and she writes her letters. After dinner we have *Copperfield*, and are getting on fast, but we shall not finish it by Friday. After Nelly is gone to bed I read Charles Fox.¹ I am glad you like Gray;² that century is very interesting, though I should not like to have lived in it; but the people were just like ourselves, whilst the Elizabethan are not. We were very lucky yesterday. Monday was a day of rain and sleet, and in the afternoon I thought it was going to turn to heavy snow; however, it cleared at sunset, and it was a fine night with slight frost. Yesterday was a perfectly beautiful morning. I breakfasted alone, and went off by the 8.50 train. I quite keep thinking of your crossing,³ tell my sweet Lucy, as if I were going to cross myself; it is a horrid affair. I don't think the stopping an isolated meeting⁴ makes the slightest impression over here, though you seem to think a great deal of it over there. What people are wanting here is a totally different system of Government—an *état de siège*, in short—only carried out with perfect humanity and quietness. But the Radical masses of the large towns in the north approve, I believe, of the Government doing nothing; they don't wish anarchy to be strictly dealt with anywhere, because they wish for no precedents or dispositions of

¹ *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, by George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

² M. A.'s Essay on Thomas Gray in T. H. Ward's *English Poets*.

³ To Ireland, on a visit to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary.

⁴ In Ireland.

interference if they choose to be anarchical themselves; and this is perhaps the most formidable thing in the present situation — this feeling in the proletariat of the large towns, and the complicity of the Government with this feeling. I hope you will talk to Lady de Vesci, and that Lucy will be introduced to her. You will leave on Thursday night, so this is my last letter.

To Miss Arnold.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, February 21 (1881).

I have been very busy with my Report, but I hope to finish it to-morrow or Wednesday; then I shall be free for two years from one of the most troublesome tasks possible. I was asked to dine to-night at Lady Airlie's, to meet Lowe, but he does not much interest me, and I am not going. We dine quietly at home, and Ted¹ dines with us. He and Lucy have just walked with me to the door of this Club, and Lucy has been much interested in seeing the people in uniform coming from the Levee. On Friday night I had a long talk with Lord Beaconsfield at Lady Airlie's. He was in a good humour, and had evidently resolved to be civil. He got up, took me to a settee at the end of the room, and said, pointing to it — 'The poet's sofa! I told him of my having mentioned to Gladstone some of the epigrammatic things in *Endymion*, and he said — "But I don't want to talk about my things, I want to talk about you." He

¹ His nephew, E. A. Arnold.

went on to say that he read me with delight, that I was doing very great good, and ended by declaring that I was the only living Englishman who had become a classic in his own lifetime. The fact is that what I have done in establishing a number of current phrases — such as Philistinism, sweetness and light, and all that — is just the sort of thing to strike him. He had told Lady Airlie before I came that he thought it a great thing to do, and when she answered that she thought it was rather a disadvantage, for people got hold of my phrases and then thought they knew all about my work, he answered — Never mind, it's a great achievement! He said that W. E. F. was too old to carry well through the H. of C. such a bill as his Coercion Bill — that it needed such a man as the late Lord Derby was in his youth, as Mr. Stanley in the H. of Commons — a man full of nerve, dash, fire, and resource, who carried the House irresistibly along with him. He ended by begging me to “come and find him” in Curzon St., which rather embarrasses me, because I must ask whether he is at home, and I don't the least believe that he really wants a visit from me. However, I shall leave a card this afternoon, when he will have gone to the House. People say I ought to have gone to see him yesterday afternoon, when he stays at home; but we know what his opinion is of the social ambitiousness and pushing of men of letters. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Pall Mall, S.W.,
March 25, 1881.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I write in great haste, for I am very busy finishing an article on Ireland¹ for the *Nineteenth Century*; but I will not leave your letter unanswered any longer. I liked your remarks on Miss Cobbe, and I go along with you in every word of what you say in your last page. I do not think Miss Cobbe has any real influence, neither do I think that the Ritualists, about whom you enquire, have any real influence. But the two cases are different; the Ritualists have a large body of clamorous supporters, Miss Cobbe has a small body of earnest sympathisers. The force which is shaping the future is with neither; nor is this force, it seems to me, either with any of the orthodox religions, or with any of the neo-religious developments which propose to themselves to supersede them. Both the one and the other give to what they call religion, and to religious ideas and discussions, too large and absorbing a place in human life; man feels himself to be a more various and richly-endowed animal than the old religious theory of human life allowed, and he is endeavouring to give satisfaction to the long suppressed and still imperfectly-understood instincts of this varied nature. I think this revolution is happening everywhere; it is certainly happening in England, where the sombreness and narrowness of the religious

¹ "The Incompatibles," *Nineteenth Century*, April and June 1881.

world, and the rigid hold it long had upon us, have done so much to provoke it. I think it is, like all inevitable revolutions, a salutary one, but it greatly requires watching and guiding. The growing desire, throughout the community, for amusement and pleasure; the wonderful relaxation, in the middle class, of the old strictness as to theatres, dancing, and such things, are features which alarm many people; but they have their good side. They belong to this revolution of which I speak. The awakening demand for beauty, a demand so little made in this country for the last century and more, is another sign of the revolution, and a clearly favourable sign of it. Religious disputes have for so long a time touched the inmost fibre of our nation's being, that they still attract great attention, and create passions and parties; but certainly they have not the significance which they once had. The moral is that whoever treats religion, religious discussions, questions of churches and sects, as absorbing, is not in vital sympathy with the movement of men's minds at present. Stopford Brooke and Haweis, about whom you enquire, do but make side-currents of no great importance; the great centre-current of our time is a *lay* current. They have some notion of this, but their action has been formed in view of the necessities and habits of another epoch, and in a lay world they are not perfectly in place. All this has its application in your country also — but of course a very different application. Neither *Scrutin de liste*, nor your great Gambetta himself, interest me

much, I confess; not nearly so much as your causes and men in past times. But France interests me very much, and the French nation, and my friends in the French nation, who are working for a better understanding of foreign minds and foreign men, and for more co-operation with them. — Always truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — I never much liked Carlyle.¹ He seemed to me to be “carrying coals to Newcastle,” as our proverb says; preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature, but was less abundantly supplied with several other useful things. Scherer was very good and very just — and his compliment to myself charming.

To J. T. Rawlings.

COBHAM, SURREY, *June 11* (1881).

DEAR SIR — I have been away for the Whitsun holidays, and have only just had your letter. I am a school-inspector myself, and know well what it is to feel oneself tied and bound, and unable to do what one would most like to do; but I am sure that the precariousness and anxiety of living by one’s pen (if one is not a popular novelist) is worse for one than the taskwork of a profession or an office. — Believe me, truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Thomas Carlyle died February 4, 1881.

To M. Fontanès.

ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL (*July 1881*).

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I did not answer your letter immediately, because I wanted to be able to tell you that I had given it to Lady Frances Baillie to read. She would have been gratified by it; it is the kind of letter that he himself would have liked to think of as written about him.¹ But poor Lady Frances Baillie is herself dangerously ill of the same disease — blood-poisoning — which was fatal to her brother-in-law. In the Deanery they are living, it seems, in the worst possible conditions of drainage, and Stanley had been warned that he was sleeping there at the risk of his life. He thought these fears the result of new-fangled theories of sanitary reformers, and neglected them; he had lived for many years in the Deanery, he said, without bad effects, and he did not see why he should alarm himself now. He had a bilious cold, such as he frequently had; then I saw in the *Times* that his indisposition “had become severe,” and I telegraphed from Cobham to Lady Frances Baillie to ask what was the matter; she telegraphed back that erysipelas had come on, but that his strength kept up, and his mind was quite calm. This was on Saturday; on Monday I came up to town, and met on the steps of this Club the Bishop of Manchester, who told me that early that morning the Dean’s life had been despaired of, but that there was a slight rally at present. I went at once to

¹ Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died July 18, 1881.

the Deanery, and there I found that the rally had not maintained itself, that he was quite wandering, and that he could hardly live through the day. He died that night. At three o'clock on the morning of Monday he had been told for the first time of his danger; he was then quite lucid, and spoke beautifully of his being content to die, and glad that his death should take place in Westminster. He mentioned several of his friends, and he dictated, I believe, some advice to the Queen about the Church which is quite excellent. Later in the day he was wandering, and his speech was not clear. I cannot write now about his character and his charm — the loss is too recent. What Scherer said in the *Temps* was excellent — far better than the more ambitious performance of M. Loyson. What is clear is that the Broad Church *among the clergy* may be almost said to have perished with Stanley — for the moment, at any rate; there is plenty of it in the nation, but Stanley's signal merit was that in his person it became a power among *the clergy* likewise. You must come and see us at Cobham next year, dear M. Fontanès, and we will talk of this "beautiful soul." — Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — I have not much to send you, but you shall have a little volume which I have made up from Byron and published recently. The dear Dean liked the preface greatly.

All at the Cottage desire to be remembered to you affectionately.

To the Same.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
September 5, 1881.

DEAR M. FONTANÈS — Your letter has followed me here. The newspaper, I suppose, is at Cobham; it has not yet reached me. But I am quite sure that what you have said of the dear Dean will be better without any retouching by me or anybody else; if there are any little errors of date or fact Mr. Grove will be perfectly competent to set them right. I shall be much interested in reading you; your letter to me on the first news of the death gave great pleasure to those of the family and friends to whom I was able to show it. I do not think we have had any very successful characterisation of Stanley yet amongst the numerous review and newspaper articles which have treated of him; the best is one in *Good Words* for this month, by Dr. Story, the Presbyterian minister of Roseneath.

I envy you the sun of Montpellier, and still more the charm of Como, where you are going. I should myself have been now starting for Venice, where Sir Henry Layard has asked me to pay him a visit, but Lord Coleridge is coming into this neighbourhood, in which he has a great interest for the sake of his uncle, the poet Coleridge, who once lived here, and he relies on me to do the honours of the Lake Country to him. So here I must stay this autumn. If I had come to Venice I should certainly have tried to effect a meeting with you on the Lake of Como. I note what you tell me about your willingness to receive two or three English

boys in your house; lucky boys they will be. We will do our best to find creditable specimens of the nation for you. My wife and daughters send their kindest remembrances, and I am always, my dear M. Fontanès, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
December 27, 1881.

MY DEAREST K. — One line to thank you for your letter on my birthday. I do indeed feel for you in the present condition of things in Ireland — the more so as a beginning of the better state of things is all that we shall probably be permitted to see in our time; but it will be something solid to look back upon if William has been instrumental in forwarding even this beginning. For my part, the immense revolution which is actually in progress in Ireland, and which is before us in England too, though it has not actually commenced, carries me back continually to the great Hebrew prophets, with their conviction, so distasteful to the rulers and politicians of their times, of the inevitability of a profound revolution; their conviction, too, of the final emergence of a better state of things. “O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.” The world is always thinking that the “peace as a river” is to be had without having “hearkened to the commandment,” but the prophet knows better.

I am not sure that you will care very much about the A. P. S. poem,¹ but he himself would have taken great delight in the use I have made of a lovely legend² of primitive Westminster, which up to the Reformation was as universally a favourite as the legends of Alfred, but in our day is known to hardly a soul, though A. P. S. knew it well himself. — Ever, my dearest, your most affectionate

M. A.

A happy New Year when it comes.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *New Year's Day*, 1882.

MY DEAREST FAN — A happy New Year to you! I think the beginning of a New Year very animating, it is so visible an occasion for breaking off bad habits and carrying into effect good resolutions. I am glad to find that in the past year I have at least accomplished more than usual in the way of reading the books which at the beginning of the year I had put down to be read. I always do this, and I do not expect to read all I put down, but sometimes I fall much too short of what I proposed, and this year things have been a good deal better. The importance of reading, not slight stuff to get through the time, but the best that has been written, forces itself upon me more and more every year I live; it is living in good company, the

¹ "Westminster Abbey" (an elegy on Dean Stanley), *Nineteenth Century*, January 1882. x

² That the abbey church of Westminster was miraculously consecrated by St. Peter.

best company, and people are generally quite keen enough, or too keen, about doing that, yet they will not do it in the simplest and most innocent manner by reading. However, if I live to be eighty I shall probably be the only person left in England who reads anything but newspapers and scientific publications. We have Nelly at home again; she enjoyed herself greatly at the Goschens', and they were very kind to her. Mr. Goschen danced the polka with her, she being the only young lady on whom he bestowed this mark of favour. They wanted her to stay over the New Year with them, but she said she must go home. . . . She certainly is both gay herself and makes other young people so. We have had a pleasant week, not one single rainy day; but to-day it has begun to rain — thermometer 47. The primroses are coming out in all directions, and so is the *pyrus japonica*. We have also our first camellia out. Now I must stop. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

COBHAM, *Sunday* (1882).

MY DEAREST FAN — Whatever else I leave undone, I must not leave unwritten my letter to you, for your letter about the poem¹ gave me very great pleasure. I was really uncertain, and I am uncertain still, about the public's reception of the poem. I always feel that the public is not disposed to take me cordially; it receives my things, as Gray says

1 "Westminster Abbey."

it received all his except the Elegy, with more astonishment than pleasure at first, and does not quite make out what I would be at; however, that the things should wear well, and be found to give pleasure as they come to be better known, is the great matter. But I was very anxious that my own family and the nearest friends of dear Arthur Stanley should not be dissatisfied; and therefore your warm satisfaction, and that of my dearest K., gave me very great pleasure. Pearson¹ is very much pleased too. I send you his note. I send you one from Coleridge too, which is not so cordial; and many will think, no doubt, as they did about "Thyrsis" at first, that there should have been more of direct personal effusion as to the departed and as to my feelings towards him. However, one can only do these things in one's own way. You will find all the words you mention in your volumes of Richardson's *Dictionary*. It is curious what happened about *cecily*.² The word came into my mind as so suitable in that place that I determined to use it, as its formation from *cecitas* in Latin and *cécité* in French is as regular and simple as that of levity, from *levitas* in Latin and *lévité* in French. Then I thought I would look in Richardson for the word, though really not expecting to find it there, and I found that the word had been used by the great Hooker. Those Elizabethans had indeed a sense for diction. *Pullulate*³ is used by the Cam-

¹ The Rev. Hugh Pearson, Vicar of Sonning.

² "After light's term, a term of cecily."

³ "Pullulating rites externe and vain."

bridge Platonists a good deal; *let*¹ as a noun substantive is thorough good English, being used several times by Shakespeare. But look in your Richardson; he is bad for definitions, but a treasure for his passages in illustration.

I am hard driven by examination papers, but I get excellent help in the French papers from dear Mrs. Holland, and some help from my own dear girls also. And I do very much enjoy the life at home, with half an hour in the garden every morning, and two hours in the lanes every afternoon. We have had no rain in the daytime since this day last week. The aconites are coming out, and as for the primroses, they are all over the place. I have been repairing the ravages made by the elm-tree's fall, and really with cupressuses and thujas the gap has lost its horror already, and will be quite filled up in a year or two. As soon as I go to London I shall order the two bell-glasses. — Ever your most affectionate brother, M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

COBHAM, SURREY, *February 9, 1882.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I am very glad you like your importation, and your importation, I hear, greatly likes the family to which it has been consigned. There is a good deal of chance in these things, but in general it is far better to rely on private recommendation than on advertisement; if you do advertise, the *Guardian* is perhaps as good

¹ "Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end."

a newspaper as you could choose. Of course, I shall be on the look-out for opportunities to serve you, but they will not present themselves every day.

I have sent you the *Nineteenth Century*; the chief satisfaction I have in the poem contributed by me is that I feel sure the dear Dean would have liked it himself.

Yes, I think your difficulties and dangers greater even, perhaps, than ours, though different from ours. Did I tell you that Taine, after quoting in a letter to me what he called a "terrible sentence" of mine about England, went on thus: "Si un critique comme vous parle ainsi de sa nation, que dirons nous de la nôtre?" However, Renan has nothing but praise and hope for his "bonne et solide race française," as he calls it.

By all means get Green's book;¹ it is sure to be well done, and I believe that it deals with that early history which is so very dull in all the received authorities such as Hume, and of which the importance and the interest were never brought out till within the last thirty or forty years. You should also read Morley's *Life of Cobden*. Morley is, when he writes, a bitter political partisan; when you meet him in society he is the gentlest and most charming of men. Everything is sacrificed in his book to Cobden and the Free Trade party — even *les études classiques*, in the value of which Morley in his heart believes as sincerely as I do; but it is a book to be read, and will interest

¹ *The Making of England*, by J. R. Green.

you greatly. If you come over to England, and will give us a day or two at this Cottage, the hermit and hermitesses of the Mole¹ will be truly charmed to see you. — Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff,
Governor of Madras.*

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
July 29, 1882.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF—I was glad to hear from you direct, and I wish all happiness to your little Iseult. She coincides with Swinburne's poem² on the subject, which is just published, and which he has sent me with a pretty letter. He has taken the story, answering to the old Theseus story, of the black and white souls, and a very fine story it is for poetical purposes. Swinburne's fatal habit of using one hundred words where one would suffice always offends me, and I have not yet faced his poem, but I must try it soon. You should have read my "Word about America" in the *Nineteenth Century*;³ I think you would have liked it. One had to trust a great deal to one's "flair," but I think my "flair" served me here pretty well. At any rate, Henry James, the novelist, being asked by Knowles to write a reply to it, said after reading it that he could not write a reply to it, it was so true, and carried him so

¹ The stream which runs by Cobham.

² "Tristram of Lyonesse." 1882.

³ Of May 1882.

along with it. You must also look at my Rede Lecture¹ at Cambridge, where I had a crowded audience; the parallel between Oxford and Cambridge will interest you, if the rest does not. It will appear in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. I am very glad you liked the lines on dear A. P. S. They did not fetch the great public, but the judicious were pleased, and A. P. S. himself would have liked them. And now no more literature.

Your Iseult reminds me that I have just been to Wotton to stand godfather to a little girl of Evelyn's, and I mention Wotton because I was never so struck with the beauty of that country. The parallel foldings, of which the Wotton folding is one, running up into the greensand knot of Leith Hill are inexhaustible in beauty, and opposite to them is the sharp slope of the chalk hills, where I have been three or four times with my daughter Nelly this season to explore for flowers. They are the best chalk hills I know anywhere, the best wooded, and the most abounding in exquisite combs and bottoms. It has been a bad year for the bee orchis there, but the *Pyramidalis* we found covering the ground. Lady Rothes is fond of botany, and we looked over together what would have interested you — a herbarium formed in Italy by John Evelyn — the plants wonderfully preserved still, and his notes to them full of matter. Of course, the nature of your South Indian region must be a world of delight, but it would rather appal me, I think, to have to take it in suddenly.

¹ On "Literature and Science."

+

You, however, are so infinitely better prepared for such an effort than I am. I have said nothing about politics. Events and personages succeed one another, but the central fact of the situation always remains for me this: that whereas the basis of things amidst all chance and change has even in Europe generally been for ever so long supernatural Christianity, and far more so in England than in Europe generally, this basis is certainly going — going amidst the full consciousness of the continentals that it is going, and amidst the provincial unconsciousness of the English that it is going. Ewald has a very profound sentence: “Eigentlich von der Verkehrtheit des Verhaltens gegen das Góttliche alles Unglück ausgeht.” But a letter has no room for this sort of thing.

My affectionate homage to the Vice-Empress, and love to Clara. — Ever yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

BANNAVIE, *September 11, 1882.*

There was no post from Brin yesterday, and we reached this place after the post had gone. Nelly had a letter ready, written yesterday, but it cannot go till to-morrow. I think she has now written another. She is a charming companion, and makes friends with every one. . . . It was worth coming here to see Ben Nevis. He is a noble mountain, 1000 feet higher than Snowdon, and 1500 feet higher than Scawfell, and he looks the whole of his superior height over them; not only has he

deep drifts of snow lying in his hollows, but all his three tops are powdered with snow fallen in the last few days. It has been quite dry at Brin, but here it has been raining violently, and all the streams are full. The Lochy, which flows by this place, is a noble river, and full of sea trout. A dear old gentleman who has hired from Lord Abinger the reach between this and the sea, and with whose wife Nelly got talking at the *table d'hôte*, wants me to stay over to-morrow and to take his second salmon rod in place of his nephew, who has not yet arrived. It is really very kind of him, and some day I will come by myself, or with Dick, for fishing as one's main business; as it is, I cannot sacrifice Nelly. We have come into the stream of tourists here, Cook's among the number; with them also Nelly has made acquaintance, and knows their whole history. But there are very nice people travelling too, and you would not dislike anything but the wind and cold. In my two days in that stormy wind on Loch Ruthven I managed to set up a flying faceache, which comes on at night, when I am warm in bed, and bothers me a great deal. We had a really beautiful drive from Brin to Loch Ness this morning; all the latter part, the descent through deep wooded glens to Loch Ness, you would have enjoyed extremely. Then there was a lady on board with her family, an invalid boy among them, whom she stuck to, just as you used to stick to Tommy; her husband and the other children went and came and looked at the view and at all that happened on the voyage, but

she never forsook the invalid, who was a sweet, interesting little fellow. The Deacons liked having us very much, I think, and certainly they make you most comfortable, and are the best people in the world for sending you or sending for you. Their man first took us to the Foyers pier, and then took us to the falls and brought us back. The falls are perfectly magnificent. I am very glad to have seen the Caledonian Canal, but don't want to see it again. Ben Nevis I should like to see again, and to make the ascent of him. To-night his head has been clear several times, but the weather is not settled enough for an ascent. We are full of discussions about our plans for to-morrow. We both of us wish to see Glencoe, and if the day is fine I think we shall leave the morning steamer at Ballachulish, and drive through Glencoe to Tyndrum, taking the railway there instead of at Oban; but if the day is uncertain we shall continue with the steamer to Oban, and start with the railway from there. We have neither of us any fancy for stopping there, and it would be impossible to get rooms, as the Highland Games come off there this week. I think we shall sleep to-morrow night at Callander, but we may possibly push on to Carlisle, though we could not get there before midnight. To-morrow we shall not be able to write, as we shall be travelling all day, but we shall write the day following. We hope to get letters from you at Naworth. I had a delightful letter from you last night at Brin. Nelly will have told you of our meeting the Miss Hendersons

at Brin Church; their brother has the Loch Farring line shootings. Such a beautiful place! I am so glad you had a fine day for Keswick. My love to dear Fan and to Francie, and kisses to Lucy.

To M. Fontanès.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, WESTMORLAND,

22 Septembre, 1882.

CHER MONSIEUR — Je viens de faire quelques visites en Écosse — nous sommes ici presque sur la frontière — et ce n'est qu'à mon retour que je reçois votre lettre. Je n'ai pas lu le livre¹ de Mr. Seeley, mais j'ai lu au moment de leur publication les articles dont il le compose. Je ne sais pas si les articles gagnent à être rassemblés, mais je vous avouerai que, pris séparément, ils ne m'ont intéressé que médiocrement. Dans son nouvel ouvrage, l'auteur n'a plus la verve, la chaleur, qu'il avait lorsqu'il écrivait *Ecce Homo*; ni l'un ni l'autre ouvrage possède la lucidité, le coup d'œil, qu'on demande dans un ouvrage religieux destiné à opérer une véritable réforme, ou de moins à y pousser.

Le choix des sermons de Smith² n'est pas de moi, il vient d'une source bien plus intéressante. Il a été fait par un ministre presbytérien de l'Écosse, un ministre très bien vu, lequel a une église à Paisley, ville manufacturière très importante; il est lié avec un assez grand nombre de mi-

¹ *Natural Religion*, by the author of *Ecce Homo*. 1882.

² *The Natural Truth of Christianity*, Selections from the "Select Discourses" of John Smith, M.A. With an Introduction by Matthew Arnold. 1882.

nistres des mêmes tendances que lui — tendances sincèrement religieuses mais en même temps sincèrement libérales. Il m'a demandé la permission d'imprimer en tête de son volume quelques pages que j'avais écrites sur Smith et sur les "Latitude Men" de Cambridge au dix-septième siècle;¹ je l'ai accordée volontiers, mais il faut le dire, un théologien du 17^{ème} siècle, même un théologien libéral, ne produit plus le même effet lorsqu'on l'arrache de son milieu et qu'on l'imprime avec des caractères modernes. Vous le lirez avec plaisir, cependant; dès mon retour à Cobham, je vous enverrai le livre; il a passé inaperçu, mais il n'est pas du ressort du premier journaliste venu.

Oui, le *Temps* a été admirable dans la discussion de la question Egyptienne, et il sera évident bientôt à tout le monde que le *Temps* a eu raison dans son optimisme. L'armée anglaise quittera l'Égypte; il est à espérer, selon moi, que l'essaim d'employés anglo-français la quitte aussi. — Bien à vous de cœur,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT, *Sunday* (October 1, 1882).

I have had rather a bad time up to yesterday, but it is over now, and I can look forward with delight to seeing you to-morrow. I was much bothered by my discourse,² and very bilious. Dick was quite

¹ In "A Psychological Parallel," *Contemporary Review*, November 1876.

² At the opening of the Session of University College, Liverpool, September 30, 1882.

sweet, and tended me as if I had been an infant. I finished by noon on Friday, but I could not get properly to work at the writing out. After luncheon Dick wanted to show me his new lodgings, which I like, but they are a good way off. I wrote out two or three pages before dinner, and went off at a quarter past seven, very indisposed and cross, to dine with Willy and Henrietta. . . . When we got home I began writing out again, found a good deal to alter, so did not dare leave it to the next morning for fear I should have to read the thing half written, and, in short, sat up till ten minutes past five working at it. However, it was finished then, and I slept better than I expected till eight. Dick saw me off in the rain. At Liverpool I left my things at the station and drove to Rodney Street. There was a champagne luncheon for about thirty, chiefly doctors, but you know I like doctors. Then Dr. Glynn drove me, in the rain again, to St. George's Hall, where we found Lord Derby.¹ There were 1200 people present, I am told. At any rate, the Hall was quite full. Lord Derby covered me with compliments, and I was very well received. I think the discourse gave satisfaction, though I thought it horrid while I was writing it out. I will bring the *Liverpool Mercury* with the report. I think I have succeeded in limiting the London papers to a report of about a quarter of a column only, but I am afraid the local papers will report more than Knowles will like. I had to meet some of the pro-

¹ Edward Henry, 15th Earl of Derby.

fessors afterwards, but Dr. Caton undertook to send me out to Knowsley, and did so, seven miles, in the perfection of a brougham. I got here about seven o'clock.

Lord and Lady Derby only got back from Scotland the night before, and her daughter did not return till just before dinner yesterday. Lord Derby said they would have liked to get some people to meet me, but their being so lately returned made it impossible. They are most kind and most pleasant. I like Lady Derby extremely. I had always heard from Arthur Russell that she was very nice, though shy at first. The house is full of interesting things, and the perfection of comfort. We dined at eight, and I was broad awake all the evening, and was rather afraid I should not get to sleep. However, I did, and had a good night, and drove to church with Lady Derby and her daughter, and walked back. Lord Derby has just been to my room to say that Lady Derby wants to show me the pictures before lunch, so I must end. After lunch he is going to show me the park. He sends me to the express to-morrow morning, and I hope to come down by the 4.20 train; send Lola to meet it at Walton. All the rest will keep till we meet. Kiss the darling girls for me. How you would like this house!

To John Morley.

COBHAM, October 24, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY — Rapet, an old French Inspector, has just died in Paris, and the French *Journal des Instituteurs* has had a long article on him. He had “morality,” so you will not be surprised to hear that I knew him; Guizot sent me to him as the man who could best tell me about popular education in France.

Shall I write a page or a page and a half about him for you?¹

The “dirge”² is ‘as good as done — a simple thing enough, but honest. I have given it to Grove³ as you preferred, though Knowles got scent of the poor dead creature, and wrote from the Italian lakes to ask for its requiem.

I announced yesterday at the office my intention of retiring at Easter or Whitsuntide. Gladstone will never promote the author of *Literature and Dogma* if he can help it, and meanwhile my life is drawing to an end, and I have no wish to execute the Dance of Death in an elementary school. Was it Courtney who procured the appointment of Sir George Young?⁴ — Ever yours, till the execution of the D. of D.,

M. A.

¹ “A French Worthy,” *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 8, 1882.

² “Poor Matthias,” an elegy on a canary.

³ For *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1882.

⁴ To the Charity Commission.

To Henry Arthur Jones.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
November 2, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR — I will certainly come and see your play, but do you care particularly about my coming to the first representation? I am living in the country at present, but I shall be in town for a week in the early part of December, and again, probably, for two months in the early part of next year, and at either of those times I should be better situated for going to the theatre than I am now.

If, however, you care much about my coming to the first representation, let me know the day, and unless I am actually engaged, I will come. Do not keep a box for me, as you kindly propose. Two stalls will do perfectly well, as my family will not be in town then, and I shall not be able to bring more than one up with me.

One line to *Cobham, Surrey*, and believe me ever
most truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
Sunday (November 19, 1882).

MY DEAR MORLEY — Mlle. Rapet has not received her copy of the *Pall Mall*. My copy has gone the way of all back numbers, or I would not trouble you. But if you will have a copy sent from the office to Mademoiselle Rapet, 24 Rue de Châtres, Neuilly-sur-Seine, I shall be gratified.

Shall I write you a letter with the impressions called forth by the first representation¹ of *The Silver King*? I had not been at the Princess's for years, and several things occurred to me. I waited till your theatrical critic (who is he?) had fired his shot, but there is nothing in his satire to make my letter unsuitable. At the same time, you may have had enough of the subject. I know nothing of the author personally, but he wrote saying he had nourished himself on my works and wished I would go to his first representation. I resisted, but went at last, expecting to be bored, but am highly pleased. I should sign "An Old Play-goer." — Ever yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
 December 6, 1882.

MY DEAR MORLEY — A horrid suspicion struck me, after I had corrected the proof of *The Silver King* Letter and gone away, that I had not posted it. I dismissed the suspicion as frivolous, but it returns, now that I do not find the letter printed.² There is nothing pressing about it, and you may be keeping it back for editorial reasons; but if you had not the proof, tell me, and let me have another. If you have it you need not trouble to write.

Parody is a vile art, but I must say I read "Poor

¹ November 16, 1882.

² The criticism of *The Silver King* appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 6, 1882.

Matthias" in the *World* with an amused pleasure.¹
I wonder if it is that demon Traill. — Ever yours
affectionately, M. A.

To Lady de Rothschild.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 4, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — The pheasants are just come. Many thanks for them. Your note, however, was even better than the pheasants, for it told me of your being pleased with "Poor Matthias," and there is no one whose liking for what I write gives me more pleasure than yours does — hardly any one whose liking for it gives me so much.

I had caught from G. Sand her strong dislike of Gambetta, but what a startling event is his death!

With every good and affectionate wish from all of us to you and yours for the New Year, I am

¹ "Poor Matthias! many a year
Has flown since first upon our ear
Fell that sweetly-doleful song
With its ancient tale of wrong.
Now those curls, were wont to stray
O'er that brow so gravely gay,
Thin have grown and streaked with gray,
And the crow's cross tracery
Mars that eye's lucidity.
But the burden never falters,
But the chorus never alters;
Those smooth periods no more vary
Than the song of your canary.
Won't you give us something new?
That we know as well as you."

always, dear Lady de Rothschild, most sincerely
yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
March 31, 1883.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — My heart turns to you very often, and, above all, it turns to you when suffering or sorrow befall you. Of late years I seldom saw your brother,¹ but his goodness, and the excellent practical form which it took, always interested me in him strongly. I see he was still what seems to me now not at all old. I hope he had not much suffering. I heard that he continued to feel deeply the loss of Leonard,² but Claude, I hear, is very promising, and must have given him pleasure. Pray tell your sister-in-law, at a fitting moment, how sincerely I esteemed her husband and feel for her in this fresh loss.

I have been unlucky about Aston Clinton, but I hope you will let me come and see you soon either there or in London. — Ever affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
May 2, 1883.

I have just time to write this before I dress; it will go with an extra stamp. The speech³ is over, †

¹ Nathaniel Montefiore died March 28, 1883. ² See p. 137.

³ An address to the Wordsworth Society, delivered in the College Hall at Westminster.

and I got through pretty well. The grave would have been cheerful compared to the view presented by the Westminster Chamber and the assembled Wordsworth Society when I came upon the platform. The hall was not full, the worthy — having rather muddled things, and the Society is not composed of people of a festive type. But my darling Lucy looked charming, and so did Ally, who came with her. Coleridge, who proposed a vote of thanks to me, was very sweet. The papers were awfully boring, except Stopford Brooke's, which was saved by his Irish oratorical manner. I have quite been bilious for the last day or two, and to-day, when I saw the Society drawn out before me, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I nearly began to retch. However it is over, and now I have no more speechifying in prospect.

To 'the Same.

(COBHAM, *May 27, 1883.*)

+ I have done my letter about the Lyceum and
 Irving, and I have done my diary, and from these
 two troubles I turn to what is always a pleasure
 when I cannot have you with me — talking to you
 on paper. At Claremont¹ last night the only lady
 besides Mrs. Collins was the former Lucy Camp-
 bell, sister of Mrs. Preston. She is married to a
 Sir something, a military personage with many
 orders. We had him and her and Sir Richard
 Wallace, and Mr. Gibbs, and Coleridge Kennard,

¹ Then occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Albany.

and Dr. Acland, and an old man whose name I did not catch. I sat between Kennard and Acland. The Prince expressed sorrow at you not being there, and the cause. After dinner I talked the whole time to the Princess, who wanted to talk about schools, the working class, the clergy, and so on. I liked her very much, and thought her a thoroughly good, sensible, straightforward girl. There is certainly something attractive about her too. This place would be a feast to you to-day if you could see it. The May tree is in perfection, and so are the brooms, both white and golden. Then the rhododendrons are coming out fast. It is not a good laburnum year, that is the one drawback; but the foliage is superb. I send you the *P. M. G.* with my letter on "Impulse;"¹ it is answered last night by some one on Mr. Stephen-son's behalf: you shall have that too. Of course, I shall not answer that. My forthcoming letter is about Irving and *Much Ado*.

To John Morley, M.P.

COBHAM, Sunday (May 27, 1883).

MY DEAR MORLEY — I send you one more theatre letter.² The Lyceum really deserved one. But it is my last, and I must now prepare for the invasion of America.³

¹ "An Old Play-goer on 'Impulse,'" *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 25, 1883.

² "An Old Play-goer at the Lyceum," *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 30, 1883.

³ This year he undertook to deliver a set of lectures in the United States.

If I make my lowly grave by the banks of the Connecticut River, you will sometimes remember me? . . .

X It is kind of you to like my letters to the *P. M. G.* — the last flicker of that nearly exhausted rush-light, but your affectionate friend, M. A.

To the Rev. F. B. Zincke.

COBHAM, SURREY, *June 27, 1883.*

X MY DEAR MR. ZINCKE — My neighbour Lady Lovelace had written to me asking my opinion on a pamphlet she was sending me about marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, and I opened your pamphlet¹ thinking it was *that*. I find it something a great deal more interesting. I have already read you half through, and shall read every word. You are very favourable to the Americans, but it is undoubtedly true that the owning and cultivating one's own land as they do is the wholesomest condition for mankind. And you bring out what is most important — that the real America is made up of families of owners and cultivators of this kind. I hope this is true; one hears so much of the cities, which do not seem tempting, and of the tendency of every American, farmer or not, to turn into a *trader*, and a trader of the 'cutest and hardest kind. I do not think the bulk of the American nation at present gives one the impression of being made of fine enough clay to serve the highest pur-

¹ "The Plough and the Dollar; or the Englishry of a Century hence."

poses of civilisation in the way you expect; they are what I call *Philistines*, I suspect, too many of them. But the condition of life of the majority there is the wholesome and good one; there is immense hope for the future in that fact. — Most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To M. Fontanès.

ATHENEUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
June 29, 1883.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I have been reading you with interest, although I do not like Gambetta any more than George Sand did. I cannot myself think that his defence of France will count, either for France or for Gambetta, among the great feats of history, and the moral qualities of the man seem to me to be those, indeed, which France naturally admires, but not those which she most needs. When I read his very patriotic phrases, and when you tell us that he was *avant tout un patriote*, I think of Dr. Johnson's brusque saying, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is hard to practise the plain virtues, but not hard to *se griser de mots* about *la patrie*. What France wants is men with a passion for the plain virtues, and capable of inspiring this passion in others. His intellectual qualities, his perception of the law of evolution in politics, and his suppleness and adroitness in shaping his course accordingly, are far more remarkable. What you say of these qualities at page 22 of your lecture is very good indeed.

They seem to me rather Italian than French ; but whencesoever they proceed, they are not, although valuable, what France most needs, and cannot supply the place of this. I am much struck by what you say of his showing a sense of what France lost by the failure of the Reformation ; I had not met with this before ; it was only an *aperçu*, not a practical principle with him, but it was an *aperçu* of which I should hardly have supposed him capable. The sense of "the things by which men live," as Isaiah says, seems to me to be wearing out in France. Renan has much less of it than a person of far less regular life and conversation, and far less wide and exact attainments — Ste. Beuve. This gradual change is what strikes me most in your nation, and I think it your great danger. We over here have our great dangers too, but they are different.

The American book about which you ask is of no importance. I am going to see America with my own eyes. I shall pass the winter there and hold *des conférences*. Wish me well through it, and believe me, with affectionate regards from all of us,
 most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley, M.P.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, *August 10, 1883.*

MY DEAR MORLEY — To my surprise, I have just had a letter from your great leader offering me a pension of £250 "as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England." To my

further surprise, those about me think I ought to accept it, and I am told that — thinks the same. I have written to him, but have not yet got his answer.

I write to you, that, whatever his answer may be, I may be fortified by your opinion also, for I have an instinct which tells me that in matters of feeling you and I are apt to be in sympathy.

It seems to me that, the fund available for literary pensions being small, and literary men being numerous and needy, it would not look well if a man drawing already from the public purse an income of nearly £1000 a year took £250 a year more from the small public fund available for pensions to letters, science, and art.

I feel this so strongly that I should have at once refused, if it were not for those about me. Of course, I should be glad of an addition of £250, and if I find everybody thinking that my scruple is a vain one, I shall at least consider the matter very carefully, though really I do not feel at present as if I *could* accept the offer.

Let me have a line here as soon as possible, as I must send an answer to your Pericles. — Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

Fox How, August 16, 1883.

MY DEAR MORLEY — I relied on a dissuader from you; when you failed me I wrote to Lingen, but he too advised me to look at the daughters of the horse-leech, and govern myself accordingly. I have done

X so. I have written to your great leader, who has this morning read my acceptance. . . .

Lingen tells me, however, that Professor Owen has for some forty years held a pension along with his official salary as a Superintendent at the British Museum. This is a real precedent, but I still think there will be murmurs, and that I shall lose something of the "benevolentia civium," of which I have not too large a stock to begin with. "Magnum telum ad res gerendas existimare oportet benevolentiam civium," says Cicero, and how true it is, and what a pedant is Mommsen, who runs this charming personage down!—Ever yours affectionately,

M. A.

To Wyndham Slade.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE, August 28, 1883.

MY DEAR WYNDHAM—I was delighted to get your letter. How many years is it since we travelled in Tyrol together? And you have been here too! And this very afternoon I am going with the Forsters to the head of Troutbeck, where we came down on our return from Hawes Water. To-morrow Nelly and I go to Scotland, and then in a fortnight's time we must be back at Cobham, that I may prepare what I am going to say to the Americans. I hate going, but it has been proposed and canvassed so often that I had better go and have done with it.

As to the pension, I was at first in great doubts as to accepting it. However, my official friends were all for accepting, and the public so far seems

very kindly disposed about it. Only I hear the *Echo* says I am "a very Bonaparte" for rapacity.

The real comfort is the addition to my retiring allowance, when I have served my time two years hence. I might have been forced to go on inspecting, because the retiring allowance is so small that I could not have managed with it. Now I hope in two years time to be free to resign.

With love from us both to your wife, I am always, my dear Wyndham, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *Friday, October 5, 1883.*

MY DEAREST K. — Your long and delightful letter did me good. I hate going to America, but, as I do go, I wish to have before me other things, and to be able, when I leave America, to put to myself without shame Joseph de Maistre's beautiful question, "En quoi ai-j'avancé l'oeuvre générale, et que reste-t'il de moi en bien ou en mal?" I have nearly broken my heart over my first discourse,¹ but I think it will do. It is for New York, and I have now got it in print, and nearly in the exact form in which I hope to give it. To the Rede Lecture,² which is in general my doctrine on Studies as well as I can frame it, I have put a new introduction, to fit it for America. Of the third lecture, the literary one,³ I have not yet written a line, and,

¹ "Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant."

² "Literature and Science."

³ "Emerson."

of course, this is a cause of anxiety; but to attempt to write it in this last distracted week would probably be vain, and all I do is to re-read Emerson, and to consider what other people I may take in connexion with him. I have a strong sense of his value, which I am glad to say has deepened instead of diminishing on re-reading him. I always found him of more use than Carlyle, and I now think so more than ever. I should like to slip away from New York and see Concord, and the grave where Emerson is buried, and Boston Bay, all by myself, and then to write my lecture with this local impression fresh upon me. A Mr. Clarence King, a charming man, tells me his mother has a villa at Newport, where I can go and be entirely free for a week, and enjoy the last of the autumn, while at the same time composing my Emerson; but I fear I shall not be allowed to make these disappearances. Letters come pouring in, and I feel sure that Flu and Lucy will have a very interesting time. The kindness of people is wonderful. . . . We have had Mr. Nadal down for a night; he made himself very pleasant. He is not in the least "spread eagle," but yet he declares that he prefers the American landscape to the English. This gives me a new interest about it, as it must evidently have some feature in it which I am sure to find. I had fancied it quite monotonous. But how absurd to think that any landscape can be quite monotonous. If you see the new edition of *Literature and Dogma*, you will like what I have said of Lord Shaftesbury, in leaving out the too famous illustra-

tion; he is a man to whom I have always felt myself drawn. And now, my own dearest K., farewell. Your letter (let me say it again) was a great pleasure, and *you* are a great pleasure. I will write to you from the other side, if I get there. — Your most affectionate always,
M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, SURREY, *October 7, 1883.*

MY DEAREST FAN — Probably this will be my last letter from Cobham to you this year. It is a cold, still, gray morning, with a look and feel of frost, though we have not yet actually come to frost; indeed, I have never observed it below 40 at night — from 40 at night to 55 in the day is the present range. Our single dahlias are coming out, everything of the marigold kind is very gay, the veronica is in full beauty, the geraniums go on making fresh buds, and if we stayed, and the frost held off, we should be very gay a fortnight hence. The pampas grass is a sight. Yesterday was a perfect day. Flu returned to luncheon, and the Yates Thompsons came down with her; then Nelly and I walked with them as far as Fair Mile, where we left them, and came home by Leith Hill. The distant hills were beautiful. I thought of you in passing through a cleared corn-field full of marigolds. I send you one of them. Nelly gathered a handful, and they are very effective in a vase in the drawing-room. Last night we all four dined with Lady Ellesmere, and now we are not going to dine out any more, but

I lunch with Lady de Rothschild to-morrow. We have had ten partridges and two hares sent us in the last four or five days, so we have plenty to eat. To-morrow I go up to London for a school, and again on Wednesday; then I break off inspecting till next March. Everybody is very kind, and I hear all sorts of promising reports about America. A railway contractor who has just come back tells the Yates Thompsons that all the railway porters and guides have read my books! We are taking a good many introductions after all: the Secretaries at the American Legation thought it better. They say Lowell only knows at home Boston and Cambridge, and his advice as to social points cannot be followed for America generally. Philip Currie, of the Foreign Office, has given us letters to the British Legation at Washington, and to the British Consuls in the chief towns. I have got two of my lectures fairly printed and ready, and am getting much interested in the Emerson one. I shall be glad to have it to think of on the voyage. He did me a great deal of good formerly — far more than Carlyle ever did, and now, going back to him, I do not feel his merit less than I did formerly. I want to see Concord, and Boston Bay, and his grave, before I actually write this lecture.

I am very glad you have been at Sea Scale; I feel as if I should like to be going to pass the whole winter there with you alone. I feel as if, after once starting from here, I should never be alone again till my return (if I live to return) in the spring. But perhaps I shall get some solitary

moonlight hours on board ship, when people are gone to bed. We shall have the Hunter's moon for our passage, which is something. The servants are charming. They have given Flu a silver thimble, me a pincushion, and Lucy two tortoise-shell combs. Everybody is kind and interested about our expedition.

Good-bye, my dearest Fan. I hope to write to you next Sunday, though when the letter may be posted I cannot say, but I shall begin it then. —
Your most affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

SAINT NICHOLAS CLUB,
12 EAST TWENTY-NINTH STREET,
NEW YORK (*October 1883*).

MY DEAREST FAN — I was going to write on Sunday, but there was so much sea I could not. On Monday morning we landed, and ever since I have been in a whirl, hardly able to do more writing than the signing of my name, the demand for my autograph being incessant. Flu will have told you of our passage. We went straight from Ireland out into a gale on the Atlantic, and Monday was a horrid day with us all. Tuesday was not much better, but we all mended on Wednesday, though Lucy was never quite happy. On Monday we all stayed in bed — indeed, the decks were swept by the sea, and no one could be up there. Thursday was a beautiful day, and one saw the real beauty of the great ocean. Friday was intensely soft and warm, as we were near the Gulf Stream, but there was haze, which on

X.

Saturday became gloom and rain. However, we made a splendid passage, the boat and crew being so excellent as quite to excite enthusiasm. I did a good deal of reading — half a volume of Emerson's *Essays*, and the two thick volumes of his correspondence with Carlyle — the best memorial of Carlyle, I am inclined to think, which exists. My lecture on Emerson is pretty well formed in my head, and the passages marked which I mean to use for it — but oh, my dear Fan, how and when am I to write it? The blaring publicity of this place is beyond all that I had any idea of. My managers are anxious I should not refuse to see people, the press people above all, as the newspapers can do much for the success of the lectures. The men who interview one are better than you would suppose, many of them English adventurers with a history; but there are so many of them that from 8.30 A.M. to 10 P.M. the knocking at one's door and the bringing in of cards is incessant. But I will go back to the steamer. About one o'clock on Sunday night I suddenly felt we were in smooth water — the eternal swinging, which so tries my poor head on shipboard, had ceased. We had crossed the bar and were inside New York Bay. We anchored till morning, as ships cannot go up to the city till the quarantine officer has passed them. You may imagine I was on deck with the first light. We were lying off Staten Island, a beautiful *orné* landscape with spires, villas, hills, and woods. "Just like Richmond," I said to some one by me, "and not a single Mohican running about!" This precious speech has got into

the newspapers here. New York is about twenty-four miles up the Bay, and we were off the pier by nine o'clock. We expected a two or three hours' wait with our baggage, but Mr. Carnegie met us with his secretary, took all trouble off our hands, and bore us away up to the Windsor Hotel in a carriage. Since then, as I say, the interviewers have made life terrible. But the kindness and goodwill of everybody is wonderful, and I cannot but be grateful for it. I think the lectures will probably do well, but we shall see. You will think of me on the 30th. The lecture itself is all right, but I am not at all sure about my delivery of it. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

This is a delightful, poky, dark, exclusive, little old Club of the Dutch families in New York. It is the only place where I have found peace.

*To Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Literature
at Harvard University.*

BETWEEN PRINCETON AND NEW YORK,
October 21, 1883.

MY DEAR NORTON — Excuse pencil. I write in the train. You and the printers at Harvard have indeed done wonders. I return the corrected proofs. If I can find the fresh revise at Mrs. Field's on Saturday, that will do beautifully. Then they might strike off five or six copies for me on Monday. I keep the smudged original to bring to you when I come.

I think I will retain the comparison. It will

not hurt Emerson, and may give some pleasure to others.

We are looking forward to our visit to you. My wife comes from New York on the 28th, on which day we dine with Holmes. Next day is Thanksgiving Day. It will be most convenient to be the 28th and 29th at an hotel; but on Friday, the 30th, my wife will come to you, if that suits you. I must be lecturing in the country that day, but on Saturday after the lecture I will come out, and we will stay till after the Cambridge Park lecture — that is, till Wednesday, December 5th, if you will. Lucy will not be with us. She has a visit she *must* pay near here. — Ever yours, M. A.

Let us have a line to 78 Park Avenue, New York. And *do* make my admiring acknowledgments to your printers.

To his Younger Daughter.

THE CENTURY, 109 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, *October 27, 1883.*

MY DARLING CHILD — AS SOON as I have done my Emerson lecture I hope to write you a long letter every week, but at present I must give every spare moment to that horrid lecture. We got your delicious letter last night — your first to us on this side. It gave us quite an emotion. We dined out last night with some rich people called Shepard. She was a Miss Vanderbilt, and Lord Coleridge is staying with them — the house magnificent: it was pleasant, and they were all impressed by Coleridge's

affection for us three. He brought me in tremendously in a speech on Thursday night. I will send you the newspaper cutting. I am only afraid of his setting people a little against me by such praise. To-night Mr. Carnegie gives a great reception, to make me acquainted with people, and the lecture is on Tuesday. I am told the tickets are selling well, and all the literary and newspaper class are for me; but I cannot believe that I shall have the *gros public*. We shall see, however. We go to pay two visits in the country after the lecture, but by Monday week (5th November) we are to be at Boston, and you had better write to us at the Hotel Vendôme there. You would like the Windsor, where we now are, but we should not care to live in New York, though the bay and rivers are magnificent. My own darling Nelly, I must now stop, for I have a call to pay before luncheon. To-morrow I am to hear Mr. Ward Beecher preach, and then to be taken "a spin" by a Dr. Dennis behind two famous American trotters. — Your own always fondly loving PAPA.

To Miss Arnold.

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB, 319 FIFTH AVENUE,
Sunday, October 28, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — I have been invited to four clubs in New York — this, the Union Club, the Century Club, and the St. Nicholas Club. This is the smart club *par excellence*, and it is indeed a beautiful house, splendidly and luxuriously fur-

nished. The wealth of New York strikes me very much. We dined with the Shepards on Friday to meet the Coleridges. Mrs. Shepard is a sister of Vanderbilt, who is said to be the richest man living, and the house was as splendid as a house of the Rothschilds. . . . Coleridge was most affectionate, and his extraordinary eulogy of me produced a great impression here, and it is freely used as an advertisement for my lectures and books. I should say that it was a little too startling and strong for even this place, and a great deal too startling and strong for London. He says that he does not mean, of course, that I am so well known as several other people, but that I stand out from the crowd more than any one by reason of my ideas, the variety of my lines, etc. On the whole, the newspapers are taking me very kindly, and Chickering Hall, the great hall where I am to lecture, will be full, I believe. The tickets are said to be all sold—there are 1250 places, at a dollar each. But there may be a change of opinion at any moment. The *Chicago Tribune* is sent to me to-day with a violent attack upon me for lecturing for “filthy lucre,” and the people catch the cries of their newspapers wonderfully. Far the best paper here is the *Evening Post*, written by Godkin, an expatriated Anglo-Irishman. I think we sent it you the other day with an article of his. The reception last night was magnificent, and Flu and Lucy did their duty splendidly, though poor Lucy had a bilious headache. They will tell you about the reception and the decorations. What I like is

the way in which the people, far lower down than with us, live with something of the life and enjoyments of the cultivated classes. The young master of the hotel asked to present his steward to me last night, as a recompense to him for his beautiful arrangement of palms, fruit, and flowers in the great hall. The German boys who wait in the hair-cutting room and the clerks at the photographer's express their delight at seeing "a great English poet," and ask me to write in their autograph books, which they have always ready. This morning I have been to hear Ward Beecher. Places were kept, and his management of his voice and hold on his vast audience struck me wonderfully, but the sermon was poor. They said he knew I was coming, and was on his good behaviour, and therefore constrained. At the end of the service he came down into the area to see me, gave me the notes of his sermon, said that I had taught him much, that he had read my rebukes of him too, and that they were just and had done him good. Nothing could be more gracious and in better taste than what he said.

We go to Boston to-morrow week, but I am not sure how long we shall stay there. We are going to a dear old man on Thursday—a Mr. Charles Butler, who made a pilgrimage to Fox How in 1852; we were none of us there. He lives in the country, and from him we go to pay another country visit, returning to New York on Thursday, 5th November, and thence going to Boston next day. Your first letter reached us on Friday night, with

one from Nelly and one from Eliza.¹ It is delightful to hear from you. Now I must go home and dress for dinner. I am getting on a little with the Emerson lecture, but there will be a good deal of pressure to finish it amid all the interruptions besetting me. — Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

Tell dear K. I shall write to her as soon as I have got my Emerson lecture written.

To the Same.

THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB,
85 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON,
November 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — Here is Thursday, and my Sunday letter has not yet been written; but you have heard from Flu, and she will have given you some notion of what our life here is. I hope, however, to write once in every week to you. I wrote last from New York, before my first lecture. I was badly heard, and many people were much disappointed; but they remained to the end, were perfectly civil and attentive, and applauded me when I had done. It made me doubtful about going on with the lecturing, however, as I felt I could not maintain a louder pitch of voice than I did in Chickering Hall, where I lectured, and some of the American halls are much larger. There is a good deal to be learned as to the management of the voice, however, and I have set myself to learn it, though I am old to begin; the kindness of the

¹ A maid-servant.

people here makes everything easier, as they are determined to like one. The strength of the feeling about papa, here in New England especially, would gratify you; and they have been diligent readers of my books for years. The number of people whom, somehow or other, I reach here is what surprises me. Imagine General Grant calling at the *Tribune* Office to thank them for their good report of the main points of my lecture, as he had thought the line taken so very important, but had heard imperfectly! Now I should not have suspected Grant of either knowing or caring anything whatever about me and my productions. Last night I gave my New York lecture here. The hall was crammed, but it only holds 900, where the New York hall holds 1300; I had refused to try a bigger hall here. I was introduced by Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, a dear little old man, and perfectly heard. I spoke much better than at New York, and shall improve still further, I hope. Holmes told me he could not have believed such an audience could have been gathered for a lecture in the heat of their election of a Governor for the State of Massachusetts; and he said also that he had never seen such attention and interest. We went from New York to Mr. Charles Butler at Fox Meadow — a beautiful old character with a delightful daughter. Lyulph Stanley sent us to him. From him we went to the Delanos, 90 miles up the Hudson. She was a Miss Astor, and it was like staying with the Rothschilds. All along the Hudson it is like the rich and finished villas along

the Thames by Richmond. We came here on Monday night. Next week we shall be paying visits, but we shall be on and off here for a month to come. Imagine my getting a cordial letter from Louis Claude, entreating me "as an old Ambleside boy" to come and visit him somewhere out on the way to St. Paul. I have also heard from a Mr. Newberry, son of an old Laleham pupil of whom you have heard mamma speak; he remembers me as a little child, and wants to come and see me. I have scores of interesting things of this kind to tell you, but must stop now. We dine to-night with Norton at Cambridge; on Saturday we go to Newport. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,

November 15, 1883.

MY DEAREST K. — I am hard driven, but there is no one at home who so often comes into my mind, I think, over here as your dear, dear self, and I must scratch you a line at any rate. We are here with a nice old couple called Clark. We met their daughter in New York. This is said to be, for its size, the richest town in New England, and Mr. Clark was the richest merchant in it. He has retired from business, is seventy-seven years old, and occupies himself in good works. It is exactly like the wealthy Quaker families I have stayed in when inspecting in England; only Mr. Clark is much more free in his religious ideas than they were,

and the whole family have, compared with our middle class at home, that buoyancy, enjoyment, and freedom from constraint which are everywhere in America, and which confirmed me in all I have said about the way in which the aristocratic class acts as an *incubus* upon our middle class at home. This universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the best English qualities are clean gone; the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They say Washington had it, as our Lord Althorp had it, and as so many of us have it still in England; but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all the day long. It is very fatiguing. I thank God it only confirms me in the desire to "hide my life," as the Greek philosopher recommended, as much as possible. They are very kind, inconceivably kind, and one must have been accustomed to the total want of real popular interest among the English at home in anything but politics to feel the full difference of things here. The newspapers report all one's goings about and sayings — the Commodore at Newport sends to put his launch at my disposal, Blaine telegraphs to the New York press his regrets that he cannot come up on purpose to hear me lecture, General Grant thanks the *Tribune* for reporting me so fully — and so on. It is perfectly astounding, but there is not much real depth in it all. I have liked best a visit to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. You remember how

papa talked of New Hampshire and said he would emigrate there if he emigrated to the States at all. I stayed with a professor, a widower, in a small way of life, and saw what this small way was — it is better than with us. Still, what we call a gentleman has a tremendous pull in the old world — or at any rate in England — over the gentleman here. What it is in the towns, to have practically no cabs and to be obliged to use trams, you cannot imagine. It is as if in our Stockwell expedition we had had to get there by the tram, with two or three changes, and a walk at each end, and the chance of bad weather. And every one has to use these who has not a carriage. It is the best country for a Rothschild I ever knew, his superior pull is so manifest. We stayed with a sort of Rothschild on the Hudson — a Delano married to an Astor; but he grumbled, ungrateful man, because every one took a right of way through his grounds just as they pleased. But what made me think of you was the living power which papa's memory was still in that New Hampshire community at Dartmouth College. All through New England, however, he has had a prodigious effect, and perhaps he, like Luther, has been less pushed out by new men and new things than in the old world. Flu and Lucy enjoy it all, I think, though they get very tired. We had an immense reception here last night — the Governor and Senator for this sterling little old State of Connecticut, and every one thence downwards. The night before last I dined and slept at Barnum's. He said my

lecture¹ was "grand," and that he was determined to belong to *the remnant*; that term is going the round of the United States, and I understand what Dizzy meant when he said that I performed "a great achievement" by launching phrases.² My love to William. Tell him it is curious to find how one is driven here to study the "technique" of speaking, and how one finds it may be learnt like other things. I could not half make myself heard at first, but I am improving. A Professor Churchill, said to be "the best elocutionist in the United States," came twice from Andover to Boston on purpose to try and be of use to me, because, he said, he had got more pleasure from F. Robertson, Ruskin, and me than from any other men. This will give you a good notion of their kindness. Now I must stop. We go to Boston to-morrow, then on Monday back to New York. Love to all your dear party. — Your most affectionate brother,
M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,

November 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — Since I last wrote I have had your letter, and very pleasant it was to receive it. . . . It is unnatural to me to speak so slowly and elaborately as in these great buildings; and to people unfamiliar with the English intonation, I am obliged to do so in order to be heard; but I *can*

¹ "Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant."

² See p. 219.

do it, and am now doing it quite easily. Last week I spoke to an audience of at least 3000 — I am told now 3500 — at Brooklyn, and was heard perfectly by every one. When I read my poetry I am apt to forget my audience and to repeat for my own delectation, but I shall get over this also next time. There is always a pleasure to me in doing a new thing, which looks like a thing you cannot well do, and which people say you will not be able to do. At present I am bored by having to repeat my Literature and Science so often. There is a perfect craze in New England for hearing it, but I hope the big cities will be more rational. The Emerson lecture is ready, and will be given here next Saturday. I cannot be quite sure how they will like it here, but I am satisfied with it, and so would Emerson himself have been, I think, and it will be liked in England, and will help his fame there. To-night I lecture at Worcester, a Massachusetts city of 50,000 inhabitants, of which you have never heard. On Friday I lecture at Salem, famous for its witches. Last night I was at Newton, a kind of rural suburb of Boston, as Hornsey is of London. I dined with a medical man, a Dr. Stone, as I so often dined or lunched with like people at places such as Hornsey. Dr. Stone, his wife, and family might all have been English, barring the accent of the eldest daughter. The father, an old minister of eighty-three, had come in from the country ever so many miles to hear me. *Literature and Dogma* has certainly done good here in New England; at a critical moment it has led

many back again to the study of the Bible, and has given reality to the study of it. The people last night were all full of papa, and the little boys were reading *Tom Brown* with delight. They were brighter than the corresponding people in England, and their dinner prettier; the abundance of fruit and ice is a great thing. They are cold audiences, but deeply attentive. They are excellent people, but their press seems to me at present an awful symptom. Flu joins me from New York to-morrow, and we shall go together to hear Phillips Brooks on Thanksgiving Day. He is delightful. You would also greatly like Mrs. Fields, with whom we are staying. But the people I particularly fancy are two daughters of Rufus Choate — a Mrs. Bell and a Mrs. Pratt; they are called the twins, though twins they are not; but they are twins in a real genius for lively, *spirituel*, *enjoué* talk. I send you a letter about the family, as these things interest you. My travelling is done in great comfort, as the agents send a man with me (a gentleman), who finds out my trains, takes my tickets, sees to my lights, and saves me all trouble. But every one is most kind. — Your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

To his Younger Daughter.

BOSTON, November 29, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD — I have carried this about with me for some days meaning to write to you, but have had interruption after interruption. Now I am sitting down in the Somerset Club at Boston

(a first-rate club) determined not to get up from my seat till my letter is written. I am staying with Mrs. Fields here — a *lovely* woman, as they say here — which means not a sweetly beautiful woman, but what we call a “very nice” woman. Mamma and Lucy are at New York; they are in good quarters, and had both got tired of knocking about. I was used to the sort of thing in my old inspecting days, and bear it pretty well, but there is more of it than I expected. To-night I go out to a place called Newton, to-morrow to another place in Massachusetts, a town of 50,000 inhabitants called Worcester; at both I give the lecture on Literature and Science, which they are all eager to hear out here, because the question is so much discussed in relation to the schools here, and everybody cares about schools. I get as sick of the lecture myself as Lord Hartington is said to get of his own speeches before he is through with them. On Wednesday mamma joins me, and we dine with Dr. Holmes, the one survivor of the old Boston notabilities. Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, an annual day of thanksgiving for the Fathers of the Settlement and its welfare; we are to pass it with Mrs. Fields. On Saturday I give the Emerson lecture for the first time; it will be to a high-paying audience in the little Chickering Hall here, which holds at most 500. So many of the less wealthy class wish to hear it that it is to be repeated in Tremont Temple the week after, with a charge of half a dollar, instead of a dollar. Tremont Temple seats 2000 people. The price here

must be a uniform one; they will not stand two classes, and so one cannot do what seems the natural thing and charge a dollar for the first ten rows of seats and half a dollar for the rest of the hall. Dear old Whittier came to meet me at luncheon yesterday. I have got his autograph for you, Holmes's, and Hawthorne's; but I hope to get a better one of Hawthorne's. The newspapers are too amusing. I do not see half the things, as I have not time or inclination to read the papers (they are the worst and most disquieting thing here), but people tell me of them. A man in one of the western cities is described as hurrying home to his wife with a placard — "Martin Luther Celebration." "What is it?" he asks his wife. "The distinguished English lecturer, to be sure," says she. "Run at once to the bureau and buy tickets to hear him." At Newport they showed me the following in a newspaper: "The Baptist Union recommend all good Christians to give at least two hours to reading their Bible for every hour they give to hearing Matthew Arnold. This shows that in the judgment of the Baptist Union Matthew Arnold's doctrine is very nearly twice as powerful as that of the Bible." I might fill my paper with these stories. I thought of you at Newport, my darling; it is the most beautiful sea and sea walk I ever saw in my life; the wooden villas are many of them exquisite too. The cliffs are not much, and the country is not much, but the sea has an unspeakable charm. There are many nice people here, and I am very kindly treated, but I long for

home. However, I shall go through with it, and, if one has any spirit, there is a pleasure in doing what you are not used to, and what many people say you cannot do. Your letters have been delicious. Love to your dear aunt K. — Your loving
PAPA.

To Charles J. Leaf.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 6, 1883.

MY DEAR LEAF — YOUR letter reached me yesterday. I ought to have kept my promise of writing to you soon after my first lecture, but if you knew how I have to run about you would forgive all failures in my correspondence. I am just returned from Taunton, a town about twenty-five miles from here, where they make locomotives. I stayed at the house of a Mr. Sanford, who has been Speaker of the State Assembly of Massachusetts — a rich man, and a very pretty house — with a good-looking wife and daughters. They meet one at the train, have a good dinner (but very unlike ours) at six o'clock, then at a quarter to eight drive me to the Lecture Hall, and drive me back after the lecture at half-past nine, generally to a reception and supper. There was no reception last night, however, thank God. This morning we all came up by the train, the Greek professor at Harvard, whom I think Walter¹ knows, and a pleasant Professor Child, a great authority on ballad poetry, being of the party. I came here to write to you. I am invited to all the clubs, and this is one of the best

¹ Walter Leaf, Fellow of Trinity.

clubs in the world. At half-past one I go to Wellesley, for a *matinée*, as it is called — that is, I lecture at three in the afternoon to 500 young ladies of Wellesley College and their 50 professors. Lyon Playfair tells me the College is an excellent one, and that the young ladies are charming. They have telegraphed to beg for the lecture on Emerson, which will be an agreeable change to me after for ever giving the lecture on Literature and Science. Here in New England every one is full of the Education question, and of the contest between letters and science more particularly; and all the country places want to hear me on Literature and Science. When I get to the great towns I have to give the lecture on Numbers. I get back at six to dine with Phillips Brooks at seven. I shall tell him I have heard from you, and that you ask for him. He is nicer than ever. To-morrow I go to Amherst, a university town at the other end of Massachusetts, returning to pass Sunday with some people called Sanders at Haverhill. He made a great fortune by the telephone, and has a beautiful place on a lake out there. Mrs. Arnold is going with me. We are staying here with some people called Page, friends of the Wordsworths, who have a fine house in Boston. Lucy is in New York; some dear people there, an old Mr. Charles Butler and his daughter, will not part with her, and their house is our home in New York. Lucy is very gay, and every one makes a great fuss with her. Next week I have four lectures in this neighbourhood, concluding with a lecture in Tremont

Temple, a hall in Boston which seats over 2000 people, to give a popular audience the opportunity of hearing my lecture on Emerson; then we go to Washington and Baltimore. The English papers never come here, and I have no time to read the American ones. The papers in England seem, by what you say, to have made too much of the failure in audibility at the first lecture; it never really endangered my success, as every one who read the report of the lecture was interested; I had no doubt that I could be heard with a little trouble. The "elocution lessons" were merely that a theological professor here, who is a capital speaker himself, and who is interested in me from my writings, went twice for twenty minutes to the hall with me when it was empty, heard me read, and stopped me when I dropped my voice at the end of sentences, which was the great trouble. I get along all right now, and have never failed to *draw* for a moment. As to pecuniary results, so many lectures were sold throughout New England for a fee of 150 dollars before I came — a fee which is 50 dollars above the usual fee, but which cannot make your fortune — that I hardly know what to say. Of course, I shall make something, but I suspect it will not be over £1000. It will depend on the large towns where we do not sell the lecture but speculate; *i.e.*, take a hall, run the risk, bear the expenses, and take all the profits. Any way, I have learnt a good deal by coming, and am glad to have come. My love to your wife and Walter. —
Affectionately yours,
M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
Saturday, December 8, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — I do not think I have yet let a week pass, from Sunday to Sunday, without writing to you, and I will not do so now, for in your last letter of 20th November you complained of having been long without a letter. This was owing to the bad passages the ships have been making. I am driven hard as usual. Yesterday I left Flu with the Pages here, the Wordsworths' friends, and took the eleven o'clock train to Amherst, a hundred and twenty miles from Boston, and the seat of a university. In the train Jane's letter and a charming note from Miss Emerson were brought to me. Miss Emerson wrote to say that she found not a word in the lecture on her father to give her pain. However, I am not going to read that lecture at Concord — it is too much of a literary criticism. Many here object to my not having praised Emerson all round, but that was impossible. I have given him praise which in England will be thought excessive, probably; but then I have a very, very deep feeling for him. One hears so much of him here, and what one hears is so excellent, that Flu and Lucy, who really know nothing about him, have become quite attached to him. Well, I was saying that I went to Amherst yesterday. I got there about three. It is a pretty village near the Connecticut River, with picturesque lines of hill in the landscape. I found the President of the University, with whom I stayed, had

dined at twelve, thinking I should dine "on board" the train, as they say here. However, I said a lunch of bread and butter and tea would do perfectly for me, and then we went a walk into the country, and at six we sat down to tea — the President (who is a widower), his three daughters, and a favourite student, who perhaps is going to marry one of the daughters. At tea we had exquisite rolls, broiled oysters, and preserved peaches — nothing else — and iced water or tea to wash it down. For once, this suits me perfectly well. I had had a great dinner with Phillips Brooks — venison and champagne — the day before. Then we walked up to the chapel where the lecture was. We had 650 people, the place quite full, and I spoke well. Then we walked back, and had a supper of apples and pears (excellent), sponge cakes and chocolate. I went to bed soon after ten, for at half-past five I had to get up to catch a train at a quarter to seven. The daughters like early rising, and all breakfasted with me. A porridge made of split oat groats, which I am beginning to like (one takes it with cream), a roll, and a cup of tea did for me very well. There was an immense beef steak, but that was too much for me so early. Since I got here I have been shaved, had my letters, seen my agents, and am now going to the Pages to pick up Flu. We go down to Haverhill for Sunday — an exquisite place, belonging to a man called Sanders, who has made a great fortune by the telephone. I had been there before, and they wanted me to bring Flu. She will be

very comfortable, and they will drive us after church to-morrow to see what Washington pronounced the most beautiful view in New England.
— Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 13, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — Here it is wonderfully fine; two slight drizzlings are all the rain we have had this month; no snow, and not excessive frosts; almost continual sunshine, and such sunsets behind the spires of Boston, and over the immense expanse of western sky visible here, as you never saw. I have bought a pair of *arctics*, the lined waterproof boots which everybody here wears in winter over their boots or shoes, but I have not yet worn them. The day after to-morrow I leave New England. Boston . . . has been very kind to me, and I am sorry to think that I shall see it no more. Last night I lectured at Concord. I did not give the Emerson lecture, as it was a free criticism of him on the literary side, and I did not wish to stand up in his town as a critic of him; but Miss Emerson wrote me a charming note about my lecture on him from the summary given in the newspapers, and his family and literary executor are perfectly satisfied. I give the lecture to-morrow night to a popular audience of some 2000 people here. We went to Concord at five yesterday afternoon; it is about twenty miles off. The Emersons sent to meet us. They live in the house which

Emerson himself built, about a mile from the station; a good house with nine acres of ground. The house is much more English in its distribution and furniture than most of the houses here. I had told Fanny Lucy to expect something like Rydal Mount, but it was nothing like that — all the modern improvements were present. Mrs. Emerson is eighty-one, of great height, and an invalid. She is still one of the handsomest women you ever saw, with manners of high distinction. She was brought up a strict Calvinist, and never approved her husband's views. He called her "Queeny," and she does indeed look like a queen and rules the house. We dined at six, and all except Mrs. Emerson went to the lecture along the frozen road by which the British troops retreated — the high road from Concord to Boston. I gave the lecture on Numbers. This morning I left with them, by request, the lecture on Emerson to read, and we departed, after driving round to Concord Bridge and the monument with Dr. Emerson and his sister. It is a very pleasing country — gentle hills, and New England homesteads, and elm-bordered roads (such elms!), and the quiet river flowing through it. Emerson's lines on the monument you know. They are very fine —

" Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Tell William he should get and read his correspondence with Carlyle, if he has not already done so. It gives a most favourable impression of both the

friends. Now I must be off to Andover, some twenty-three miles. I am quite well, and have as yet had no cold or hoarseness. — Ever your affectionate
M. A.

To his Younger Daughter.

SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
December 14, 1883.

MY DARLING CHILD — It seems too long since I wrote to you. Your last letter was delightful. Two of the former ones had been rather scraps, but then I like your letters so much that I could wish they never came to an end. This is tiring work here, but at all events, it goes successfully, and I see a great many things and people that I shall afterwards be glad to have seen. To-night I give my last lecture in New England, at Tremont Temple here in Boston. I have rather a swelled throat, or I should not mind it a bit, but to speak to 2000 people with a swelled throat is rather trying. However, I have two days' rest after to-night. On Monday night I begin again at Washington. The managers have chosen a stupid lecture for that particular place — Literature and Science — and I do not expect a good audience. Last night's history will give you a good notion of my life in New England. After seeing mamma off at one I took shelter in this capital club to write my letters. I was invaded once or twice, but am better here than anywhere else. At a private house it is callers all day long. At four I walked to the station for Andover, a town twenty miles off, where

there is a theological seminary and a famous school. I was met at the station by a Professor Churchill, a very nice man, with whom I was to stay. He drove me up in an excellent hired carriage. The hired carriages are first-rate here. Mrs. Churchill is a pretty little woman, with two boys, one of fourteen, the other of five, an old dog and a tabby cat, which did me the honour to visit my bedroom at night. At six we had tea — it was really dinner, only there were no liquors. Then I dressed, found the students waiting outside the door to escort me to the Lecture Hall, was cheered by them, and walked to the Hall (a fine moonlight night — it is always fine here) with Miss Phelps, who wrote *Gates Ajar*. At the Hall I was again cheered, then I gave the lecture on Emerson, and was cheered again, then walked home, and a reception was held, with all Andover at it. “Glad to see you in our country, sir, and to tell you how much I have enjoyed your works,” is pretty much what every one says. Scalloped oysters (with iced water and coffee) at eleven, when the people are gone; bed, called at seven, breakfast at eight with a party of professors and their wives — coffee, fruit, fish-balls, potatoes, hashed veal, and mince-pies, with rolls and butter. Then I was driven to the station by Professor Churchill, introduced by him to a “leading citizen,” who talked to me all the way to Boston, and am now writing to you. Presently I shall be taken over a publishing house and a newspaper-office, neither of which I care to see; then I shall lunch with my agent and try my

voice in Tremont Temple; then I shall pay some calls of farewell; then dine at the house of my agent's father, where I sleep; then the lecture; then early to-morrow morning to New York. My darling Nelly, good-bye. I see the *Saturday Review* was not very nice about the birthday book,¹ but never mind. I kiss in fancy your brown head, and am your own loving PAPA.

To the Same.

RICHMOND, December 19, 1883.

MY DARLING NELLY — I must write to you from the capital of the Southern States, and the farthest point south that I shall reach. I left New York the day before yesterday in frost, with snow on the ground; snow lay all the way to Washington, though there it became less. At Washington I lectured, and I send you a cutting with a characteristic account of the lecture. This sort of thing appears every day. It is so common that one does not think of cutting it out and sending it, but I got this as I was getting into the train yesterday, and kept it for you. I started from Washington yesterday about eleven, and after we crossed the Potomac the snow disappeared altogether, the sun came out quite hot, and we had a beautiful journey along the great inlets of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay for the first part, and then through a woody country afterwards, where was the hardest

¹ The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book, arranged by his daughter, Eleanor Arnold. 1883.

fighting during the war between North and South. I passed Fredericksburg, where a great battle was, in which Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. At Washington I had a letter and a telegram from a General Anderson, asking me to stay with him at Richmond; I accepted, hearing that the hotels at Richmond were bad. At the station was a gentlemanlike, erect old man with a white moustache, and an open carriage and pair with two black servants. We drove through the rather ragged streets of Richmond—a city of 70,000 people, which suffered terribly in the war, but is now recovering. Imagine my delight after the poverty of New England winter vegetation, of which you can form no idea,—not a laurel, not a holly—to find the magnolia growing, a standard tree, in the gardens before the Richmond houses. There was the horse-chestnut too, which I have never seen in the North, and fine planes. We drove to a capital house standing alone, with a large garden behind it; here I found more black servants, and Mrs. Anderson. I was most kindly received. Virginia, of which Richmond is the capital, was colonised not by the Puritans, but by English gentry, and the liking for England and its ways, and for the better sort of English people, has never failed. Mrs. Anderson has been an extremely pretty woman; her father was a great planter, who lived in an immense house in the country, with at least a hundred servants, I am told—all blacks. She had three brothers in the Confederate Army, two of them generals and one a colonel; the colonel

and one of the generals were killed. It was getting dark, but she took me out a drive to show me the view of the city with the James River bending through it, and sending up a beautiful sound from its rapids—no trout, though, tell Dick. But my great pleasure was the Cemetery, where is a great pyramid over the common soldiers of the Confederate Army who fell in the war; but the beauty of the garden is in its dells and trees—such magnolias, such red-berried hollies, such oaks! It was dark when we got home, but I found callers, and then dressed with a good fire in my room, which even here one is glad of. There was a party at dinner, the cloth drawn after dinner in the old English fashion, and excellent Madeira; then we went to the lecture in a tumble-down old hall, but it did very well, as I was sure it would. My agents were against my coming here, and said I would have no audience, but I had all the “old families,” who in general do not go to lectures; one gentleman came in twenty miles on an engine to hear me. Then I was taken to a ball by Mrs. Anderson, that I might see their beauties; I saw a good many pretty people, and one *very* pretty; also I was introduced to Miss Stonewall Jackson and her mother. We came back here, and I went to bed after hearing much about the war. I am asked to go down and stay at a country house near the sea to shoot duck, and at another up the country to shoot deer, but I must return to the North and my lecturing. I am going to drive about here this forenoon to see the town, and above all, to

x see the schools of coloured children — dem little things. To-morrow I lecture at Baltimore, and next morning join mamma and Lucy at Washington. Lucy has been having a good time at New York. Kiss Dick for me, and speak very, very kindly to a certain pair of boys,¹ Miss Nelly. Tell them poor old master has broken one of his few remaining front teeth in trying to peel an orange — a great loss. I expect to like Washington, where we stay over Christmas Day; then we go to Philadelphia. Remember me to Eliza and Jane.² And now, my dearest, dearest child, I must stop. — Your own loving PAPA.

To Mrs. Forster.

WASHINGTON, December 22, 1883.

x MY DEAREST K. — At Baltimore I had my first bad audience — only about 200 people — but this week of Christmas is a thoroughly bad one for lecturing, everybody having engagements at home. I shall lecture again at Baltimore to-night, being advertised to lecture, but I do not expect much of an audience. I lecture at Philadelphia next week, which is still so much of a Quaker city as not to keep Christmas like Baltimore and New York. MacVeagh, Ellis Yarnall, and a circle of friends there have, besides, taken my affairs into their hands, and have strength enough, probably, to counteract the season. I thought much of you, and more of William, at Richmond. When I got

¹ The dachshounds.

² Maid-servants.

to Washington I found a telegram from a General Anderson at Richmond begging me to stay with him. The journey itself was most interesting—snow disappearing, sun shining, evergreen shrubs appearing in the woods, and the great inlets of Chesapeake Bay giving life to the landscape continually. General Anderson, a gentlemanlike old man with a white moustache, was waiting for me at the station with an open carriage and two black servants, and drove me through streets in which standard magnolias were growing to his house. . . .

The next morning I insisted on being taken to some of the coloured schools, and most interesting they were. People like the Andersons are very kind to their negroes, but don't yet like their being educated; however, they approved of my going to see the schools. The children are neater and better dressed than the Irish scholars in Boston. The negro is getting more wages in the tobacco manufactories at Richmond than the poor white gets. The astonishing thing is the line of demarcation between the white and the negro in the South still. I saw children who I took for granted were whites, and said, "So the races are educated together." "No," said the superintendent, "there is a law against it throughout the South; the children you see have a strain of negro blood in them, and are so returned by their parents." I had to make a little speech to them, and in return they sang for me "Dare to be a Daniel" with negro energy. I could have passed hours there. Then I went to the Capitol, and saw both Houses of Legislature in

session; the dirt, untidiness, and spitting were quite Southern here, and remind one of all that Trollope and Dickens say. But the interest of people in seeing me and in speaking of England, "the mother country," as they still call it, was touching. I wish I could have gone deeper into the South. If I ever come back to America, it will be to see more of the South. — Your ever most affectionate brother, my dearest K., M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

HANCOCK STREET,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA,
December 27, 1883.

MY DEAREST FAN — Last week I was on the point of writing to you, but finding that Flu was sending off to you a long letter, I wrote to Jane instead. Now I have just had your letter of the 7th; we got it, along with one from Nelly of the same date, on our arrival here yesterday. This is a very pretty suburb of Philadelphia — when I say suburb, it is full six miles out. We are staying with some people who asked us at New York, and who are so glad to have us that it is quite pleasant to give them that pleasure. We are very comfortable, moreover, and these warm houses will quite spoil one for English houses with their chill rooms and frozen passages. We are full of designs of putting an American stove into the Cottage. The thermometer has been at 28 *below zero* in New England, at a place where I lectured; in New York, where Flu and Lucy were, it was down to zero;

where I have been, at Washington and Baltimore, it has not been below 20 above zero. But there has been horrid snow, even at Washington, and now I suppose we are in for it until our return. I have a number of friends here. I had a requisition asking me to give a poetical reading, which my agents have had printed, as it was signed by about twenty-five of the leading people in the place, and the leading families of Philadelphia are much thought of. Mr. Welsh, whom you will remember Minister in London, lives here, and signed the requisition; also MacVeagh, who was Attorney-General, the Whartons, the Biddles, and a number of names which to you say nothing, but to an American say a great deal. Flu will send you an account of a party given in her honour by Mrs. Leiter, with whom we stayed at Washington. Christmas time is a shocking time for lecturing, but my agents insisted on filling the time, and the consequence was that in Baltimore I had a real bad audience, only about 200 people, and a frozen hall too, in which I caught cold, but the cold is now going. Here too the audience would be bad if it were not for the friends I have among the leading people, and the way in which they work to make their acquaintance give up their Christmas engagements and come to my lectures. The Wests (he is British Minister) asked us to dinner for two days at Washington, but we could not go either. We had a very pleasant dinner with the Henry Adamses, and I had a men's dinner with dear old Bancroft, which was most interesting, as I met the

really best men in Congress; three senators — Bayard, Sherman, and Gibson — struck me particularly, as they would be distinguished men in politics anywhere: Gibson for choice; he is senator for Louisiana, and served in the Southern army during the war. The President was away when we arrived, and only returned on Christmas Day, but he said he should like to receive us, as we were leaving the next morning, so General Hawley, the senator for Connecticut, took us to the White House at half-past three on Christmas Day afternoon. The house is far handsomer than I expected. The President is a good-looking man, with pleasant, easy manners. He told Lucy that if we would stay on in Washington he would “make himself personally responsible” for her enjoying her winter there more than even in New York. To-night we go in to Philadelphia for a dinner which our hosts give in our honour at the Bellevue Hotel. To-morrow I give the Emerson lecture, on Saturday I lecture in Jersey City, which is opposite New York, and then we have a day or two of rest in New York, as every one keeps the New Year, and it is useless to lecture. On the 3rd and 4th of January I lecture in New York; then we go to Buffalo and Niagara, I lecturing at places on the way. From Buffalo I think Lucy will return to New York, and Flu will accompany me to the West. Lucy enjoys herself so much in New York, and the Butlers so like having her, that we like her to stay there. Now I must stop. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

This day two months, at latest, we start on our voyage home, I hope!

To the Same.

NEW YORK, *January 1, 1884.*

MY DEAREST FAN — I have half an hour's quiet in an admirable club here (the Union League), and I will employ it in writing to you, though I wrote only a few days since. A happy New Year to you, you dear girl, and many of them! . . . Philadelphia is the most attractive city I have yet seen over here. I prefer it to Boston. We saw Christ Church, the oldest Anglican Church in America, which interested Arthur Stanley so much, where they still have the royal arms in the vestry, and the prayer-book with a meanly-printed prayer for the President pasted across the prayer for George the Third. The church is in the decorated Georgian style inside, which one used to see in the churches of the wealthy parishes round London; and they have the good taste to keep this style for Christ Church, where Gothic would be quite unmeaning. I have had a baddish cold, but am now better, though my head is stuffy and my throat not quite comfortable. I have had a lull of two or three days for the New Year holidays, but begin lecturing again to-morrow. I go 200 miles to lecture at the other end of New York State, which is nearly as big as England, returning here at night in a sleeping-car. On the evening of the day of my return I lecture at Brooklyn, and at New York on the day following. Perhaps

when I retire (if I live to retire) I shall come back here and visit the South and California; the audience I have in this country is really important, besides. But all this is prospective; at present I have to get through the cold West, where we shall have the thermometer commonly below zero. But one is wonderfully protected by the warmth of the cars in travelling, and of the houses when one is stationary. I hear the Longfellow girls, who are now at Girton, in England, are aghast at the cold, and the helpless way in which we endure it — and well they may be. England is still in the condition, in this respect, in which New England was half a century ago; if we had the cold of New England we should have been forced to improve matters, but we have a quantity of needless suffering as it is. — Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

DETROIT, *January 18, 1884.*

MY DEAREST FAN — It seems an age since I wrote to you, though I think it was only last week, from Utica.

I went on next week to a small college at Cayuga Lake, a beautiful lake forty miles long and three broad, in the old Indian territory, divided by a strip of undulating woody country, seven miles wide, from another similar lake, Seneca Lake (called from the Seneca Indians, not from the Roman philosopher), to the west. It was the same severe weather which we have had ever since

Christmas — snow on the ground and hard frost, though the frost we have is not so severe, by any means, as what we read of; it ranges from 15 to 20 of Fahrenheit. I cannot tell you the pleasure of going to my window in the morning and looking out upon Cayuga Lake rolling blue and free before me. The middle and upper part of this lake never freezes, it is so deep. On the lower part, on my journey to Buffalo next day, I saw a sledge standing still on the snowy, frozen lake, with the horses half turned round, which struck me as the only picturesque thing I have seen in America; the picturesque is the rarest of things here, and the people have even less of the artist feeling than we have. I had a long day to Buffalo, but arrived there to find very comfortable quarters at a Mr. Milburn's, the leading lawyer there, an Englishman, who went out young, and married and settled in Buffalo. He is very nice, and so is his wife. Flu and Lucy joined us from Utica late in the evening. I had a very good house in Buffalo, and I think we sent you the Buffalo paper with the account of the lecture. Next day was Sunday — bitterly cold; the snow is heaped up in the streets of Buffalo higher than we have seen it anywhere. Buffalo is a place of 150,000 people, a commanding centre of trade between the East and the West. There, as elsewhere, it was affecting to find how many people thought themselves helped by me, and were looking forward to seeing me. On Monday Milburn took us to Niagara; it is an expensive expedition, but we had not a far-

thing to pay, and it was organised perfectly. You know Niagara from pictures, but, of course, you should see it, and to see it in winter, with the trees bare and the gigantic icicles hanging down the precipices, is even better, I should think, than to see it in summer. Above the rapids, just close to the river edge, I broke off a bit of arbor vitæ as a remembrance; the arbor vitæ is the evergreen shrub of the banks, as the holly might be with us. Just as we came out through the wood on Goat Island to the edge of the great fall an American eagle rose close to us, and flew, with his wide wings outspread, slowly across the fall. I have never seen an eagle (a wild one) so close before. Next morning I started early for Cleveland, and the others followed later. The railroad goes along the southern shore of Lake Erie. One sees vineyards and peach orchards as one approaches Cleveland, but Lake Erie is an unmoving sheet of snow like a frozen ocean, and everything is pinched and dead. At Cleveland, I again had a large audience, and a charming man to introduce me, Colonel John Hay, who was Lincoln's private secretary. From Cleveland I went to Oberlin, an evangelical college, as we should say, where black students are educated along with white. I stayed in the President's house, the simplest and plainest living, on the whole, that I have seen in America. I have been interrupted by callers, as usual, and must now close this. — Your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

We return by the *Servia* on 5th March.

To his Younger Daughter.

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
Sunday, January 21, 1884.

MY DARLING NELLY — Your letters are perfectly delightful. We got here late last night. We are staying with a great bookseller, who is also a general, and is always called General M'Clurg. He really was made a general in the Civil War, being a brisk and prominent man, but it is odd to address a bookseller as *General*. We arrived at the station at eight in the evening, and drove to his house. After a hasty dinner he hurried me off to a reception at the Literary Club, explaining to me on the way that I should have to make a speech. This was the programme. The hundred members of the club were gathered together when we arrived. The President received me, and then the whole club filed out to supper, I standing by the President, and being presented to each member and shaking hands with him as he passed me. The supper table was splendidly decorated with flowers. I was put in a great chair by the President, and, having just dined, had to go through the whole course from oysters to ice, with plenty of champagne. Then the President welcomed me in the name of the club to Chicago. I returned thanks in a short speech. Then two other members of the club made speeches, one about my poetry, the other about my prose. Then some American songs were sung, and we broke up about midnight. We have had a week of good houses (I consider myself now as an actor, for my managers take me about with theatrical tickets,

X at reduced rates, over the railways, and the tickets have *Matthew Arnold troupe* printed on them). Mamma and Lucy get the benefit of them too. Irving has just been here, and the opera is beginning now that he is gone, so that I doubt whether my very grave entertainment will draw full houses here, but we shall see. We have taken our places on board the *Servia* on 5th March. The papers get more and more amusing as we get west.¹ A Detroit newspaper compared me, as I stooped now and then to look at my manuscript on a music stool, X to "an elderly bird pecking at grapes on a trellis" — that is the style of thing. I hope they are sending you the *Chicago Tribune* with the reports of yesterday's interviewing and the description of mamma and Lucy. How I long to see you again, my precious child! We hope to get some furs for you in Canada. — Your own loving PAPA.

To Miss Arnold.

UNION CLUB, CHICAGO,
January 23, 1884.

MY DEAREST FAN — . . . This is a great uninteresting place of 600,000 inhabitants, an *entrepôt* for trade between the East and the West. There are some beautiful parks, covering twenty miles, I believe, but in this weather we can see little of

¹ "I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found . . . the following picture of myself: 'He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes.'" M. A. in *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

them. The striking thing in this city is its situation on the south-western shore of Lake Michigan. Michigan does not freeze like Lake Erie, it is so deep, and fed by so many springs. The day before yesterday I went by train to lecture at Milwaukee, 90 miles up the lake, and the principal town in Wisconsin; the line runs through a pleasing country full of what look like young oak plantations, but what are really the young trees springing up where the old oak forest has been cut down. At Wisconsin I was entertained by a Mr. Gordon, a Unitarian minister, but an Englishman by birth, the son of a great farmer near Dunstable. He remembered hearing of my coming to inspect at Dunstable, and Luton, and Toddington, when he was first beginning to feel interested in me from reading my books. He was like Tom—he disliked the state of society in the old world, went out to New England, married a wife there, and has now a chapel and a pleasant home at Milwaukee. We had a crowded lecture, and next morning, under a bright sun and a sharp frost, he drove me to the edge of the bluff above the lake. It was a glorious sight. Michigan is 400 miles long and 80 miles broad; the water was alive, and moving right up to the shore; ducks, which come down from the Arctic regions to winter, were swimming and sporting near the shore; then came long narrow packs of floating ice, washed from shallow creeks along the shore; beyond that the width of waters, as blue as I ever saw the Mediterranean. Milwaukee is a place of 150,000 people, on a great bay on this

beautiful lake. How I wish I could go on to Superior City, a town at the head, and from there across to Lake Superior itself! Our berths are taken by the *Servia* on the 5th of March. — Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate brother,

M. A.

To the Same.

ST. LOUIS, *February 1, 1884.*

MY DEAREST FAN — Here we are at our farthest point, and in this old slave city I begin to recognise the truth of what an American told the Bishop of Rochester,¹ that “Denver was not ripe for Mr. Arnold.” The audiences here are the smallest I have had — from 200 to 300 or 350, — comprising the best of the wealthy and cultivated people, headed by General Sherman, who is quite delightful. There is a large population descended from the French of Louisiana; their interest is in their priests. There is a large German population; their interest is in their beer-gardens and singing-halls. Of the English-speaking population there is the small cultivated and wealthy class I have mentioned, and there is a wonderful number of the “poor whites,” of whom one heard so much in the slavery times. A revivalist called Evangelist Harrison is at present campaigning amongst them, holding daily and nightly services, and producing extraordinary effects. His “weeping girls” are his crowning stroke. After the services he calls the young women forward to give proof by tears

¹ Dr. Thorold.

of being converted. You may imagine what the scenes are amongst these people with the religious cravings of our race in them, and also a dash of Southern heat. But St. Louis interests me very much; it is very dirty certainly, and in the buildings there is the want of anything beautiful which in all the American towns depresses me, but it is an old place, and a mixed place, and it looks like both of these, and escapes the profound *Gemeinheit* of the ordinary American city thereby. And then there is the Mississippi. It is not so wide as the Rhine at Cologne, but then it is 1200 miles from its mouth; it is very dirty, but then one knows it has just received the Missouri, and was clear till the muddy Missouri joined it. We are here in the latitude of Palermo, or something like it, but they have had the mercury at 20 below zero this winter, and the river was choked with ice in spite of the strong current. The "ice-gorge" has broken up since we were here, and the river is now flowing free, though ice-blocks are tumbling about in it. Steamers cannot travel on it yet; you have to go down to Memphis by rail, some 300 miles; from there the river is free from ice to Orleans. Both Flu and I wish we were going; the weather at New Orleans is now lovely, and the lonely wastes and cotton-fields through which the Mississippi flows, with the great trees hung with Spanish moss on the banks, would interest me for once far more than they would tire me. But it cannot be, and to-morrow we go out to Indianapolis, though to-morrow is Sunday. But we dine with General Sherman

to-night, and Monday will be too late for getting to Indianapolis in good time for the lecture that evening. We came here on Tuesday, through the frozen and besnowed prairie State of Illinois. As we got south one saw the "poor whites" loafing about at the stations, as unsatisfactory-looking as the roughest in our large towns at home. Crossing the Illinois River, one of the great features of the Mississippi, was interesting, but the prairie State is one dull flat, in general. But as we approached the Mississippi all the snow disappeared, and the deep mud of the great river was everywhere, making utter sloughs of the roads and streets. We caught at Alton, twenty miles above St. Louis, our first sight of the river; it spreads out very much there, and has bluffs both on the Illinois and the Missouri side; the sun was setting over the Missouri bluffs, and the effect was very fine. It was nearly dark when we entered St. Louis by a huge suspension bridge. Soon after we got to our hotel General Sherman and Mr. Hitchcock, the leading lawyer here, and a Mr. Chapman, a great timber merchant, came to call, and sat a long while. All of them are pleasant, and their desire was to part our days here among them.

When I think of England, the desire to be back rises sometimes into a passion; but we are in February, and our berths taken for the 5th of March. And I shall like to see Canada, and one place on the way to it—Cincinnati. We got your letter yesterday, and the *P. M. G.* with it, my dear. Many thanks for both. Lucy is in bliss at New

York, but she is a goose to prefer it to Canada.
— Always your most affectionate M. A.

I send you rather a good sonnet, sent to me by
an employé in a great book-store at Chicago.

To Mrs. Cropper.

CINCINNATI, *February 7, 1884.*

MY DEAREST SUSY — I cannot let my American tour pass without writing once to you. I send you a cutting from a newspaper at our last place. The comments are of all sorts, bad and good, but the friendly ones prevail greatly. What strikes me in America is the number of friends *Literature and Dogma* has made me, amongst ministers of religion especially,—and how the effect of the book here is conservative. The force of mere convention is much less strong here than in England. The dread of seeing and saying that what is old has served its time and must be displaced is much less. People here are therefore, in the more educated classes at least, less prone to conceal from themselves the actual position of things as to popular Protestantism than they are in England, and the alarm at my book, simply as a startling innovation, is not considerable. This being so, the mind is left free to consider the book on its real merits. But I am not going to write you a letter about *Literature and Dogma*.

From Indianapolis we came here, to this finely-situated “Queen City” of the Ohio. It has become a very smoky place of late years, with quite the

climate of the manufacturing towns of England, but its situation is beautiful, and it has more look of age and solidity than most American towns. What strikes me so much in them all is, what is the truth, that they are so unfinished; they are like a new quarter still in the builders' hands, with roads half made and in a frightful state, and with heaps of rubbish and materials not yet cleared away. I lectured here last night, and gave the lecture on Numbers. It is a sort of lay sermon, and the people are beginning to like it much. I now *speak* it almost entirely, as it is getting lodged in my memory. In these large halls it is almost necessary to speak, as any stoppage to the voice, such as a book or paper coming between the speaker's mouth and the audience, is fatal. Of course, if you are near-sighted and have to hold your manuscript close to your face, the stoppage is worse still. . . .

On Saturday morning we are off for Cleveland, where I lecture that night,—an eight hours' journey, but away from the river and the floods. At Cleveland we pass Sunday with some delightful people, Col. John Hay and his wife. On Monday we go on to Buffalo, to some more very nice people, with whom we have stayed already—the Milburns—and I lecture in Buffalo that night—then to Canada. We hope to sail for that blessed England on the 5th of March. — Your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

TORONTO, *February 12, 1884.*

MY DEAREST FAN — I meant to have written to you on Saturday from Cleveland, but our train was two hours late, and I had no time on arriving to do more than dress and dine before my lecture. On Sunday I had what is called here "a mail"; it brought me a welcome letter from you, but also invitations and business letters which consumed all the time I could get on that day for letter-writing. Yesterday I was travelling and lecturing, and to-day I have travelled and lectured, but the lecture was at three, and I get half an hour before dinner for writing to you. We have had an exciting week. we were Monday at Indianapolis, where I had a capital audience, and found some zealous disciples who interested me; on Tuesday we travelled through thaw and rain to the valley of the Ohio. The little brook which we followed down from the tableland of Indiana to the basin of the Ohio had become a furious river before we reached Lawrenceburg, at the junction of the Miami with the Ohio. Lawrenceburg was only just out of water (it has been quite flooded since), and the low land around it was one lake. We entered the station at Cincinnati through water, and found the city full of rumours of flood. They had a great flood last year. The river when we arrived was 56 feet above its summer level, and rain was falling fast. Callers arrived as soon as we reached our hotel, and a number of gentlemen gave me a very pleasant dinner at the Club that

evening. But no one could talk of anything but the flood. Cincinnati is built on the bank of the Ohio. The streets descend the steep bank to the river, and at the foot of every one of these descending streets you saw the great yellow river, boats and rafts conveying people about, and endeavours to save goods and furniture. The record of the hourly rise was posted in the street, and there were crowds to see the returns; the rise was an inch an hour. We passed the next day at a beautiful place in the environs, belonging to the daughter of Mr. Longworth, who was long the principal man in Cincinnati. The hills of the Ohio valley at Cincinnati are really picturesque, and the views from the park-like heights where we spent the day were very fine. The river, with its wooded hills, had a curve which bore a startling resemblance to Windermere, with its curve at the island, only the Ohio was much broader. We dined at another place among the heights, and were then sent back in a carriage to Cincinnati. Next day we spent the morning in crossing over the great bridge to the Kentucky side and looking at the flood; from three to six we attended a great reception given in our honour; then again a lecture, again wonderfully well attended; then a farewell supper given us by some of our friends. Early the next morning we started for Cleveland, much delayed by the flood at starting and by the rottenness of the ground all along our route. At Cleveland we stayed with the John Hays; he was Lincoln's private secretary, and is very interesting; she was an immense

heiress. Sunday we went to church, and then a long drive to a cemetery commanding a grand view of Cleveland and Lake Erie. Next morning we were up at six, and travelled to Buffalo, where we again stayed with the Milburns, whom we like extremely. I had very good houses both at Cleveland and at Buffalo. This morning we came on here, where we are the guests of Goldwin Smith. We are again in snow and ice here in Canada, but cannot lose the thought of our rushing Cincinnati river, and watch for telegrams. The river is now 67 feet, half a foot higher than the highest point of last year, and still rising. I find here a telegram from the Lansdownes,¹ asking me to stay with them at Ottawa. Now I must dress. — Your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

To his Younger Daughter.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
February 26, 1884.

This will be my last letter to you from this side, my darling child. Your letters have been our greatest pleasure, and we more than ever feel how we long to see you again, and how we must not again be parted from you in this fashion. Of course, the passage across the Atlantic is not a pleasant prospect at this season, but it will be constantly cheered by the thought that every day brings us nearer to our darling Nelly. My last lecture in the provinces was rather dismal; it was

¹ Lord Lansdowne was Governor-General of Canada, 1883-1888.

at Albany. There had been a fire at the hall the night before; the fire had been put out, but there was a smell of burning, and a slush of water, and the windows were all shaken so as to keep up, said the newspapers, "a perpetual encore to the lecturer." The thermometer was at 15, and people would not venture to the hall, so I had an audience of about 150, and they were uneasy and depressed. Now I lecture only once more in New York here — on Saturday, March the 1st. When you get this we shall be "on the ocean," as they say here. God bless you, my own precious Nelly. We have got you some little matters in furs, which I hope you will like. We have much dining out here this week, but it will soon be all over now. Lucy is still with the Coddingtons — such nice people. — Your own most loving PAPA.

To C. E. Norton.

78 PARK AVENUE, February 27, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON — Among my pleasantest recollections will be those of Shady Hill and its inmates, and of the days passed there. I wish we had caught a glimpse of you on our passage through Boston, but it could have been but a glimpse, as we arrived at 2 P.M. one day and went off at 8.45 A.M. the next. If I ever return, I fear there will be the same necessity of lecturing, but I shall arrange it on a very different plan, reserve to myself far more liberty, and, above all, manage to spend May and June here, and not your terrible

winter months only. But I hope to see you on the other side before that.

Hervé said that at the end of his stay in London he felt himself not to have attained "one single clear intuition." I will not say that I feel myself precisely in this condition at the end of my stay in America, but I feel myself utterly devoid of all disposition to write and publish my intuitions, clear or turbid.

You must look at "Numbers" when it appears in full in the *Nineteenth Century*.

With love to all your party, I remain, my dear Norton, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

To Walter Arnold.

NEW YORK, *February 28, 1884.*

MY DEAR WALTER— You must not be the only one of my brothers and sisters to whom I have not written during my stay here. The business is nearly at an end. It will not have brought the profit which some people expected, but it will bring a good sum, and has shown me how a really large profit may be made if I come again. But when I once get safe over to the other side, shall I ever bring myself to start on such an errand again? To-day I have to visit the Seminary for training Presbyterian ministers— a speech. Later I have to attend a reception given me by the Authors' Club— a speech again. On Saturday I lecture, and have probably a speech to make besides. On Monday I visit the great training school

for school-mistresses, and shall certainly have a speech to make. Besides this, luncheons and dinners to attend every day. Next Wednesday we start for England. . . .

I send you two letters, from which you will see what there is attractive in the intercourse one has with people over here, and what there is the reverse. Mr. Milburn, the writer of the Buffalo letter, is a very able young lawyer who does all the business of the great railway system which centres in Buffalo, and it is a pleasure to have such a letter from such a man. The other man mistakes me for Edwin Arnold, thinks I wrote *Belshazzar*, and writes as you see. He alludes to a speech I made in the two-thirds Ultramontane and one-third Orange Montreal, in which I said that the pretensions of the Catholic Church on the one hand, and the "black Presbyterianism" of the Protestants on the other, hindered the fusion of French and English in Canada; but that I looked to literature for gradually opening and softening men's minds. Some of the Catholics much resented this; the Protestants took it better by far. Quebec is the most interesting thing by much that I have seen on this Continent, and I think I would sooner be a poor priest in Quebec than a rich hog-merchant in Chicago. Things in Egypt seem to have been much muddled. It is characteristic of — to avert his mind from a thing he does not like, to deal with it by expedients from day to day, and to trust to his speechifying for clearing himself when the break-down comes. I see they propose

x

bringing Irving into Parliament. How like the *silliness* of which, in our politics, we see so much at present. The political sense of the people here seems to be sounder than with us, and the soundest thing they have. To be sure, it is not confused by such a system of make-believes and conventions as ours. My love to your wife and to your Nelly. Our Nelly has been writing us letters which are perfectly delightful. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
April 2, 1884.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I was delighted to hear from you, though I do not quite know what you will say to my doctrine about France¹ when you read me in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. But I wished for an opportunity to say it, and I had an opportunity given me in America; for it was expedient in that country, where plain truth is not palatable, to lead up to the dangers of America through those of England and France. Tell me what you think of it, and what Scherer thinks of it.

I was extremely interested in Quebec and in the French people there. They came to hear me speak on Literature and Science, gave me an excellent reception, and were pleased at my talking French to them. The Englishman in those parts is apt to be what I call a Philistine, and a Philistine of a

¹ In "Numbers."

hard type; and so is the Yankee too — indeed of a yet harder type than the Englishman. In Montreal I endeavoured to say how much mischief was caused by the jealous Ultramontaniam of the French Catholics, on the one side, and the “black Presbyterianism,” the narrow Puritanism of the English Protestants, on the other; but this was not agreeable to either of the parties inculcated.

I saw and learnt a great deal, but I am not going to write a book. Only, if you will come and see us, I will promise to talk to you about the United States as much as you please. I wish I could hear your “Conference” in Paris!

Mrs. Arnold and Lucy were with me in America, and we all of us remember gratefully the unbounded hospitality and kindness shown to us. —
Most sincerely yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To John Morley, M.P.

COBHAM, April 8, 1884.

MY DEAR MORLEY — In spite of your prohibition, I was fully intending to answer your kind letter when the rush of arrears on me had a little subsided. The thought of you, and of one or two others, was often present to me in America, and, no doubt, contributed to make me hold fast to “the faith once delivered to the saints,” though, in truth, I have not that talent for “blague” and mob-pleasing, which is a real talent, and tempts many men to apostasy.

I have shaken hands with friends of whom I had

never seen or heard, but who are going the same way as myself, and who have found me a help to them for some years past.

It must have been one of these friends who wrote the article for the Sunday issue of the *Boston Herald* — a coarse paper, but perhaps the strongest in America — of which I think you may like to read the full text.

I will send the Emerson. I have not yet read your essay on him — I have read nothing, — but I imagine we are pretty well in sympathy about him. — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — Under your friend Stead, the *P. M. G.*, whatever may be its merits, is fast ceasing to be literature.

To the Same.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, April 17, 1884.

MY DEAR MORLEY — The enclosed is by a man of great freedom of mind, who was actually a Government official in Munster, and saw with his own eyes things and persons there. He is no longer in the public service, and wants to try his hand at literary work. He had better become a monk, but people do not become monks nowadays.

I sent the second proof of Emerson to my American editor, but I don't think there is much chance of his being able to use it. — Ever yours,

M. A.

To Henry A. Jones.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
May 20, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR — I have been travelling about, or I should have written sooner to you to thank you for the stalls, and to say that there was good writing in *Chatterton*, and good acting in Mr. Wilson Barrett's impersonation of the part, but the thing is too painful. I feel so strongly the defects of a situation where "everything is to be endured, nothing to be done," that I suppressed a dramatic sketch¹ of my own on that account; and though I afterwards restored it at Mr. Browning's request, I restored it for reading only — I would never have restored it for representation. — Very truly yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Charles E. Norton.

COBHAM, SURREY, October 8, 1884.

MY DEAR NORTON — I had a presentiment that you would like the little Isaiah book,² but am very glad to hear from yourself that you do. With a book of this kind it is particularly hard to make an impression in England at this moment; the new world thinks it knows all about the matter, and that nothing is to be made of it, and is sick of it; the old world profoundly distrusts the dealings with it of an innovator such as I am, wants no change in its ideas on the subject, and draws its bed-clothes over its ears. But the book will be

¹ *Empedocles on Etna.*

² *Isaiah of Jerusalem.* 1883.

useful some day, perhaps. *Literature and Dogma*, which the publishers hated cheapening, but of which I insisted on publishing a half-crown edition last winter, has done very well indeed, to their great surprise, and I am going to publish a popular edition of *God and the Bible* this winter. But then these books the new world thinks sufficiently "novel and strange" to be bought, and the new world is getting very large and strong. I shall send you this new edition of *God and the Bible*, because in preparing it for the press I seem to find some chapters in it to be the best prose I have ever succeeded in writing.

You are quite right in saying that the influence of poetry and literature appears at this moment diminishing rather than increasing. The newspapers have a good deal to do with this. The *Times*, which has much improved again, is a world, and people who read it daily hardly feel the necessity for reading a book; yet reading a book — a good book — is a discipline such as no reading of even good newspapers can ever give. But literature has in itself such powers of attraction that I am not over anxious about it.

Lowell's address¹ at Birmingham is full of good things, and the *Times* is loud in its praise. But here again I feel the want of body and current in the discourse as a whole, and am not satisfied with a host of shrewd and well-wrought and even brilliant sayings. — Believe me affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ On Democracy.

To his Son.

GRAY HOUSE, DUNDEE,
October 28, 1884.

MY DEAREST DICK — The lecture ¹ did very well — the Kinnaird Hall crammed; they say there were 2500 people, but I think there were about 2000. There was no one in the audience whom I cared to please as I cared to please you and Ella,² but the attention was very deep, and was kept up to the end, and in all that great assembly there was no shifting about or restlessness. You seem to have written a charming letter to mamma, from whom I have heard to-day. I am come into Mr. Small's office in Dundee, four or five miles from Gray House, the old place of Lord Gray, the Scotch peer, which Mr. Small hires. The estuary of the Tay, on which the house looks, is very beautiful, and the whole district is full of fine seats and woods in all their autumn colour. I am to see the new University here, and a church, and the main street, and then I am to go out by train to Megginch Castle to lunch with the Drummonds. Lucy knows who they are. Later in the afternoon Mr. Small is to call for me in a carriage, and take me home by Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird's. Gray House is very comfortable — fires warm and dinner good. But no fires could warm me better, and no dinners could suit me better, than the fires and dinners at

¹ On "Literature and Science," delivered at Dundee, October 27, 1884.

² His son's wife, daughter of Dr. Ford of Melbourne.

243 Upper Brook Street, Manchester.¹ I had a cold journey to Wigan, and on the platform there it was windy and dismal. They told me at the booking-office there was no chance of a berth in a sleeping-car, but when the train came up the guard of the Perth carriage told me he had one. He threw open a door, and revealed a pursy man on his back in bed, close to whom I should have had to lie. I said No thank you, and tumbled into an empty first-class carriage, where I soon made myself a nest. Tell Ella her cap and cloud were invaluable; I don't know which was most important. At Carlisle a German merchant got in, and established himself on the other (the windy) side of the carriage; after that we were undisturbed. I slept brokenly, but I got a fair allowance of sleep altogether. At Stirling (7 A.M.) I pulled up the blinds just in time to see the long line of the Grampians, clothed half way down with snow, shining in the morning light like the line of the Alps seen from Turin. The peak of Schehallion was like Monte Viso. Sunday's rain had filled the rivers, and they came foaming and tumbling along — the first time this year I have seen them behaving in this proper manner. I breakfasted at Perth, and got to Invergowrie at ten. Mr. Small's carriage met me, and when I got to the house (one of those long, low old Scotch houses with endless windows in front) I had a bath, shaved and dressed, and was all right. To-night there is a dinner-party, and to-morrow I go quite early. They stop

¹ His son's house.

the train for me at Invergowrie, I catch the fast train at Perth, and reach Leeds by the train we settled.

Now I must stop. — I am always, my darling boy, your own most loving
PAPA.

*To A. Mackay.*¹

WHARFESIDE, BURLEY IN WHARFEDALE,
LEEDS, November 3, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR — Your letter and cheque have just reached me here. You have sent me too much, and, if we had come to our settlement when we met in Dundee, I should only have accepted the price of my railway ticket from London and back. However, I do not know what the excess actually is, so I am going to give myself the benefit of my ignorance, and to keep your cheque.

I had an excellent audience, and a most kind reception. I am bound to feel grateful to Dundee, because a number of young teachers, when I was comparatively unknown and my books were dear, clubbed together to buy them. Many thanks for the kind expressions in your note. I hope we may some day meet again. — Most faithfully yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Henry A. Jones.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
December 23, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR — I went to see *Saints and Sinners*, and my interest was kept up throughout, as I ex-

¹ Secretary to the "Armitstead Trust," founded by George Armitstead, M.P. for Dundee.

pected. You have remarkably the art — so valuable in drama — of exciting interest and sustaining it. The piece is full of good and telling things, and one cannot watch the audience without seeing that by strokes of this kind faith in the middle-class fetish is weakened, however slowly, as it could be in no other way.

I must add that I dislike seduction-dramas (even in *Faust* the feeling tells with me), and that the marriage of the heroine with her farmer does not please me as a *dénouement*.

Your representative middle-class man was well drawn and excellently acted. — Very truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Son.

LONDON, February 24, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK — On Sunday I was unable to write either to your Aunt Fan or you, for in the afternoon, my time for writing, I was making calls, and was kept so long that I could write no letters afterwards. To-night I am going to dine with Lord Rosebery, and shall perhaps hear something about the Australian offers of help,¹ as he is so great a friend to the colonists. I do not wonder that you and Ella have been pleased at the offers and at the notice of them by the newspapers. Every one is blaming Lord Derby's stupid way of treating them, though it is said he does not really mean to decline them, but only to ask for a little

¹ In the Soudan.

time to see exactly what will be wanted. I am afraid that as the hot weather comes on, the force in Egypt will waste very fast, and we shall want all the men we can get. About Herat and the Russian advance people to-day seem to be reassured. But the times are very anxious, and I do not think the present Government are good people for dealing with them.

Mamma and Nelly make constant expeditions together, sallying out generally on foot, and returning in a hansom. This is the most convenient situation we have ever been in; Eccleston Square is our only difficulty; in general, every place one wants to go to seems quite at hand. The other day at Grillon's I sate next Lord Northbrook, who has excellent fishing on the upper Itchen. He asked me if I would come down there with him some day and try it; so, unless he forgets his proposal, there is some more Hampshire fishing for me—the best trout-fishing, I think, in the world. Mamma will perhaps have told you that a new edition of my poems is called for. My love to Ella, and I am always, my dear old Dick, your loving

PAPA.

*To his Elder Daughter.*¹

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,

February 24, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD — A beautiful day with a bright sun and a south-west wind. What an awful spell of weather they seem to be having in America!

¹ Married to F. W. Whitridge of New York.

We thought much of you yesterday — it was your afternoon. I wish I could have looked in at it; but we rather pity you for your incessant luncheons and day business. It is a sign of real civilisation when the world does not begin till 8 P.M. and goes on from that to 1 A.M. — not later. I hope you will gradually form your own habits, and that you will neither give up walking nor give up reading. Keep always something going besides the mere novel of the hour. You know what pleasure your turn for reading always gave me, and you will find the resource more and more precious. They are bringing out *Junius* at Wilson Barrett's theatre, and I need not say I have been asked to attend the first representation and to write a page of "Old Play-goer" about it. I have refused. In the first place we dine out that night; in the second the play cannot be very good, or Bulwer would have brought it out in his lifetime. If it is poor I should not like to do execution upon it, as Bulwer was always so studiously kind to me. . . . Knowles has just stepped in and asked us to dine with him to meet Lord Acton, and I have accepted. Lord Acton is here so little, and I like him so much. To-night I dine with Lord Rosebery. On Sunday at Lady Reay's I was introduced to Lady Garvagh, and talked to her a long while; she made herself very pleasant. Lady Reay spoke sweetly of you, my darling. Last night we dined with Lord Coleridge and met Lord and Lady Feilding. You remember her as that pretty Miss Clifford; and she is as sweet-mannered as she is pretty. Nearly every day, Miss

Lu, I go home to luncheon and take the dear man¹
 his round in Hyde Park afterwards; he quite expects
 it, and is the best of boys. I did not take him to
 Cobham last Saturday, but all the coming Saturdays
 I shall take him. Next Saturday mamma is com-
 ing with me. . . . It is a pleasant walk to the
 Cobham Station for the 5.7 train. You will find it
 makes quite a change as to the labour of getting to
 and from London. I am to be painted by Weigall
 for Mr. Knowles, who is making a collection of
 his chief contributors; there will at last be as
 many portraits of me as of Rubens's wife. Do not
 forget the Delafields. Are you not much pleased
 with the offers of service made by the Colonies? It
 is pretty to see Ella's pride and delight in them.
 Your letters are delightful, my child. I always cry
 when they are read to me; but it is a happy cry. —
 Your own loving PAPA.

To John Morley, M.P.

7a MANCHESTER SQUARE,
 March 2, 1885.

MY DEAR MORLEY — I am losing sight of you,
 which is very bad. But we are here for a few
 weeks, and I don't know when we may be here
 again. Can you come and dine with us next Mon-
 day, the 9th, at eight, to meet a Montrealer who
 was very kind to me in Canada, and who is all with
 you and Goldwin Smith, and against Forster, on
 the Federation Question? You will also meet
 Browning and the Gosses. Do snatch two or three

¹ Dachshound.

hours from the "Thyestean banquet"¹ in Palace Yard, and give us all the great pleasure of seeing you again. — Ever yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Elder Daughter.

LONDON, March 17, 1885.

MY DARLING CHILD — This morning I have your letter to console me for being left alone — mamma and Nelly having gone down yesterday to East Grinstead. They come back to-day, and your dear letter will delight their eyes when they come in. . . . I think we dine out more than ever: we have not a single free evening till Passion Week. Yesterday we had four invitations to dinner arrive in the course of the day, not one of which we could accept. Of course it is a great pleasure to take Nelly about; she enjoys it so much. Mamma and I constantly say to each other: "Lucy would be pleased with her dress to-night"; and then we add: "and if we could have seen Lucy herself come into the room!" Nelly dined with us at the Pascoe Glyns on Saturday, and went to the Ripons afterwards, looking her very best and making herself her very pleasantest. On Sunday I went to Aston Clinton; they always ask much about you there. It was a large party this time: Sir Nathaniel, the Roseberys, the Majoribankses (she is Lord Randolph Churchill's sister), Arthur Balfour and Reginald Brett, and a

¹ "We are now on the point of commencing what Arminius, with his fatally carping spirit, called our 'Thyestean banquet of clap-trap;' — we are on the eve of the meeting of Parliament." — *Friendship's Garland*.

young Ferguson, member for Ross-shire. Lord Rosebery is very gay and "smart," and I like him much. I have promised to go to the Durdans, near Epsom, which he likes much the best of all his places; it is very small. Lady Rosebery produced, for me to write in, an interesting autograph-book she has just set up, beginning with the Queen, who has written Tennyson's stanza "'Tis better to have loved and lost," in her very best and boldest hand. Then the Prince of Wales has written a long rigmarole out of a French author about l'amour; the Princess, "Plus penser que dire," and "Plût mourir que changer"; each of the Princesses a sentiment and the two Princes — that of Prince George being: "Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven." Gladstone has written a verse from Wordsworth; Lord Salisbury, "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint" (Mr. Whitridge will tell you what it means, but learn German), from Faust. Lord Granville some very poor verses; Millais a capital impromptu. Altogether the book much amused everybody. . . . To-night we dine with Admiral Maxse. To-morrow we have a young party here; the Star Bensons for chief; but I have asked Pigott the Licenser as a second old death's head beside mine. On Saturday we dine at the Arthur Hobhouses, and have Lady Hayter's second party afterwards. Nelly likes these crushes better than anything. Now I must stop. — Always, my own precious child, your most loving PAPA.

To the Same.

COBHAM, April 28, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY — I had your long letter, and as sweet as it was long, yesterday evening; never imagine that I mind about your not writing direct to me, but still this was a beautiful letter. I have a letter from Major Pond to ask what I am going to do; I am waiting to hear from you, but I think from what you say to Dick that you are dropping the intention of coming over this year. But we shall be guided by your decision. We have beautiful weather, and I have just been making one of those rounds of mine in the garden which you so well remember. The blossom is a sight of beauty this year on the fruit trees, and I hope there will be some fruit. Dew and I are diligently following the treatment laid down in the pamphlet Mrs. Lushington gave me, and I hope it will answer; certainly the bloom seems finer on the trees to which the treatment is applied than on those to which it is not. In another week the lilac will be out, and a week after that, the broom and the laburnum. It is a heavenly moment of the year in England, certainly. I took the dear dogs the Burwood round yesterday. I got back from London at four, having walked from the station. Both dogs were sitting in the passage with their eyes intent on the hall door, in despair at the day slipping by without their walk, Miss Lu. You may imagine their delight. Max is now no trouble to me whatever; when we enter Burwood at the further lodge Kai is always put in the chain. As we went along that pretty

walk under the chestnuts the cuckoo was so loud and so close that Max was fairly puzzled and stood still; at that moment a squirrel seemed to rise out of the ground at our feet, and ran up one of the trees. Kai strained and tugged, but I had him in the chain; Max was so absorbed by the cuckoo that he never perceived the squirrel. I should have liked to have seen your gray squirrels building; I thought them beautiful creatures, and quite as interesting as ours. . . . My love to the Butlers when you see them. — Always, my darling child, your own loving

PAPA.

To his Son.

COBHAM, *Sunday (May 1885).*

MY DEAREST DICK — I hoped to have heard definitely about Chenies before writing to you; I think, however, Lord Tavistock will give me two days in Whitsun week.

I had been having a horrid pain across my chest, and on Friday mamma carried me to Andrew Clark, who has put me on the strictest of diets for one week — no medicine, but soup, sweet things, fruit, and, worst of all, all green vegetables entirely forbidden, and my liquors confined to one small half-glass of brandy with cold water, at dinner. I am to see how this suits me. He thinks the pain is not heart, but indigestion. At present I feel very unlike lawn tennis, as going fast or going up hill gives me the sense of having a mountain on my chest; luckily, in fishing, one goes slow and stands still a great deal.

I have been down at Exeter to inspect the Train-

ing School there, and stayed with Lawley at Exminster, where the Exe becomes a tidal river. There are some salmon, but nothing else. The county is pleasant, but not, to me, so pleasant as Surrey. The rains have been very good for the garden, and the new treatment which I have been trying for the fruit trees seems really most successful. I think we are going to have a really great crop of pears and plums; you know, we have not had any to speak of hitherto. It is a great amusement to watch the trees and see the blossom setting. The treatment consists in administering guano while they are flowering; this enables them to resist cold, and gives them strength to set their fruit. I send you rather a nice note I have just had from a young Catholic priest; you may burn it when you have read it. My love to dear Ella. — Your ever loving

PAPA.

To his Elder Daughter.

COBHAM, *Whitmonday* (1885).

MY DARLING — It is a long while since I wrote to you, but you will know how you have been in our minds and on our tongues. Your husband is an angel, but he must come over for the last month, or your visit will not be quite enjoyed by us with a good conscience. I send you a note I have had this morning from Coleridge, which will show you that he is doing honour to your recommendation and entertaining your friends. We will get them down here, too; but, of course, the Coleridge visit is the more important.

Well, my darling, and now I look at things about the place I say, This must be put right before Lucy comes. It is a beautiful year, the first year that we have had the lilac and laburnum in glory. And such crops of pears! The strawberries are good too, and you will be just in time for them, I hope. We are off this afternoon, mamma and I, for Chenies, where Dick and Ella are to meet us. . . . Mamma will drive Ella over to show her Harrow, and Dick and I shall fish. Lord Tavistock has hitherto given no leave at all this May, so I expect the fishing will be good. The weather is showery, as is right, but I wish it were warmer. . . . I have got to like Mrs. Charles Lawrence very much. I dined there on Friday, and took Lady Hayter in to dinner — beautifully dressed as usual. We dine on the 3rd of June with the Archbishop of Canterbury,¹ which I always think a gratifying marvel, considering what things I have published. I cannot get rid of the ache across my chest when I walk; imagine my having to stop half a dozen times in going up to Pains Hill! What a mortifying change. But so one draws to one's end. My love to your husband, and tell him he is to mind and comply with the injunctions in my letter. — Your own loving and expecting

PAPA.

¹ Dr. Benson.

To M. Fontanès.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, July 18, 1885.

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I have been sending you my *Discourses in America*,¹ and that brings to my mind that I ought to have written to you long since. But I am finishing my business in the Education Department, previous to resigning my office there, and I have been more than usually busy in consequence. But directly I saw the *Life of Gordon* I said to myself that here was the book for you. It is badly edited, but it is full of interesting things, and it has for its subject a man who has struck the imagination of all people. In a superior redaction, and with much omitted, a fascinating book might be made out of the bulky and inconvenient publication which people here are reading, certainly, but are grumbling at while they read it, and asking themselves how it can be that a book about Gordon does not interest them more.

Have you seen a book by a certain Professor Henry Drummond, called *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, which has had an astonishing success over here? The best public, perhaps, does not much care for it; but the second best, all the religious world, and even the more serious portion of the aristocratical world, have accepted the book as a godsend, and are saying to themselves that here at

¹ The year before his death Matthew Arnold told the editor of these Letters that *Discourses in America* was the book by which, of all his prose-writings, he should most wish to be remembered.

last is safety and scientific shelter for the orthodox supernaturalism which seemed menaced with total defeat. I should like much to know what you think of the book, though I can hardly imagine its suiting any public but that very peculiar and indirect-thinking public which we have in England. What is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience; and this gives his book a certain value, though his readers, in general, imagine its value to be quite of another kind. He is a Scotch Presbyterian, quite unknown until the other day, with pleasing manners, and great success in addressing audiences of working men on the subject of religion.

My American daughter is with us, and she, as well as her mother and sister, sends you her affectionate remembrances. — I am always most truly and cordially yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, *August 25, 1885.*

This must be short because we have been all the morning at the Eisteddfod, and now the girls want me to play lawn tennis before tea, as I am to go out with Lord Aberdare afterwards. I had a very good journey — swarms of people, particularly babies, but all third-class. I had a carriage to myself all the way, except from Carnforth to Preston, and my luggage, portmanteau and all, in with me, the guard saying there was no chance of my being disturbed. I had to change at Crewe and Shrews-

bury. There is nothing on the journey more beautiful than the passage at Church Stretton between Caer Caradoc and the Long Mynd, which you have seen; but it is a pleasing country all the way, and the Welsh valleys and rivers, with the high viaducts spanning them, very interesting. There were traces of rain from Abergavenny onwards; they had a little rain yesterday morning, and much the day before; to-day it is beautiful. This valley is beautiful, and the house and grounds so placed that the mines and houses of miners do it no harm; but the population swarms, it is really one street from here to Aberdare, four miles. . . . Lord Aberdare is a dear, and so is a little French dog, Patou, with whom I have made great friends. This morning we all drove into the Eisteddfod, and heard Sir G. Elliot's address; it was all rather dull, but I got off speaking by saying I would only speak once, and *that* they wished should be on Thursday, the chief day. They want me to stay till Monday, but I shall not. My love to Fan and all, and kisses to the sweet girls. Tell Nelly I am still shocked when I think of the farewell her laziness obliged me to take of her.

To the Same.

DUFFRYN, MOUNTAIN ASH,
SOUTH WALES, August 26, 1885.

I am ashamed to think of the poor scrap I sent you yesterday, when I look at the charming long letter I have from you to-day. Lord Aberdare says he cannot quite forgive me for not bringing with

me a wife and daughter — *a wife at the very least*, and I am sure this is a place and family you would like. As for Patou, he is angelic; but he must be reserved for our meeting. It is hard to find time to write, one's day is so laid out; and perhaps one of the healthiest things in visiting is that one's day is thus laid out and one has no time for doing more than what one's hosts mean one to do. After I wrote to you yesterday, I had some very good lawn tennis with three of the girls, and then after tea a beautiful walk with Lord Aberdare and another of the girls along the side of the beautiful mountain opposite. Then Miss Napier and two of the girls went to the Eisteddfod concert, and we dined without them. I send Fan the ivy-leaved campanula, which grows in quantities on the mountain where we walked yesterday. All the country has a softness and foreignness which are not English, and the plants would be very interesting if one had but more time to look for them. On the whole, I did more yesterday, and did it easier, than I have done since I was first visited by this pain. I was a little tired, but the cool champagne at dinner brought me quite round. We have been again at the Eisteddfod this morning; I had to make a little speech to second the vote of thanks to the president, because, it appeared, he wished it. The people here receive me so well that it wonderfully takes off from the difficulty of speaking. The audience is certainly a wonderful sight, and, I shall always think, does credit to the country which can produce it. It was much fuller to-day than yesterday, and will be

much fuller to-morrow than to-day, because the shops in Aberdare are to be closed early. Lord Aberdare wants me to stay till Monday, in order to go to Llanthony Abbey on Saturday. If he could have gone there on Friday, I think I should have stayed till Saturday; but he has to attend the Friday sitting of the Eisteddfod, so I shall come home on Friday, as at first intended.

To his Elder Daughter.

COBHAM, *Tuesday, October 6, 1885.*

My DARLING LUCY — Yesterday morning while I was dressing, mamma broke in with the telegram announcing your safe arrival at New York. We had very stormy weather here on Friday and Saturday, and though of course we knew it might be different over there, still the howling wind could not but make us feel anxious. I was at Mentmore on Friday, on the top of a hill, where the raging of the wind was fully felt; I kept constantly thinking of you. And now we are longing to hear of your voyage, and how you are. If you arrived on Saturday *morning*, you took exactly the same time as we took, when we went out in the *Servia*, if later in the day, you took longer. . . . I had a pleasant visit at Mentmore: the house is splendid, and not only splendid but the perfection of comfort. Lord Rosebery is a great man for books and reading, not a mere politician, and this makes him much more interesting. He asked me to go down to Dalmeny, where he is to receive Gladstone in the latter part of this month; but I have promised to do "Sainte

x Beuve" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by the end of the month, and these visits, though in many ways pleasant and profitable, are fatally distracting. I am not going to Knowsley either, where Lady Derby has asked me. Lord Spencer was at Mentmore—very pleasant. He told me Lady S. had lost by death her beloved Dachs, and he had been in hopes she would never have another dog—her heart got so knit to them; however she has got another. Next week I have to go to Oxford for three days to inspect a training school—that I shall like; and if the Warden of Merton asks us, I shall take mamma and Nelly with me. I think Oxford is still, on the whole, the place in the world to which I am most attached. Take all possible care of your dear self, and so you will best please your fondly loving

PAPA.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Sunday, October 18, 1885.*

MY DEAREST FAN — To-morrow I begin inspecting again, but it will be light, as several of my schools are taken by Sharpe. I have been for three nights at Oxford this last week, staying at Corpus in the perfection of comfort; Fowler, the President, is a bachelor. The house is as pleasant and cheerful a one as — is the reverse. I dined at the Oriel Gaudy on Thursday, and met two bishops, Stubbs and Wordsworth; the other two nights there were people to dinner in Corpus. I saw many things I had never seen before: the Corpus plate which is unique in Oxford, not hav-

ing been melted down for Charles the First; the library which is full of treasures; the long record of papa's admission as a scholar in presence, as the fashion then was, of a notary public: the spoons given by papa when he left the College—these and a mustard-pot given by Keble are now put aside as curiosities and not brought into use; finally, papa's rooms, which had formerly been Bishop Jewell's. The college is a most interesting one; its founder, Bishop Fox, who had accumulated a large sum to found a convent of monks, was warned by the King's ministers that monks had had their day and that property left for their benefit would not be safe, so he founded a college for learning instead—at the very beginning of the sixteenth century. Much was said at Oxford about my coming forward for the Chair of Poetry, and I believe a requisition will be sent to me. On Friday I got out to Hinksey and up the hill to within sight of the Cumner firs. I cannot describe the effect which this landscape always has upon me—the hillside with its valleys, and Oxford in the great Thames valley below. The pears are now coming in in good earnest; why are you not here to help eat them?—Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To his Son.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,
October 19, 1885.

MY DEAREST DICK—You say you are told nothing from home. I am just back from the

Office, where the authorities had sent for me to ask if I would go to Berlin and Paris to get information for them as to Free Schools. I should like it very much, because on one of these official tours one has the opportunity of learning so much. They have to get the consent of the Treasury, but Lord Cranbrook is certain of obtaining that; and by the beginning of November I shall be off, as they want my report at Christmas, that they may acquaint themselves with the facts before Parliament meets. Won't this be news for mamma and Nelly to-night? I shall go to Berlin, which is an expensive and not delightful place, by myself; and then I hope they will meet me in Paris. I shall not be away more than six weeks. Then at Christmas you and Ella will come to us, which will be delightful. I like to hear of your going out shooting: I think you did very well indeed, though I myself find partridges easier to hit than pheasants. . . . I had a delightful three days at Corpus, staying with the President; it is a college I greatly like. I went alone up the Hinksey hillside towards Cumner Hurst, and enjoyed it more than I can say. I hope your pears will turn out well; they want watching. Ours are delightful. The dear men¹ would send their love, Mr. Dick, if they knew I was writing; they took the Redhill round with me yesterday, and were patterns. My love to dear Ella. — Your own ever loving

PAPA.

¹ Dogs.

To his Elder Daughter.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, October 27, 1885.

MY DARLING LUCY — I have just got Miss Butler's letter. Give her my love when you see her, and tell her that there was affection in my message to her, and in all my messages to her there will be affection. I was delighted to hear from her I have had a charming note, too, from Fannie Coddington, and another from Bessie Marbury. I constantly find myself thinking with pleasure of once more seeing both the friends I have on the other side the Atlantic and also the country itself. But it seems likely that I shall see the Continent of Europe before I see America, as I think I told you last week. However, I have heard nothing more about it, so I will say nothing more at present except to tell you that I said to mamma the other morning before I got up: "I have been thinking in the night *how* I shall miss my Lucy in Paris; she is such a perfect companion there." Nelly expects to enjoy it very much; but your knowing French so well and taking so much interest in things gave you a special value as a companion when we were together there. We all agree that Mr. Woodhouse in *Emma* is rather like *me*; in particular, so far as his sayings to and of his daughters are concerned. Mamma will have told you of the requisition from Oxford about the Poetry Professorship. I send you a charming article by Andrew Lang, which appeared in the *Daily News*; and I would send you an equally charming one by Escott which appeared in

the *World*, only it seemed to me that the *World* is the one English paper, besides *Punch*, which you all see in America. We have had a beautiful bright day, like an autumn day in America; and the colours are beautiful too, only we want more of the American reds in addition to our yellows; still the Spanish chestnuts, beeches, birches, and hornbeams are lovely pieces of colour. All the morning I was up a ladder gathering the pears, and you should see the baskets of them I brought in. Then I brought in a basket of walnuts; and to-morrow at dessert (we have Admiral Maxse, the Combes, and the Helmes at dinner) we shall have grapes, pears, and walnuts of our own growing. Dear Max has been very rheumatic, but is better this morning. While I was gathering the pears he was all the time worrying round the cucumber frame where the yellow cat now establishes himself for warmth, uttering a deep "beuglement" and vainly endeavouring to get in; Kai, seated on the path close by, regarding him with astonishment and asking me by his looks: Is he beside himself?

My love to Fred. — Ever, my darling girl, your
own loving

PAPA.

To the Same.

COBHAM (November 1885).

MY DARLING CHILD — . . . What does Fred say to the astounding attack made by the *New York Times* on Whitelaw Reid? it has been telegraphed over here. The *New York Times* was the paper they told us was their best — the Butlers took it in.

Imagine our *Times* writing in this way about the editor of the *Standard*! Say what Carnegie and others will, this is the civilisation of the Australian Colonies and not of Europe — distinctly inferior to that of Europe. It distresses me, because America is so deeply interesting to me, and to its social conditions we must more and more come here; but *these* social conditions! All this for Fred. I have a long and gloomy letter from Milburn, at Buffalo, too. But here things are breaking up, and all the politicians in their multitude of speeches never say one word which shows real insight, one word for the mind to rest upon; so the prospect is not very cheering here, either. I start to-morrow morning. Cardinal Manning has given me letters to the Archbishop of Cologne who is to put me in communication with the Catholics in North Germany, that I may hear other than official accounts of the schools. All this will be very interesting, and I am told that I am going at just the right time for Berlin, and that it has grown into a much finer and most brilliant place in the last six years. We shall see. I did not care for it in 1865. I have a letter for an old country gentleman, Count Canitz, in Silesia, where I hope I shall go for a day or two and see real old German rural life. Then I go to Dresden, then perhaps to Munich, then to Berne, Zurich, Lucerne. . . . From the 22nd of December to the 4th or 5th January we shall be here, and then mamma, Nelly, and I shall go together to Paris till the end of the month. I daresay the American papers will have told you about the Oxford professorship, and how

400 undergraduates followed up the memorial of the heads and tutors with a memorial of their own. Every one is very kind as one grows old, but I want my Lucy. How I wish you could eat the Marie Louise pears! they are a perfect success. My love to Fred. — Your ever fondly affectionate PAPA.

To his Wife.

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November 14, 1885.*

I rather hoped to find a letter from you last night, or at least to have had one to-day, but I have not. I found a letter from Fan waiting for me, but have had no other. I sent you a post-card from Calais, and write to you from Cologne; and hope to send a letter regularly every other day. After I wrote to you from Cologne, I had supper and went to bed. The six o'clock *table d'hôte* of Cologne I could not stand, so what do you think of the four o'clock *table d'hôte* here — unless one goes every night to the theatre, what an impossible dinner hour. I went early to bed, was called at seven, had the breakfast you like — good coffee and a roll — and was off at half-past eight. A dull, foggy morning, but Cologne is a beautiful place, and I should like to be a couple of days there with you. The journey to Berlin is long, because the country is thoroughly dull, except a little bit of Westphalia, and of the one or two interesting towns one passes — such as Dusseldorf, Dortmund, Hanover — one sees nothing. I had a carriage to myself, but at Dortmund, two Germans, wealthy merchants I should

think, got in. My enjoyment of the day was gone, because when they very civilly asked me if I minded their smoking (there was no absolutely non-smoking carriages except for ladies) I felt bound to say no, and they smoked incessantly, and bad tobacco. However, I kept a bit of window open, and read a great deal; talking enough to them in German (for neither of them spoke any French or English) to convince myself that my German has become, as I told you, shocking. We reached Berlin at half-past eight. It was so dark that when we crossed the Elbe an hour or so before Berlin, I could not see it. At Berlin I had no difficulty, for all is well organised. I got a porter and a *Droschke*, and came to this splendid hotel. I have a very good bedroom on the second floor. The hotel is on the Ziethen Platz, very near the Unter den Linden, and I look out partly on the Mohren Strasse, partly on a church — a very good look-out. Then I unpacked my things and went to bed. I bought *Sapho* at the Calais station, and shall keep it for you. The *data* of the book are, of course, shocking, and deserve all that is said against them; still the book is one of Daudet's very best, perhaps actually his best, and extremely interesting. I have been reading the *Odyssey* to-day to take the taste out of my mouth, still Daudet imagines his book to be full of "morality" (he dedicates it to "My sons at twenty"), and some sort of morality it really has. However, reading it in the train had tired my head, and I was glad to get a good long sleep. I was up at eight, breakfasted in the restau-

rant on *chocolate* (very good here) and a roll, for coffee does not suit me and the tea is sad stuff. Then I went out and did my Berlin, which has become what is called a very fine city indeed. Exactly what — misses in New York it has in perfection — the finish, care, and neatness; but it is, alack! as new as New York, for the typical houses of old Berlin are gone, or are disappearing.

To the Same.

BERLIN, *Sunday (November 1885).*

I said I should not write to-day, but I shall scratch a line every day if I can; the more so if I have such delightful letters to thank you for as yours of this morning. I will write to my Nelly to-morrow. I don't want you to feel bound to write every day; it is so different when one is in a new place and has always a sort of journal to send; but do not harass your sweet self to write when you are pressed with other things. I shall always understand when I do not hear. I have seen Sir Edward Malet, and like him. Lord Rosebery had written to him about my seeing Bismarck, but Bismarck is not here, and will probably not be here while I am; he does not come even for the meeting of Parliament. I expect to-morrow Sir E. Malet will get his answer from the Foreign Office here, to which he has written for an introduction to the Education Minister for me; and then I shall be able to get to work. You would very much enjoy this place, and I should enjoy it much more if you

were here to enjoy it with me. The troops are splendid: Sir E. Malet said it is a constant pleasure to look at them; and so it is. Not the least swagger or ferocity — on the contrary a generally quiet, humane look; but such men and such discipline! I like the looks of the officers too; the Club is full of them, and all in uniform. After I had written to you yesterday evening I went down and dined at the restaurant in discomfort, for a great fête to Rubinstein was coming on and everything was upset. The Berlin Philharmonic gave it. It began with a concert, at which all the best musicians of Berlin helped. This was in the next room to the one where I dined, and ladies were perpetually passing through in full dress, followed by a maid with a bundle; the bundle was to convert them into proper subjects for the *bal costumé*, which was to begin, after supper, at eleven. I suppose you and Dick would have enjoyed the music, of which while I dined I had the full benefit. After dinner I went out into the streets for peace. I was not at all disturbed at night — this house is so large and well built; but indeed the ball ended soon after one.

To Lady de Rothschild.

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, *November 14, 1885.*

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I actually started from the Athenæum, before I left London, to call in Grosvenor Place, but I was stopped on the road, and then it was too late. I think I should have persevered had I been sure of finding you, but I knew it was three chances to one you would be at

Aston Clinton. But I wished you to know of this impulse, at any rate; it is much too long since I saw you or heard of you.

I am here because the Government wanted exact information as to school fees and one or two other points in the German school system. It is very interesting; but it is twenty years since I was in Germany, and my German is shocking. My latest preparation for calling a *Droschke*, or ordering my luncheon, was reading Ewald on the prophet Zachariah. However, it will come in time, but I think with envy of the beautiful clever German I heard poor Leonard Montefiore¹ talking to Madame Norman Neruda. If you have any friend here whom you would like me to see, send me a line. I shall be here for a fortnight. This town has grown into a very handsome one since I was here last; but interesting it is not, and cannot well be, perhaps. The Embassy, from Sir E. Malet downwards, are most kind. Two of the attachés have published poetry, so you may imagine there is a sort of fellow feeling. — Ever, dear Lady de Rothschild, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Younger Daughter.

KAISERHOF, BERLIN, November 18, 1885.

MY DARLING NELLY — I have your charming long letter this morning. I wrote to mamma yesterday, so must write again to you to-day. Again a bright, cold day, without wind; the finest winter

¹ See p. 137.

weather possible. I like to hear all you tell me about the weather and garden at home. The official people here are slow in moving. I have been to see the Director of the Division for Elementary Schools at the Ministry to-day; very civil, and happily he speaks French, though bad French. But he can hardly bring himself to understand that one is in a hurry, or that one is not going to give a month to Berlin alone. However, I do hope to see something in the way of schools to-morrow. I am to have documents sent me to-night, and a showman chosen for me. I want, if possible, to get away from here to-morrow week, as I find I must go to Munich; and a week at Dresden, a week at Munich, and ten days at Zurich and Lucerne will take me right up to Christmas. It very much interests me trying to improve myself in speaking German, as I really have a very large vocabulary, which is the great thing. But the usual forms of talk are strange to me, from having known the language by books only. I am now waiting for Renell Rodd, who is to call for me and take me to Mrs. Pendleton's. After that I come home, and take my lesson of my elderly German teacher. Then I get a cup of tea at the café close by, and Rodd and Cartwright call for me to go with them to *The Wild Cats*, a broad, comic piece with songs, at a popular theatre. I am sure this will amuse me more than the opera of *Undine*, or the translation of Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, or of the *Duchess of Gerolstein*. We shall have supper at a restaurant after the play, which is over by ten. I find

that the young men at the Embassy go to some theatre every night, now that the season has not begun. The season begins about the 18th of January with the Court balls, and goes on till May. The entire absence of late dinners, except under great difficulties, almost obliges the stranger here to go to the theatre; and it is because all the natives have the habit of going there, that the rule of dining early has come to prevail.

To his Wife.

CARLSDORF BEI ANGERMÜNDE,

November 23, 1885.

I begin this here, but I expect to be called away directly to go with Count Redern to see his school — a little village school with not more than fifty children — a specimen of its class which I shall be glad to see, for, of course, the great town schools are what the officials will chiefly take me to. Count Redern is one of the greatest Prussian proprietors; they say he has £70,000 a year. He has been much in England, for he is very fond of racing, and breeds horses; he was at Newmarket last month only. He has fitted up the interior of the house with every modern convenience, and the Khiva carpets, which he brought from Petersburg, would delight you. I write to you from my own salon, a great room with an open fire, but cold, then a large dressing-room, then a larger bedroom, then a bathroom. Fires in bedroom and dressing-room as well as salon. Our party was Count Seckendorff, Cadogan, Rodd, and myself. We started at

half-past eight yesterday (Sunday) morning, were met by the Count's carriages at a station about forty-five miles from Berlin, and drove five miles to this place, which we reached for luncheon at eleven. The Count has an English valet, and two English coachmen, and a French cook of great merit. It is a country slightly rolling, with great forests of fir with birch, beech, and oak mixed, and a number of beautiful lakes. We drove out in the afternoon about ten miles to a wooden watch-tower, from which they expected to see red deer. We saw plenty of fallow deer, but no red deer except close to the house, where a few are kept tame; also I saw no wild boar, which I would rather have seen than even red deer; but they keep very close. An admirable dinner, and in the evening they made me repeat some of my poetry, saying it would be an event to remember; I cut it as short as I could. I am very glad to have seen the place, so unlike anything we know; I wish I could have gone to the river Oder, which is only eight miles off. The Count wants me to come back in June, when the woods are in leaf, and the grounds are alive with nightingales. The *soirée* at the Crown Prince's palace was a brilliant affair—about two hundred officers in uniform—very fine men, and I know no uniform which looks better than the Prussian. The Crown Princess came round the circle, and I kissed her hand, as every one here does when she holds it out; she talked to me a long time, and said I must come and see her quietly and comfortably; then the Crown Prince came up and

talked for some time; I never saw a man do his duty to his guests better. I was introduced to Count Herbert Bismarck (very natural and pleasant), and to Rudolf Lindau, who is the chief permanent official at the Foreign Office here; the terrible thing is that you have to wait to the end, and having gone punctually at nine, I did not get away till after midnight.

Berlin—6 P.M. I have got back here and found my Nelly's letter; also one from Max Müller sending me introductions to the University people best worth seeing. I dine to-night with the Leveson-Gowers, to-morrow with the Pendletons; Lindau and Seckendorff I am also to dine with this week, and to keep a day for Scott, the first secretary, and also for Sir E. Malet, who returns on Thursday. So I am pretty well filled up. Seckendorff says the Crown Princess will arrange for my seeing, when I go to Dresden, the Saxon royalties, who are very interesting: whether or no she really will, remains to be seen. I wrote to Lucy this morning. I thought she would like to have a letter from a country house in the Mark of Brandenburg. All the Crown Princess's children were there the other day. Prince Henry, in a naval uniform, looked a charming youth. The great Bismarck is not here. Now I must dress. Take great care of yourself, and give a kiss to my Nelly with thanks for her nice long letter. I am sorry the Forsters are not off to Torquay; I must write to Jane soon. The weather has changed to mild and rainy. I am here till Sunday at any rate.

*To the Same.*BERLIN, *November 25, 1885.*

I got your long letter last night. I am glad you will now write from Cobham, as I like to get your letters in the morning; they do me good for the whole day. I am still doing very little in the line of visiting schools, though I have plenty of documents to read, but the slowness about doing things is incredible. I told you I had two men named to me as my pilots, one for town, the other for the suburbs; I pass my life in moving from one to the other; neither is at home except for one hour in the day, and one of them, whom I have just visited at great inconvenience and at some distance, has chosen his home hour to-day for going out to see his doctor. The other I got to at last, and found that he had not yet received his official instructions to take me about; I am to see him again to-morrow. If I can make nothing to-morrow of my inspectors, I shall on Friday go straight to the schools with a letter I have received from the Minister himself, begging all school authorities to admit me. But I should like to have some one to question, like my poor lost Rapet. I was going about so much yesterday that I could not write; after getting this you had better write to the Hotel Bellevue, Dresden, where I go on Monday. Yesterday I wasted my day in trying to see my official guides; but I got my German lesson (very useful) and lunched with my young men at the Embassy. In the evening I dined with the Pendletons — a pleasant dinner. This morning while I was dressing there arrived

a tall personage in black to invite me to dine with the "Königlichen Kronprinzlichen Herrschaften"; it was like a play: he mentioned dress and hour and his royal personages, all with the same solemnity. The hour is six and the dress is plain evening dress — which is lucky, as I have no court suit. It is very kind of the Crown Princess to have asked me. I have had a kind letter from Max Müller, with notes for Hofmann, Zeller, and Mommsen; all men of European reputation, whom one ought to see while one is here. I saw Hofmann last evening — a dear, doggy, cheerful old thing, very fond of England, where he lived some years, and married. Then Zeller, the historian — a thin, sweet-faced, refined, elderly man, to him I had to speak German; Hofmann speaks English perfectly. Mommsen, I know, talks French. I am to see him on Saturday probably.

To the Same.

KAISERHOF, November 27, 1885.

I was going to write to Nelly, from whom I had a pleasant letter, but I have such a long and sweet one from you this morning that to you I must write. You need not tell me anything from the *Times*, as I see it regularly. It is the only English paper one sees, but this one is found everywhere — in the hotel, at the club, in the Embassy. The elections are, as you say, profoundly interesting.¹ How I wish we could talk about them together!

¹ The first General Election after the extension of the Suffrage to the Agricultural Labourers began November 23, 1885.

Yesterday one of my school guides appeared before I was out of bed, and made an engagement to take me to-morrow to a country school near Potsdam. Then I paid a visit to the director of the Elementary Schools in Berlin, and got the names from him of four Elementary Schools to visit. One of them I have seen to-day, and another I shall see on Monday. The other two I shall not be able to go to, but two Berlin schools is quite enough. I am also going to the Crown Princess's Kindergarten. I lunched with the Embassy, and then went with Rodd to the Museum to see the Marbles from Pergamos. They are very fine, but, like the Elgin marbles, a little beyond me. It was a black and gloomy day, and while we were in the building on came the snow. I had my German lesson (I am beginning to make a little progress), and then had to dress for the Crown Prince's. None but private carriages are allowed to drive to the door, so I had to stop at the sentry beneath and walk up through the snow. The palace is small, but very cheerful and agreeable. Hofmann, the chemist, who is a favourite with the Crown Prince, was the only other guest. We were shown into a drawing-room, where we were presently joined by the lady-in-waiting. About five minutes afterwards a door was thrown open and the Crown Prince entered in what looked to be a Windsor uniform, but I am told is the evening undress of the Prussian Guards. His two younger daughters were with him, still children. The Princess Victoria followed with her mother, both in high

dresses, the young Princesses all white, the mother all black. We went into dinner almost directly, and the Crown Princess put me by her and talked, I may say, all dinner. She is very able and very well informed. . . . After dinner she again made me sit by her on the sofa, and presently the Crown Prince wished Hofmann good-night and came to the Princess and me. He stood leaning on a chair, so of course I got up, on which he crossed his hands over his breast and said, "I entreat you to stay as you are." They were thoroughly pleasant. We talked much of the English elections, and then they said I must hear the telephone, laid on from the Opera. The Prince showed me how to put it to my ears, and I heard every word of the recitative, which was then going on distinctly, and presently the music also. Then the Princess got up and held out her hand and said, "We must see you again before you go to Dresden." — "Oh yes," said the Prince, "we must certainly see you again." I kissed her hand and shook the Prince's, and then the Princess Victoria came forward and held out her hand, and her two younger sisters followed suit. They then all went out, and the Prince, who went last of them, turned round and shook hands with me again, on the top of the stairs. Then I went down into the snow, rejoicing in my "Arctics."

To his Younger Daughter.

BERLIN, *Sunday, November 29* (1885).

MY DARLING NELLY — I have another letter to thank you for, and I have to thank mamma for one received this morning, which I did not expect. I cannot now write every day, because my days are more and more filled. Yesterday I never got time to look at my newspaper till after twelve at night. I brought my history down to Thursday night. On Friday morning the thaw had come, and it poured with rain. I drove to a great girls' school, and passed the morning there. It was very good, and the slow, distinct speech of the teachers, and the slow, distinct answers which they insist on from the scholars, is a capital lesson in German for me. Yesterday morning I breakfasted in my own room as I got up — a common practice here, where your breakfast is only a cup of coffee and a roll. At nine Dr. Tzyska called for me — a sensible, pleasant man who speaks English, who took me to a country school six miles from Berlin — very interesting. I got back in time to lunch with the young men at the Embassy, and to go to the Reichsrath. Sir E. Malet and the Crown Prince had both told me Bismarck would probably speak. I had a very good place in the diplomatic box. One of the French attachés, seeing a stranger enter, politely insisted on my taking his place in the front row; and sure enough there was Bismarck on his legs. He is gigantic, and just the face you know from his photographs; but his expression milder,

and with more of bonhomie than I had expected. He was in a general's uniform, which surprised me, but I am told he always wears it in the Reichsrath (the word means Imperial Parliament). Just under him, with his hand to his ear to catch what was said, stood Moltke. Bismarck spoke for more than half an hour. He spoke badly, with short, awkward gestures, and dropping his voice. He had a great portfolio of papers, which he perpetually consulted, and read from. He was answered by Windthorst, the Catholic orator, a little old man who is a first-rate speaker. He got far more applause than Bismarck, who spoke again when Windthorst sat down. Then Windthorst in his turn spoke again, and then Bismarck once more rose and was speaking when I had to go away for my German lesson. Then I dressed in a hurry and out to the Chancery, where I had a capital cup of tea with two of my young men who went with me to see *Othello* at the Royal Theatre. Horrid! but I wanted for once to see Shakespeare in German. I afterwards gave them supper at Uhl's, being glad of an opportunity to give something to those who had given me so much, and I think they liked it. . . . This morning I breakfasted with Count Seckendorff at his house close to the Crown Prince's palace. He is kindness itself, and is managing all sorts of things for me both at Dresden and Munich.

To-day it pours with rain; I drove to a great school in the extreme east of Berlin, and stayed there till one, when the school closed; this school-

seeing interests me here extremely. I walked till I could get a cab, and then came back here and lunched. Directly after luncheon came a message from Count Seckendorff to say that the Crown Princess wanted me, if I could, to call upon her at half-past four, so I went across and put off my German master, who was coming at that very time, till six. Then I walked in the rain to the Crown Prince's palace, and was at once taken through a passage filled with books, to her room. I kissed her hand this time both on coming and going, and really she is so nice that to kiss her hand is a pleasure. She said she could not let me go without seeing me again, gave me a chair, and kept me three-quarters of an hour. She is full of the Eastern question, as all of them here are; it is of so much importance to them. She talked too about Bismarck, Lord Amphill, the Emperor, the Empress, the Queen, the Church, English politics, the German nation, everything and everybody indeed, except the Crown Prince and herself. At last I got up, though I suppose I ought to have waited for her to dismiss me, but I might have been there still; she said I was of course to come and see them if I returned to Berlin; that she regretted they could not take me in here, but that if I ever came when they were at Potsdam they had plenty of room there, and I must stay with them. Then she asked me where I was going to dine to-night, and I am sure would have asked me to dinner if I had not been engaged to dine with the Ambassador. I then went down the

beautiful staircase, and allowed my greatcoat to be put on by a magnificently grown footman, and walked here. I have since had a last lesson from my excellent old man (born in the same year as myself), have paid him and taken leave of him. I see William is in; I am very glad (though I was in no fear about it) and must write to Jane. Now I must really dress; the last time I dined at the Embassy I was late.

To Miss Arnold.

HOTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN,
December 4, 1885.

MY DEAREST FAN — I have just got your letters; this makes three I have had from you since I came abroad, and I have only written to you once, which is too bad! But my day is very full, and I have more letters to write than I expected. I hope that Lord J. Manners will get in for Leicestershire, and the Tory for Westmorland, though I should never myself vote for a Tory; but for the present I wish Lord Salisbury to stay in, the Liberals being so unripe. Lord Salisbury is an able man, and I think he improves and is capable of learning and growing. When one has seen Bismarck one feels the full absurdity of poor — transacting foreign affairs with him; and when one hears him, and perceives how earnestly he is putting his real mind to the subject in hand, one thinks of — pouring out words as the whim may take him, or party considerations render convenient. I heard a very good debate in the Reichstag, but I do not think

there is any chance of my having speech with Bismarck; he arrived in Berlin only just before I left it, and it needs arrangement to get him to see new people unless his duty obliges him. I could not possibly ask Sir E. Malet to help in it; in the first place he would decline, as they are all much afraid of Bismarck. Still, if I go back to Berlin, perhaps it will be managed somehow, but by a private channel. I was sincerely glad W. E. F. got in for Bradford, but I was sure he would; the wiser Liberals, if they have any real political sense, will be very strong in this Parliament. I hope they will not unite with the Tories, and will also resist steadily the temptation of going against their judgment with the Radicals, merely to keep a supposed party together. I am learning a good deal here, and am at last making some progress in speaking German; but much more time is needed for an inquiry of this kind than I have. It is impossible to see more than one school a day, for they all close for good at one o'clock, and the officials do not like one hurrying over a thing, and quite right. Then, too, even more important than seeing the schools, is the ascertaining what people think of the system of payment or non-payment in them, and what is likely finally to be done about it. This is a beautiful place, and cheap still; the best places in the best boxes on the grand tier of the opera cost only six shillings. And the picture gallery, that is an attraction indeed! I was two hours there yesterday, and I found that I had not half done it justice before, having come here

straight from Florence, where the galleries are even better. The city has its public buildings partly in the style of Blenheim, partly in that of Bow Church, if you know those monuments; but the effect is very fine; and the town proper is a real German town of high old houses, not like Berlin, a handsomer Bond Street, all new. Then there is the red-brown Elbe, a perfect beauty, pouring through the bridges, and in the distance hills, real hills, the beginnings of the Saxon Switzerland. Good-bye, my dearest Fan. — Your ever affectionate
M. A.

I keep wonderfully well, and here, where we have no Minister and no attachés, I go every night to the theatre — hours from seven to nine and a half — to the great improvement of my German.

To his Younger Daughter.

DRESDEN, *December 10, 1885.*

MY DARLING NELLY — This morning I had your letter, so to you I shall write; I wrote to your darling mamma yesterday. Well, I have seen the King! The Prussian minister told me evening dress was *de rigueur*, so after doing a school with my official guide this bitter snowy morning, I came back here at twelve o'clock, and put on evening things and a white tie. I wore also my order, but I was obliged to have in the chambermaid, a red-haired, pleasant-faced girl, to tie it behind for me, which she accomplished with much tittering, and with a lively interest in my making

myself *hubsch* (beautiful), because I was going to speak with *der Konig*, and to speak with him *allein*, too! Then I put on over my evening shoes those comforts of my life, my Arctics, and walked through the snow to the Schloss. I was received by a magnificent creature with a silver-gray great-coat with immense fur collar and cuffs and a cane. He led me through endless corridors and sentries to a room where the aide-de-camp was, a tall, good-looking man, who was expecting me; he led me through more passages, saying, as we went, that he was glad I spoke German. "But his Majesty speaks English," I said. "Yes," he answered, "but his Majesty is always *genirt* and put out when he is obliged to speak English; he doesn't feel sure about the pronunciation." — "But French?" I suggested. "Oh yes," said my aide-de-camp, in French, "that will do perfectly well," and went on in French himself from that time. He led me into a large bare room, with polished floor, begged me to wait a moment, went through a door, and was seen no more. In a minute or two the King entered, an elderly-looking man in uniform. He bowed and I bowed lower; he at once began in French, saying the Crown Princess had written to him about me. We went on about schools for some time; then we talked about Prince Thomas,¹ whom he did not know to have actually lived with us, though he knew he was at Harrow; then about politics, then about the dependence of people here upon the State and its officials; then about the

¹ The Duke of Genoa.

English language, and about the *masse* of Americans in Dresden, for the English language as spoken by whom his Majesty expressed his cordial dislike. Then he said how glad he was to have seen me, held out his hand, which I shook, and back he went to his own room. I found my magnificent attendant in the furs waiting for me on the landing, to conduct me to the great door out of the palace—I should never have found it without him. I had again to call in my chambermaid to untie her fastening of my order. I assure you it improves my appearance immensely. For the first time since I have been abroad I felt the unspeakable benefit of my French. My Lucy would have liked to hear me talk it. His Majesty and I talked it in much the same manner, neither of us like Frenchmen, but with perfect fluency and perfect solidity of grammar. — Always your most loving

PAPA.

To his Wife.

DRESDEN, *December 10, 1885.*

I always reproach myself when I have not written to you or Nelly, but this morning I said to myself: Well, at any raté, *they* had not written either; and now when I come in at one o'clock here is your letter of the 8th. I write at once, that my letter may go by the five-o'clock post; then you will get it on Sunday morning. I was going to Baron v. Canitz's to-day, but the King has sent through Count Dönhof to ask if I can come to him to-morrow at one; of course I stop for

this, and have written to Baron v. Canitz to propose coming on Saturday instead. Then I should stay over Sunday with him and go to the regular Lutheran service in a country place; see his village school on Monday morning, and return here at night. I must return here, as Tuesday was the first day I could fix for being taken to a Saxon country school; the inspector for the district round Dresden is to take me. Then on Wednesday the 16th I shall go to Berlin, and after a few days there shall make my way home by Cologne, where I must stop a day to see schools. But some time on Wednesday the 20th I hope to be at home again, and I feel as if I could never leave you any more. The schools here are so good that I am never tired of seeing them. I am interested to find that Lutheranism is very much more alive than I thought; the hymns and Luther's catechism are a great feature in every school; the hymns are the models on which ours are formed, and are better than ours. The catechism, too, is better than Dean Nowell's which we use; but the remarkable thing is the use which is made of the hymns and catechism, as well as of the Bible; the way the children know them and seem to like them, and the way the inspectors examine them. This morning I have been to a school for a higher grade of boys, those who are going to be engineers, merchants, manufacturers, and so on; but it is all part of a system, so it is well to see it all. It would have surprised you to find how well the boys answered in English history — boys in what would

with us be the fifth form. This afternoon I am going to an Elementary school; in the evening I am going to the opera — *La Juive*. We have a Polish lady staying here, short and fat, who is the *prima donna*; she has sung with great success at Warsaw, Milan, and Naples, but the papers here have made unfavourable remarks on her appearance, which greatly distresses her. I have promised to go to-night and applaud her. The librettos in German are so carefully made, and so good, that they are quite another thing from the librettos in English, and are a great help to me in getting through the opera; they interest me, if the music does not. The worst of it is I get out so little, though to be sure the weather is bad for country walks; yesterday we had snow, after a very fine morning, and to-day there is a slight thaw and slush.

To the Same.

MITTEL SOHRA, GÖRLITZ,

Sunday, December 13, 1885.

I could not write yesterday, so I take a larger sheet to-day. Yesterday morning I left Dresden at ten, bitterly cold, and the Elbe full of blocks of ice and frozen snow; but the snow had ceased falling. It is always warm in the railway carriages — too warm! and if there is a dispute, the railway officials have orders to decide always in favour of *closing* the window. We went through Saxon Lusatia, a pleasant country, but the windows were so frozen, it was hard to see anything of it; past

Bautzen, where was one of Napoleon's great battles; a very interesting place full of old buildings, on the Spree, the river of Berlin. Then to Görlitz, a place of fifty thousand inhabitants, once the capital of Lusatia, but since 1814 given to Prussia, and included in Silesia. In the carriage was an old gentleman in magnificent furs, with his wife; after a few words in German he began to talk English, said he was going back to Dresden, and if I was going back too, he wished I would call on him there; that he was H. M. Consul-General at Leipsic, and a member of the Upper House, now sitting at Dresden. He gave me his card, and it was Baron Tauchnitz, the man who has made his fortune by the Tauchnitz editions! He seemed really much interested when he found out who I was, and I am going to see him.

To Charles J. Leaf.

BERLIN, *December 18, 1885.*

MY DEAR LEAF—I was very glad to get your letter here, and we will certainly dine with you on Christmas Day. It is delightful to be looking homewards again; and I shall think it an excellent employment for Sunday to spend it in travelling to Cologne. I have the excuse that it is a day on which schools cannot be seen, and I am so pressed for time that I must give to schools every day I can. What I have seen is most interesting and instructive, and the German schools deserve all the praises given to them. I am never tired of

x attending the lessons in general, but they make
me hear too much music. I send you, for Mrs.
Leaf, the programme of a School-music by which
I am to be victimised from ten to twelve to-morrow
morning. Walter will be interested in hearing
that I had more than half an hour's talk with
y Mommsen this morning; he is quite white, and
older than I expected; — in manner, mode of
speech, and intellectual quality something between
Voltaire and Newman. I believe I am to see the
great Reichs Kanzler to-morrow, but I do not like
to say so before the interview really comes off.
He is almost inaccessible, but the Crown Princess
herself asked him to receive me, and I hear he has
consented. I shall hear to-night at the Crown
Princess's, where I am going to a "small" tea at
nine o'clock. She has been most extremely and
markedly kind to me. I very much like the Crown
Prince also — and the girls. I am getting to speak
German much better than I did at first, but in the
"higher circles" almost every one speaks English,
so one does not get practice enough; Prince Bis-
marck transacts all his business with our Amba-
sador in English. Now I must stop, and go about
school business. I have asked all the Americans
I meet about Farrar;¹ they had generally been
going to hear him. I am glad his visit has been
so successful. My love to Mrs. Leaf and Walter.
— Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Dr. Farrar had been lecturing in the United States.

*To Miss Arnold.*COLOGNE, *December 21, 1885.*

MY DEAREST FAN — Your letter has been sent to Munich, where I have not yet been, and was then sent back to Berlin, where it reached me just as I was starting on my return to England. I have had a very good time, and no ailment except a few hours' faceache off and on. What I have seen has interested me very much, and makes me wish to see more. To-day, here, I have in the morning seen the vicar of the cathedral and the archbishop, and have passed the afternoon in a free school for poor Catholics. Since that I have dined, and am now really going to start for home, which is delightful. I had meant to sleep at Brussels to-morrow night, but I see no reason for wasting time in doing so, and therefore, though I hate sleeping carriages, I am going to try one once more, and to travel straight through from here to England. I hope to be in London soon after five to-morrow afternoon, and at Cobham in time for dinner. This is my last letter, if all goes well, from abroad. I have telegraphed to Fanny Lucy to say I hope to arrive to-morrow evening. My three days in Berlin were very interesting; I saw the Education Minister, Herr von Gossler, who gave me an account of what was going to happen as to free schooling in Prussia, quite different from what every one else had given me; I can only suppose that Prince Bismarck has made up his mind that so it shall be, and if he has made up his mind that so it shall be, so it probably will be. He has

promised to see me, but his son, Count Herbert de Bismarck, told me he was quite laid up with a varicose vein which has gone wrong, and could not see me till Wednesday or Thursday; I could not wait for that, so I must take Berlin on my way to Munich in February. I was at a small party, at the Crown Prince's, on Friday, where I met Count Herbert de B. The Crown Princess had herself asked his father to see me. She has been quite charming to me, and the Crown Prince also. But what has touched me most has been the devotion of the smart young men at the Embassy. Two of them came to the station to see me off yesterday; and they have all been sweeter than I can say. The weather is splendid, though cold. It is something to cross, as I did yesterday, in one day, two such rivers as the Elbe and the Rhine.

I have just been dining in the very same coffee-room where you and I were together, and I thought of you and of our journey. I am getting on wonderfully with German; I talked it to-day to the Archbishop, who speaks neither English nor French. What a move is this of Gladstone's in the Irish matter!¹ and what apprehensions it gives me! . . . — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To the Same.

COBHAM, *December 27, 1885.*

MY DEAREST FAN—I got your letter from Bristol, and now we have heard from you after

¹ Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to Home Rule were divulged December 17, 1885.

your arrival at Torquay. You are excellent in writing. I believe Flu has acknowledged your letter, but I wrote a hasty note myself to send my love to dearest K., and to tell her how full my thoughts are of her and her dear invalid. My work is unusually interesting because it enables me to see and hear so many of the rank and file instead of merely the chiefs, who are all that a foreigner on a mission usually comes in contact with. If I only saw the Minister in Berlin I should report that a system of free schools would certainly be adopted throughout Prussia very shortly; as it is, I very much doubt whether it will be. But the question is being discussed throughout Germany, and this, with the great excellence of the schools, makes it so interesting to be there on an errand like mine. It is odd that while in this extraordinary England no one seems to think of connecting the elementary school question with the question of intermediate schools, though the case is ten thousand times stronger here than there, in Germany the constantly heard argument is: Why is it harder on an artisan with £50 a year to pay 4s. a year for his son's schooling than on an officer or functionary with £150 or £200 a year to pay 40s. a year for his? Lucky country, we might say, where the officer or functionary can get first-rate schooling for his son for 40s. a year, whatever may be done as to relieving other classes! I suppose if they have a Royal Commission that will at any rate give time for the question to be considered, and Chamberlain and his company will not be able to

rush free schools in a session. I must stop. We have four turkeys sent us, and how we should like your help in eating them! The Whitridges have sent us a barrel of Blue Point oysters — but those you don't care about. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To M. Fontanès.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, 9 Janvier, 1886.

CHER MONSIEUR ET AMI — Votre lettre est venue me trouver au fond de l'Allemagne, à Dresde. Je ne vous ai point écrit en réponse, parceque je ne pouvais vous donner les indications que vous avez demandées; à présent, j'ai mes instructions, et je puis vous dire que nous partons pour Paris le 21 de ce mois; nous y resterons, j'espère, trois semaines. Nous descendrons à l'Hotel Romain, rue St. Roch; nous amenerons nôtre fille, et tous les trois nous serons enchantés de vous serrer la main. Le plus tôt sera le mieux; il est possible que dans les premiers jours de février j'aie à m'absenter de Paris pour voir quelques écoles de campagne.

Tout ce que j'ai vu en Allemagne m'a extrêmement intéressé. Berlin n'a pas ce qu'ont Paris et Londres, une grande société agréable et cultivée. On a une cour, des fonctionnaires, des militaires, des professeurs; les professeurs ont dans leur nombre des hommes très distingués, mais ce sont des savants et des spécialistes, à l'écart du monde proprement dit, lequel reste, je le repète, plus borné, plus sec, et beaucoup moins intéressant que le monde de

Londres et de Paris. Mais le très bon côté là-bas, le voici: tout le monde apprend son métier et le pratique consciencieusement. Les écoles méritent parfaitement leur haute réputation. Une chose m'a singulièrement frappé dans les écoles populaires — l'instruction religieuse. Elle y occupe une grande place, elle est obligatoire, elle est très bien donnée, bien que trop dogmatique. Or, on vous dit que les deux tiers des parents, dans l'Allemagne du Nord, sont socialistes et athées; pourtant, leurs enfants sont soumis à cette forte instruction religieuse, et, qui plus est, ils paraissent la goûter. Ils en garderont certainement quelque chose; tout cela aura une action conservatrice, et je doute fort que la révolution arrive sitôt en Allemagne, même après qu'on aura perdu Bismarck et l'Empereur Guillaume. Le vrai secret pour préparer les révolutions, c'est de former des générations de Gavroches, n'est ce pas?

Adieu, cher Monsieur et Ami; nous causerons de tout cela à Paris. Mille amitiés à Scherer — and believe me — Affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *January 11, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN — It is a long time since I have written to you, but really one had no heart to write a common letter when one was in such distress of suspense about William. Now things do really look better for the present. Yesterday I skated, and the Pains Hill Lake in snow and ice

was as beautiful as ever. I got on very well, and the skating did not bring on the chest pain, smooth motion does not, but laborious motion — making my way uphill or through snow. I did not skate very long, nor attempt going backwards; for Fanny Lucy arrived, and soon wanted to go home again, and as her way took her among some calves of a year old, whom she was pleased to call bisons, and she had the little dog with her, she required an escort. I enjoy my time here very much. I read five pages of Greek anthology every day, looking out all the words I do not know; this is what I shall always understand by *education*, and it does me good, and gives me great pleasure. Then I plunge into my German documents, which I must read more or less, though seeing and hearing is a great deal better. This morning Eliza, in calling us, told me that the water was coming into my dressing-room through the ceiling, the thaw having set in during the night. The water entered at a corner where the books did not matter much, being mainly, as I said to Flu profanely, “a heap of science primers which could be of real use to no mortal soul”; but the room got into a very wet state, and I am not sure I have not caught a little cold from pottering about in it, removing papers and books. I have been very well till now, however, all through this winter; so much clear gain! I send you a note of Rosebery’s, with an enquiry for William. He wrote to implore me to come to Mentmore, but I cannot, so I said I would send him *Culture and Anarchy* instead. The preface

contains a prophecy which has come quite wonderfully true. If I had time I would write a last political article with the title of *The Nadir of Liberalism*. For all I have ever said of the Liberals calling *successes* not things which really succeed, but things which take with their friends, unite their party, embarrass their adversaries, and are carried — and how very, very far this is, in politics, from true success, has proved itself to a degree beyond which we shall not, it may be hoped, pass. I send you Goschen, too, to whom the Crown Princess begged me to give a message from her; return him, for Nelly wants the letter. I send you one, too, from the old Baron Carl von Canitz, a perfect dear, at whose Schloss I stayed in Silesia. He commissioned me to get him an English flask, so I sent him one as a Christmas present. The blackbirds and thrushes are flying in and out of the holly before my window, as they used to in the hollies behind Spring Cottage when Tom and I shot there fifty years ago! The birds are a delight. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

HOTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS,
MUNICH, *February 26, 1886.*¹

I was not entirely comfortable at the Bellevue at Zurich, and never was I thoroughly warm there except once in a café; but the schools were very good, and there are some thoroughly nice people

¹ Having returned to England for Christmas, he went abroad again to resume his enquiries.

there. After writing to you I went to dine (half-past twelve) with the Wunderlys; an excellent dinner, and he produced real Johannisberg. Then I drove over the slopes of the mountain behind Zurich to Wytikon, a small village; the sun came out, and there were beautiful gleams of the lake, but far too much mist still. I took the school by surprise, and anything more creditable to Canton Zurich you cannot conceive. I had sent back the carriage, and the schoolmaster walked back to Zurich with me, three or four miles, but downhill; his parents live in Zurich, and he was going in to some choir singing. Then I had a long visit from dear old George de Wyss, and then an evening school; then a light supper, packed, and to bed. My bill was very reasonable; at the rate of hardly more than eighteen francs a day. I started by the ten o'clock express yesterday morning for Munich; they call it an express, but it never goes far without stopping, or fast, except for the last thirty miles before Munich. Snow covers the whole face of the land both here and in Switzerland. At Romershorn we took boat, as you and I and darling Tommy did; there was sun, but such fog that we lost sight of the Swiss side directly, and did not see the German side till we were close to it; then, however, we had a fine but dim view of the nearer Von Arlberg mountains, and Lindau, our port, came out well. I lunched on board, the only occupant of the cabin — luncheon cheap. At Lindau I got a beautiful coupé to myself; and indeed from Zurich to Munich I never had any one with me in the carriage. So

I read and looked out of window, and was not disturbed by tobacco smoke. I think we went with Tommy to Friedrichshafer for Ulm; but surely you have been with me on the Lindau and Kempten line? As we passed the beautiful little lake (all frozen now and besnowed) of Immerstadt, I fancied I had seen it with you; I have been there myself certainly. It got clearer, but still snow everywhere, and the stiff small pines sticking up out of the snow like Noah's ark trees; I had a day of blessed rest, however, after all my schools.

To the Same.

MUNICH, *Sunday, February 28, 1886.*

Your announcement of dear Lola's¹ death did indeed give me a pang. I have just been reading your letter again. You tell it beautifully, just all that I should naturally want to know; and all you have done is exactly right, and as I could wish. Perhaps we might have kept a *mêche* of her hair where it used to come over her forehead, but I should have hated mangling her to take her hoof off, and should not have cared for having it when it was done. You have buried her just in the right place, and I shall often stand by the thorn-tree and think of her. I could indeed say, "Let my last end be like hers!" for her death must have been easy, though I am grieved to hear of her being so wasted and short-breathed. When I was at home at Christmas, I thought she was much as before, and she always liked her apples. I am glad Nelly

¹ A pony.

went to see her. How glad I am, too, that we resisted all proposals to "put her away." How small has been the trouble and expense of keeping her this last year, and how far different is the feeling about her death now from what it would have been if we had put an end to her. There was something in her character which I particularly liked and admired, and I shall never forget her, dear little thing! The tears come into my eyes as I write.

To Miss Arnold.

MUNICH, March 1, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — "It is the first mild day of March," says Wordsworth, and the line has been running in my head for the last fortnight, in the hope that it might come true. But alas, yesterday was grim and cloudy, and snow fell; the snow had disappeared when we entered the Bavarian plain, having accompanied us all through Switzerland; now this morning all the ground is white again and it is piercingly cold. But I have a delightful room in an excellent hotel; a two windowed room, thoroughly well furnished and turned to the south; the stove and the sun together keep it warm all day, though the stove is only lighted for an hour or two in the morning. I find here Lady Blennerhassett, who is a Bavarian; she is staying with her mother, and would be a great resource if I were here longer and not so much occupied with schools. Then I have paid a long visit to Döllinger, whom I was interested in seeing; he is eighty-four years old, but his hair is still brown and his tall thin

figure erect. I have also visited two other professors to whom Bruce gave me letters, besides the ministers and officials, who are very civil. The real concern which people in Switzerland and here show about English affairs, and the critical period on which we seem to be entering, is remarkable; and is evidently not the affected and mortifying concern of enemies, but the true concern of those who at bottom like England and think her a great and useful force in the world. The schools are interesting from its being here a Catholic country in which the Protestants are treated with absolute fairness; whatever is done for the Catholics is done for them also. I go a great deal to the theatres, the acting is so good; and besides, it is a great help to one's German; to one's understanding it when spoken, which is quite as great a difficulty as speaking it. But my evening has often to be devoted to schools or classes: to-night I am going to a class for young men. I hope to get home by Lady Day at latest; so the beginning of March enables me to say that before the month ends I shall have done. Write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin, where I hope to be on Sunday. Continue to give me accounts of the family, and believe me, your ever affectionate brother,

M. A.

To his Wife.

MUNICH, *March 4, 1886.*

I have been kept so late at one of these one o'clock dinners that I must write hurriedly to save the post. I almost hoped for a letter this morn-

ing; if not, I shall have to wait till Dresden. After getting this, you will write to the Kaiserhof at Berlin. The day before yesterday, after sending my letter, I walked about a little and then went to the opera to see *Tristram and Iseult*. I may say that I have managed the story better than Wagner. The second act is interminable, and without any action. The hero and the heroine sit on a sofa and sing to one another about light and darkness, and their connexion with love. The theatre was a brilliant sight, and the *prima donna* is a handsome woman with some sweet notes in her voice; but at the end of the second act, at about half-past ten, the piece having begun at half-past six, I was quite worn out and came away. The third act is better, I imagine. But even in that, less is made of the story than might be made. I had a long and interesting visit from dear old Döllinger that afternoon, and am now going to pay him a farewell visit.

To his Younger Daughter.

NUREMBERG, *March 6, 1886.*

MY PRECIOUS NELLY — Blinding snow and a badish inn, at least by comparison with the Munich one — but the town is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. I think Carcassone for the Middle Age of Knights and Crusaders, and Nuremberg for that of Burghers and Guilds, are the most perfect things imaginable. The outside decoration of the houses is all preserved, and of the churches likewise; every image seems in its place; and you

cannot go a yard without finding a house with a statue or a decorated projecting window that compels you to stand still and get the snow down your neck while you look at it. I got your letter (short) in the afternoon of my last day at Munich; it was bright but very cold. In fear and trembling I dressed (for I have not worn my thin evening clothes since I left Paris) and went to have supper with Lady Blennerhassett; the apartment which her mother has is a very fine one, full of rare things, but in the way of china mostly, which I do not care for. Lady Blennerhassett is very clever, sympathetic, a very pleasant woman to pass an hour with. She tells every one that I am married to a *sehr ausgezeichnete frau*, which I leave you and mamma to translate. Yesterday the morning was fine and cold; I packed and left Munich for this place at twelve. The journeys are long, the trains go so slow; we did not get here till eight in the evening. We crossed the Danube at Ingoldstadt, which I think is a place mentioned by Dugald Dalgetty; Gustavus Adolphus besieged it, and Tilly was mortally wounded in the siege. The Danube was magnificent, of a pale yellow colour, sweeping along. We passed some interesting places, the castles of Pappenheim particularly; and I was in great comfort, having the carriage to myself all day. This hotel has many picturesque bits, but is rather ratty; the cooking not very good, and the beds of the true German kind; a sheet and one coloured blanket over you, not wide enough to tuck in at the sides; and then a great feather bed on the top of you.

The cold is so great that use it you must, but I hate it. This morning when I woke the snow was coming down merrily; but when I went out after breakfast I was in amazement, as I told you, at the beauty of the place. I had letters for the Mayor, and for the Director of the Museum; I called on both; the Mayor showed me all over the Town Hall, and I saw a marriage, a civil marriage, they were going to church afterwards; I never saw one before; it was very decorous. Then I drove to the Museum to call on the director, and arranged to go and see the pictures to-morrow morning before I start for Dresden. I walked back, and oh, Miss Nelly, what do you think I saw in one of the open places—the darling himself, the same colour, the same sex, the same age, the same size, the same slow and melancholy way; his eyes were yellower than Max's, that was the only difference. The extraordinary and more than natural crook of one foreleg was the same. He looked at me wistfully, as if to say: "I know you, but we must not speak here." But what makes it almost miraculous is that a minute afterwards Kai ran out from a passage and there they were both together. If you had seen them at Cobham you would not have doubted for an instant that they were our pair.¹ I have seen Max again this afternoon rather pleased with the snow, Miss Nelly; I again had that weird look from him, as if to say that we were in a dream, and must dream on. The Mayor sent his secretary,

¹ "Max, a dachshound without blot:
Kaiser should be, but is not."—*Poor Matthias*.

a charming young man, to show me all over the place; without him I could never have done it in the time. What churches I have seen, what fountains, what painted glass, what statues, what house fronts! I have been over Albert Dürer's house, where that great and sad artist worked and died; I have been over the old Burg, the nucleus of the town, the first possession of the Prussian royal family; they were the burgraves of Nuremberg, and the Emperor gave them Brandenburg, the province where Berlin now stands, in the year of the battle of Agincourt. The snow fell endlessly, and the streets are deep; how I shall get through the Saxon hills in the train to-morrow I don't know. But I plunged on up hill and down dale, and have been well repaid; oddly enough, heavy as the walking was, I have not had my pain at all to-day. It is now between six and seven, and quite dark: I shall not go out again, the snow is so bad. — Always your loving

PAPA.

After getting this (if it penetrates the snow) write to Berlin.

To Miss Arnold.

PARIS, March 20, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — I hope this will be the last letter I shall write on the Continent this time. . . . I went from Berlin to Hamburg, and it was almost all new to me. To the Scotch firs were added heather and broom, which I had not remarked in the stretches of pine wood in Brandenburg. Crossing the Elbe was interesting, and I

am very glad to have seen Hamburg; but all the streams which pass through it were frozen, and the two beautiful sheets of water which give it its character, the Inner and Outer Alster, which are generally alive with little steamers, were fields of snow with the steamers all frozen in. I had very good letters to Hamburg, and the Crown Princess had recommended me to the Burgomeister, who has really and truly the title of "Your Magnificence." He is a charming old man. I am really quite glad to have called a man "Your Magnificence" and to have been asked to dinner by him; but I could not go because I had taken a ticket to see Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. His stories interest me so much, and his libretto is so poetically written, that I like to see his operas, though, of course, the music says little to me; but this being so, it is better to pay five shillings in Germany to hear him than a guinea or more (for a similar place) in London. I had a long day from Hamburg to Cologne, but at Münster (where the treaty was made which ended the Thirty Years' War) we left the snow — that is, it did not prevail any more over the wide face of the land, but only lay in hollows and hedge-rows. It was very cold at Cologne, however. I walked round and round the Cathedral by moonlight for about an hour, for I knew it might be a long time before I saw it again. Next morning I left Cologne for Paris. After Liège it was all new to me, and the valley of the Meuse to Namur, and that of the Sambre beyond, were interesting, and in parts beautiful. But how much better Wordsworth saw

the valley of the Meuse by the sort of travelling in his day! I passed Compiègne, and thought of Walter; but I did not manage to catch sight of the Palace. I came to this admirable hotel, which is "as replete with every convenience" as the poor St. Romain is the contrary; but for five weeks, with a party of three, this hotel would be beyond my means. I had a pleasant dinner with Lord Lyons yesterday, and to-day I have lunched with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. We are all against Gladstone's present policy,¹ and I am glad to think it seems threatened with a check; but the mass of middle class Liberalism on which he relies is so enthusiastically devoted to him, and so ignorant, that I am not sure of his being frustrated till I see it happen. I have been all the afternoon at the Senate, where the Minister, M. Goblet, made a good speech for his policy of expelling the Congreganists, and Jules Simon made a poor reply; he spoke very well the other day, however. Now I am going to dine at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards go to a last theatre; at 9.40 to-morrow morning I start for Boulogne. Thanks for your enclosure about the sonnets. I wonder if I shall ever get anything more done in poetry. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To his Wife.

COBHAM, *Wednesday, April 21, 1886.*

MY SWEET GRANNY — How lucky you went when you did, and how you will be repaid. I got

¹ Home Rule.

x the telegram in the middle of dinner on Saturday, the 17th. Mary and Humphry Ward were with me. Of course I am very anxious to hear again of my own darling Lucy, kiss her for me, and kiss the dear little granddaughter too. I shall hear nothing about it in the letter from you which will, I hope, reach me to-morrow, but I shall most resolutely take no news to be good news. I send you a sweet little note from Lady Ellesmere which I found here on my return from London yesterday. I shall go and see her to-day. I dine with the Leafs. Mrs. Leaf is perfectly radiant, and as much pleased as if she had a grandchild herself. I am so very glad it is a girl—and what will it be called? I had a severe week with my article¹ last week, but it is all done now, and Knowles telegraphs to me that it is “magnificent,” and that he means to open his number with it. So, at any rate, I continue to give satisfaction to the Editors. I get the strangest letters from people who have read and liked *Literature and Dogma*. One man writes to me to ask if I think he, having read and liked that book, can without hypocrisy serve the office of churchwarden. A mother from a “Norton Hall” in Gloucestershire has read the same book and wants my advice in educating her daughters. . . . The correcting my evidence given before the Commission, and given in the careless manner of conversation, is very hard work, and I wish it were over; it keeps me from my Report. We have nothing but cold and east wind, still we have no

x ¹ “The Nadir of Liberalism,” *Nineteenth Century*, May 1886.

frost at night, and the bulb-beds are getting very gay. The greenhouse you would like too. Poor Gina's camellia has been very handsome indeed; the dentrias, too, are beautiful, and the great azalea is splendid. The scented rhododendron has nine blooms on it, and will be out in a day or two.

To Charles E. Norton.

COBHAM, SURREY, April 24, 1886.

MY DEAR NORTON—I have sent your letter to my sister, because I know she would be gratified by it. "Integer" is indeed the right word for Forster.¹ To the same effect, old Lord Sherbrooke said more than once to me in a moved tone the other day: "He did not think of *himself*, he did not think of *himself*."

It was tragic for a man who so keenly felt the satisfaction of political influence to die just at the moment when the certainty of it presented itself. Whether he who is gone or any of those who remain had or have power to extricate us from our present difficulties and dangers is another question. I suppose things looked even worse for us at the end of the last century, but to my eye they look extremely bad now.

Mrs. Arnold is in New York. Since her mother's arrival Lucy's baby has been born—a little girl—and all is going well. I cannot follow until I have finished a Report on Foreign Schools—or rather on some points in the system of Foreign Schools—

¹ The Right Hon. W. E. Forster died April 5, 1886.

for the Government. But I shall try my hardest to come out on the 15th of next month, by my old friend the *Servia*. But I wish you could see Surrey in April, and the garden at this Cottage, and the trees.

But you mention a country on your side, the Berkshire country, is it not? which, I believe, is very beautiful, and which I have always wished to see. Most certainly we will, if possible, come there to you for a week. But, of course, I should have come to see you wherever you might have been; even the horse cars should not have kept me from Cambridge. — My love to all your party, and believe me ever, affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Wife.

COBHAM, *Saturday, April 24, 1886.*

At last I have your letter. What a passage! Often and often I have felt miserable for you, and tried to comfort myself by thinking you had got away from the bad weather we were having here, but my heart refused to believe it, and I was never easy till I saw your arrival telegraphed. I had not thought of the pilot. I don't remember our hearing any news by the one that met the *Servia*, but I suppose the papers came by it, only they had nothing to interest us. I thought you would be met by Fred and he would tell you. I knew how you would feel it; the tears ran down my cheeks as I read what you write about it. I feel quite sure you will have written to Jane. I have at once forwarded your letter to Dick, though he too will

have heard either from you or from Nelly. Dear Nelly, hug her for me. So she has been punished for showing me the green frogs on board the French steamer, long ago, and exulting in my being ill when she was not. And I have got it all to go through still. I am rather glad it is the old *Servia*, for I daresay she rolls about neither less nor more than the others, and at all events I know her and my way about her. I shall strain every nerve to get out by her, for, as you say, "we are too old for these separations," and I cannot bear them. But my Report is troublesome; however, I have now done all the things which at all took me off from it, and hope this next week to make real progress with it. I got on well enough in my examination, but I find I have made, having to answer questions suddenly, mistakes on points of fact which I never should make in writing a report, when I go to my documents for all I say, and even write to my foreign informants if I am in doubt; however, I hope to correct my evidence before it circulates.

To Miss Arnold.

CUNARD ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP *Umbria*,
May 22, 1886, 9.45 P.M.

MY DEAREST FAN — One line to tell you I have made a good start in this splendid ship. The sea is quite calm and we are not crowded. 180 passengers, and they reckon they have room for 400. We left the Mersey at one to-day. Dear old Dick saw me on board, but had to leave almost immediately, as the *Umbria* was going to start. I shall

settle down into some regular reading presently, but at present I have done little except walk the decks. The line of Ireland is visible, or was visible an hour ago — it is nearly ten o'clock now. We ought to be in Queenstown early to-morrow morning, and to leave at between twelve and one. Then we shall see whether there is any difference between the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. The Dicks have been the dearest care-takers in the world, and have also thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The screw makes such a shaking that I write badly. I will keep this open till to-morrow morning to give you the latest tidings of myself. Good-night, my dear.

May 23, 10 A.M. — A fine morning, and we are anchored off the mouth of Queenstown Harbour, waiting for the tender with letters. She will go off with this before her letters are delivered. This ship is comfort itself, but the sea makes me bilious. However, by managing myself, and a copious use of lemons and soda-water, I shall do pretty well, I hope. I have had water-cresses for breakfast, that will give you a notion of what life on board these ships is. The low weird hill-coast is very Irish. Good-bye, my dearest Fan. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

GERMANTOWN, *June 9, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN — I had your letter of the 25th May before I left New York. I have no doubt another letter is on its way. The cable is the only

quick correspondent; owing to the difference of time they were able to cry the House of Commons division¹ in the New York streets on Monday night. And the papers have long accounts of what passed—all coloured by favour to the Irish, but still very interesting. They had made up their minds here that Gladstone was going to win; from the first I had thought he would lose, but I was not prepared for so good a majority. A load is taken off my spirit, but unless Lord Hartington and Goschen bestir themselves and seize the occasion, it will pass from them, and the Home Rulers, pure and simple, will win. Of course I have not seen the comments of the English papers on my letter² to the *Times*, but on this side the water it has done good by drawing the distinction between giving to the Irish legislative control over their own local affairs, and giving to them *a single national legislative body* to exercise such control. They all here go off saying, "Of course Ireland ought to have Home Rule just as all our States have," and till the thing is pressed on their attention they do not see the difference between what their States have and what Gladstone proposes to do. But this would lead me too far.

How one thinks of the position in which this division and the important speech he would certainly have made, would have placed dear William Forster! It was a tragic cutting-short indeed,

¹ The Liberal Government was defeated on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill on Tuesday morning, June 8, 1886.

² "The Political Crisis," *The Times*, May 22, 1886.

although life is full of such things. I was talking of him last night to one of the best men in the United States, Wayne M'Veagh, who was Attorney-General of Garfield's government. Ellis Yarnall was there too, a man of sweet nature, who is bent on coming to see Jane when he is in England, for which country he starts in a week. A group of men I met yesterday were the first men I have seen in this country who were serious and cultivated enough to understand the Irish question. The President of the Pennsylvania University had got up at some unheard-of hour in the morning to get the newspaper as soon as it was published, so anxious was he (on the right side) about the division. All this is pleasant. To-day we have a drive in the Philadelphia Park, one of the noblest in the world — 3000 acres of beautiful undulating country with a fine river. On Thursday we have a reception at the Music Hall, one of the receiving ladies is Mrs. Reed, widow of Wordsworth's friend. On Friday I breakfast at the University and we go on to Washington in the afternoon. We return to New York on Monday, but start visiting again immediately. The weather is superb, not too hot for me as yet, with rain occasionally at night, and the sun of Naples to stimulate the vegetation, which is magnificent. The great feature at present in this city is the tulip tree, or tulip poplar as they call it; it flowers badly in England, but here it is covered with its green and orange tulips from top to bottom. And the leafage and growth of the tree are enchanting. The plane is the great tree;

I believe the tulip tree is a plane, certainly the American maple is. The trees and the green are brilliant, a great contrast to what I saw on my last visit, when I never beheld the colour of green at all. We drove out to M'Veagh's to dinner after my lecture at the University (quite a success) yesterday; it might have been England, the country was so green, so fenced and so cultivated; the distances were like Hertfordshire distances, only one missed the being able to say that here or there was such and such interesting place. The clover, both red and white, are everywhere; else the flowers are somewhat different, composites and spiky uninteresting specimens so far as I have yet seen. But I have seen little yet. The house is a delightful stone house, bigger than Fox How, with a great verandah, a well-kept garden, and splendid roses. My Lucy's baby is a real pleasure to me, and I nurse it a great deal. It is such a refined, calm-looking little thing; "we count her quite English," her nurse says to me. Now I must stop for we are going on our drive. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

METROPOLITAN CLUB, WASHINGTON,
June 13, 1886.

MY DEAREST K. — How often have I thought of you in the closing days of the great debate,¹ and how you must have been thinking of the part which dear William would have taken in it, and of the

¹ On the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

important position which he would at this moment have been occupying! For my part, I think constantly of what, after all his experience, he would have considered really expedient and feasible in the way of Home Rule. I regretted his expression of general objection to Home Rule, but I know that by this he meant only Home Rule as understood by Parnell. In this country it is supposed that England refuses every kind of Home Rule, and as this is eminently the country of local government, almost every one goes for Gladstone as the only propounder of a scheme of local government. The moment any politician produces a counter-scheme, free from the great danger of Gladstone's, the separate national Parliament, but giving real powers of local government, opinion here, which is extremely important if for no other reason than that most of Parnell's friends come from America, will undergo a change. The Americans are not really indisposed to England, I believe, but they are not closely informed on Irish matters, and they see no Home Rule proposed but Gladstone's measure. I doubt if Salisbury is disposed, or Hartington laborious enough, to make one; William and Goschen together would have been invaluable for this purpose.

We have the sun of Naples here with the vegetation of Virginia, and that vegetation heightened by a wet spring. The heat is great, but there are as yet hardly any mosquitoes, and in a town of trees like this I can bear almost any amount of heat. We had it at 85 in the shade yesterday.

Flu and I drove up to Arlington, a beautiful place on the wooded bluff above the Potomac, which belonged to General Lee and was bought by the Government from his heirs to make it a national cemetery for the soldiers who fell in the War. About 12,000 are buried there, and the place, in addition to its natural beauty and admirable situation, is exquisitely kept, the only well-kept public thing I have seen in America. Nelly was taken by Archibald Forbes, who has turned up here, and is going to be married to an American, to the Capitol, to a garden-party, and to make a round of visits. We dined in the evening with General Meigs, the United States Quartermaster-General, and had a pleasant party of diplomatic people and others in the evening. Tell Fan that I have found here much more interesting wild flowers than hitherto, and merely to see the kalmia and the magnolia growing wild everywhere in the woods is worth making the journey to see. I must not begin about the trees, or I shall fill my letter with them. We return to-morrow to dearest Lucy and little Eleanor at New York. It *is* hot in the trains. — Ever, my dearest, your most loving brother, M. A.

To the Same.

LAUREL COTTAGE, STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.,

July 8, 1886.

MY DEAREST K. — I should have written to you last week, but Flu told me she was writing. I am very, very often thinking of you. I have just got the *Springfield Republican*, a prominent Massachu-

setts local paper, and my eyes are gladdened by the heading, "The Liberal Defeat becomes a Rout."¹ The newspapers here are so sensational that they always exaggerate, even when, as at present, all their wishes are against the side which is winning; still, the counties do seem to have begun well. We get no details except as to very interesting elections, such as Sexton's for West Belfast, or Whitmore's for Chelsea. The Americans are fairly puzzled; they thought Parnell was going to win. You cannot make them understand that his cause is not that of the local self-government which is universal here and works well. The truth is we have not their local self-government in England or Scotland any more than in Ireland. Parliament has been at the same time local and national legislature for those countries, as well as for Ireland. But as government in England and Scotland has been in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the respective countries, the system has worked well enough hitherto, though public business is now getting too great for it. But in Ireland, where government has been conducted in accordance with the wishes of the minority and of the British Philistine, the defects of the system have come into full view. Therefore, I am most anxious that the question of local government should be in every one's mind. If it comes to be fairly discussed, the Americans will be capable of seeing that there is no more need for merging Ulster in Southern

¹ The General Election, consequent on the loss of the Home Rule Bill, began June 30, 1886.

Ireland than for merging Massachusetts in New York State.

This is a pretty place, with many hills of 2000 feet, and one of 3500. But the heat of an American summer is great, and makes itself felt even here, where we are 1200 feet above the sea. We came here on Monday from the Hudson, expecting to find this much cooler; but a spell, as they call it, of hot weather arrived with us, and we found the thermometer at 85 and the mosquitoes active. Yesterday was a terribly warm day, the thermometer above 90 in the afternoon, and not below 80 at night; but to-day the wind is changed, and it is about 75, which I like well enough. But between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. you cannot go out comfortably, except along the village street, beautifully shaded with American elms and maples. It suits the baby to be here, and her nurse likes the heat; but the baby has to be enveloped in a net when she goes out because of the mosquitoes. At five I have a carriage, and we drive out. There are a great many people in the neighbourhood, some of them nice. The country is pleasing, but not to be compared to Westmorland. It is wider and opener, and neither hills nor lakes are so effective. The villas are very pretty. The American wooden villa, with its great piazza, where the family live in hot weather, is the prettiest villa in the world. And the trees are everywhere; indeed, they cover the hills too much, to the exclusion of the truly mountainous effects which we get from the not higher mountains of Langdale. — Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

To Miss Arnold.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 11, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — Fred brought us your letter from New York last night, with Mary's and Walter's enclosed. Write here in future. We gain a day or two by not having to wait for Fred's coming. The letters from home seem terribly old news when they arrive, and so do the papers. Our latest is the *Pall Mall Budget* of June 24th, before the elections began. On the other hand, the column of cablegram in the American papers every day is something wonderful; and Smalley's despatches to the *Tribune* are our only indication of there being any other opinion expressed in the world except a pro-Gladstone one. Of course, the elections tell their own tale, but not in speech. To-day we hear of Trevelyan's defeat and Lord Hartington's return, both of which you yourself, at Fox How, did not hear of till this morning. The *Pall Mall* splashes about more wildly than ever, but I suppose it represents a certain phase of Liberalism. I shall perhaps write another letter to the *Times*, as now comes the critical moment. Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington have an opportunity offered to them, and if they miss it now, it will never return; and the worst of it is that the English do not know how much more than other people — than the French, the Germans, the Swiss, the Americans — they are without any system of local government of an effective kind themselves, and what

¹ "After the Elections," *The Times*, August 6, 1886.

they lose by being without it, so they can the less understand the necessity of granting something of the kind to the Irish, though they see in a dim way what a necessity there is. — Ever your affectionate
M. A.

To the Same.

STOCKBRIDGE, *July 26, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN — I hear on all sides of your being written to, but I must not get out of the habit of writing myself. Nelly and I have been away for a week, first at Long Branch, on the New Jersey coast, with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs; he owns the *Philadelphia Ledger*, and has entertained all the English who come over here. From thence we went to Cresson, on the Alleghanies, a journey of twelve hours. Mr. Childs saw to our luggage, brought us our tickets, for which there was nothing to pay, and as the express dropped us fifteen miles from Cresson and we should have had to wait three hours for a local train, the Pennsylvania Company ran us on to Cresson in a special, without charge, immediately after the express. The ascent of the Alleghanies by the famous "horse-shoe curve" is interesting, but all the mountains lose by being rounded in form and wooded to the summit. One longs for bare ridges. The endless brooks of Northern Europe are also wanting, and the streams in the bottoms run over such good soil that they are seldom perfectly clear. Cresson is 2000 feet above the sea, and was beautifully cool and free from mosquitoes. The railway company put the hotel

there because of a beautiful and unfailing spring of water; it is a kind of toy hotel to look at, in wood and quite pretty; it holds 1000 people. It is common for the richer people to live in wooden cottages in the grounds and only to take their meals at the hotel. Carnegie does this, and we were at his cottage. We stayed three days. The first day we went down to see his works at Pittsburg, one hundred miles by rail. The country round Pittsburg is full of natural gas, which you see here and there towering into the air in a clear flame through an orifice in the ground; this gas they have lately conducted to the works and made to do the work of coal; no more coal is used, and there is no smoke. As a consequence, Pittsburg, from having been like a town in the Black Country, has become a seemly place. Its situation is beautiful — it lies between two rivers, the Monongahela and the Alleghany, at a tongue of land where the old fort, called after the first Pitt, was built; Pittsburg is now a city of 250,000 people. The two rivers after joining become the Ohio, which we saw, with its islands and width like that of Windermere, disappearing under the setting sun. The next day we had a long drive through the Alleghanies to Holidaysburg, a country town in the plain; we drove through woods and gorges, chiefly interesting to me from two new flowers which were everywhere, the great *Veronica Virginiana*, from three to five feet high, with great spikes of white flowers, and the pokeweed, a great herb yet taller, with tassels of pink flowers, from the berries of

which red ink is made. Once I got Carnegie to stop near the stream, and got out, that I might look at the water; to my joy I found edging the stream, and running back over swampy ground into the forest, great rhododendrons still in flower; the blossom is white, the plants as big as the big ones at Fox How, and the trusses of splendid size. We gathered a good many. The kalmia, too, was everywhere, but going out of flower. We lunched at Holidaysburg, and returned through the mountains by another route, over awful roads; but the horses here can go anywhere. We did not get home till after eight o'clock. — Ever your most affectionate

M. A.

To Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 29, 1886.

MY DEAR GRANT DUFF— I had a letter from you before I left England in May. I like to think that you will have been in general agreement with what I said about the Irish question and Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*.¹ There was a rumour you were coming home, but I suppose you will stay out your time. The Elections are a great relief. What a power of solid political sense there is in the English nation still! And now, unless the Conservatives let things drift and miss their opportunity, we have a really interesting and fruitful political work before us — the establishment of a

¹ "The Nadir of Liberalism," May 1886.

thorough system of local government. How different from the Wife's Sister, Church Rate and Disestablishment business familiar to modern Liberalism! I thought (and said in the *Times* six weeks before the election) that Gladstone would be beaten, but the majority against him exceeds my best hopes. Then I came here, where the newspapers are all Parnellite and Gladstonian, suffering nothing to appear but what favours the side they are on. They now console themselves (like John Morley) by saying that in six months Gladstone will be in again, and carrying his measure triumphantly.

But I am not going on about English politics. You should read Carnegie's book *Triumphant Democracy*. The facts he has collected as to the material progress of this country are valuable, and I am told the book is having a great sale, being translated into French and German, etc. He and most Americans are simply unaware that nothing in the book touches the capital defect of life over here: namely, that compared with life in England it is so uninteresting, so without savour and without depth. Do they think to prove that it must have savour and depth by pointing to the number of public libraries, schools, and places of worship? But I must not go on about the politics and sociology of America any more than about those of England.

Nature — I must give the rest of my letter to that, in memory of our walk at Eden when you showed me the difference between hawkbit and cat's-ear, took me to where the *Linnaea* and the

Goodyera repens grew, and founded my botanical education. In beauty and form the landscape of the Eastern and Middle States (I have seen no more) is deficient. This Berkshire county in Massachusetts, where I now am, which the Americans extol, is not to be compared to the Lakes or Scotland. The streams, too, are poor—not the great rivers, but the streams and mountain brooks. The heat is great in summer, and in winter the cold excessive; the mosquito is everywhere. But the flowers and trees are delightfully interesting. On a woody knoll behind this cottage the undergrowth is kalmia, which was all in flower when we came. The *Monotropa uniflora* (Indian pipe or corpse-plant, as they call it here—excellent names) is under every tree, the *Pyrola rotundifolia* in masses. Then we drive out through boggy ground, and towering up everywhere are the great meadow rue, beautifully elegant, the *Helianthus giganteus* and the milkweed—this last (*Asclepias*) in several varieties, and very effective. I believe it is an American plant only, and so I think is the shrubby cinquefoil, which covers waste ground, as the whin does with us. The pokeweed (*Phytolacca*) is, I think, American too, and quite a feature by the wood-borders in Pennsylvania. But the great feature in Pennsylvania was the rhododendron by the stream sides and shining in the damp thickets—bushes thirty feet high, covered with white trusses. I was too late for the azalea and for the dogwood, both of them, I am told, most beautiful here. The Cardinal flower I shall see—it is not

out yet. A curious thing is our garden Golden-rod of North England and Scotland, which grows everywhere, like the wild Golden-rod with us. They have more than thirty kinds of *Solidago*. What would I give to go in your company for even one mile on any of the roads out of Stock-bridge! The trees too delight me. I had no notion what maples really were, thinking only of our pretty hedge-row shrub at home; but they are, as, of course, you know, trees of the family of our seyamore, but more imposing than our sycamore, or more delicate. The sugar maple is more imposing, the silver maple more delicate. The American elm I cannot prefer to the English, but still I admire it extremely. And the fringe-tree, and the wiggled sumach!—this latter growing with a strength of shoot and an exuberance of wig which one never sees in England. Still, I shall be very glad to be back in England, the more so as I have a slight heart trouble, which this climate and its habits do not suit. Write to me at Cobham and tell me all about yourself and your wife — my love to her and to Clara. We have taken our passage for the 4th of September. Between this and then I am going to the Adirondacks. The fishing is, as the Americans say, “a fraud” — the rivers all fished out. “Where every man may take liberties, no man can enjoy any” (Coleridge). — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

STOCKBRIDGE, August 10, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — I had your letter yesterday. I did not know the *Thalictrum majus* grew on Windermere; I knew the *Comarum palustre* did. It is hard not to talk flowers to you, you are so interested in them, and there are so many here to interest you. A dear girl called Emily Tuckerman took Nelly and me to a river meadow yesterday where we could find the Cardinal flower (red lobelia). I send you a specimen, though I don't know whether it will reach you in a recognisable shape. Never, since I turned aside from the hill-road from Mentone to Gorbio and entered a little enclosure where the double scarlet anemone was in flower, have I had such a sensation as when I pushed yesterday through a thicket of milkweed, blue vervain, meadow rue, and yellow loosestrife, and saw a plot of scarlet lobelias by the stream side, nodding in the breeze. They are from one and a half to three feet high. We found all sorts of other things, the wild smilax or greenbriar, and the wistaria of the north (one garden wistaria is wild in the Southern States), the *Glycine Apios* of Linnæus, with its beautiful leaves and fragrant brown-purple flowers. Also the plants of the great *Cypripedium*, lady's slipper, very interesting in leaf and stem, though the flower is over. But I must not go on about the flowers, or my letter will contain nothing else.

I thirst for England, and this climate has not entirely suited me. Here we have it very warm

again, and the voice of the mosquitoes also is again heard in the land; in the Adirondacks there were none, and it was quite cool. But it is not so bad by any means as when we first came; the thermometer does not reach 90 by day nor keep above 70 by night. It suits the dear baby perfectly, who gets prettier and more flourishing every day; really, one of my pleasantest moments in the day is my first visit to her when I am on my way to the bath-room. At that time she is lying awake in her little crib, enchanted to see visitors, and always receives me with a smile or two. The other day she snatched a five dollar note out of my hand, and waved it in triumph like a true little Yankee. To-day, for the first time, she has clutched my eyeglass and played with it. Tom's letter was interesting, and, of course, the value to a people of having such an object of "admiration, hope, and love" as a great religion cannot be over-estimated. Still, Irish Catholicism cannot last as it is. On the whole, I am in good hope about politics. The great points are to keep the Unionists together and to produce a local government plan. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To the Same.

STOCKBRIDGE, August 24, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — We had our English letters yesterday. How faithful you are in sending me what you think will interest me! But for you I should not have seen my letter in the *Times*. The state of things here is curious; no part of the

letter which spoke of the best American opinion being adverse to Gladstone's proceeding was given, but a telegraphic summary of part of the letter appeared with this heading — *Mr. M. A. favourable to Home Rule*, and so they go on; not a word from any one except the Irish, or Englishmen who take part with them, and a constant assertion of the embarrassment of the Government, and of the estrangement, rapidly growing, of the Unionists. The situation is in truth so critical that it is easy to become alarmed when one is at a distance, and I shall be sincerely glad to have done with the American newspapers.

The enclosed will show you what was in store for us at Bar Harbour. I could not go last week. I was not sure enough of being free from pain, and this week we found that it would be a comfort to dearest Lucy if we gave it up, so give it up we did. It would have been a hot two days' journey, then two days in a whirl, and then a hot two days' journey back, so we are well out of it. This place has become very enjoyable. I see at last what the American autumn which they so praise is, and it deserves the praise given it. Day after day perfectly fine, the thermometer going up from 60 to 75, but not higher, in the course of the day, and averaging 60 at night. I wish you could have been with us yesterday, that is, if you are not nervous in a carriage, for the roads look impossible in places and the hills are awful. But the horses are the best tempered and cleverest in the world; the drivers understand them perfectly, and the carriages

are so light that they rebound from all shocks. We went to a lake called Long Lake, and at last I found a solitary spot for a house, a clearing which looked upon the lake, a wooded range behind, and to the south a wide valley with the Dome and the other high Taconic Mountains in the sunset at the end of it. We were perpetually stopping the carriage in the woods through which we drove, the flowers were so attractive; we settled that you would be particularly struck with the *Gerardia* flower and the *Desmodium*. But I think myself you would be so plunged in the varieties of the golden-rod and the aster, that you would go mad over them and be left in an asylum. I steadily refuse to concern myself with their varieties; I will only say that you have no notion how beautiful the asters are till you see them. I remember the great purple one (*A. patens*, I think) grows wild about Yarmouth and the Isle of Wight. There is a nice youth here, a German called Hoffmann, who is an enthusiastic botanist. Did I tell you we have a grand specimen of the *Osmunda* in the field below the house? The orchards are getting splendid—the apples scent the air as you drive along. The feeling against drink is such that the people are even ceasing to make cider, and quantities of the apples are really left to waste. My love to the Walters, and to Lake, if he is still within reach. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To C. E. Norton.

STOCKBRIDGE, August 27 (1886).

MY DEAR NORTON—I am better, but this climate makes me feel too sensibly my mortality, and I shall return to it no more. I am the more glad to have had those two glimpses of you at Ashfield. I read the account of your meeting; the speeches were good, but I am doubtful about your petty academies, just as I am more than doubtful about your pullulating colleges and universities. *Das Gemeine* is the American danger, and a few and good secondary schools and universities, setting a high standard, are what you seem to me to want, rather than a multitude of institutions which their promoters delude themselves by taking seriously, but which no serious person can so take.

But I suspect your opinion on this matter is much the same as mine, though you sacrificed to the local deities at Ashfield.

I like Berkshire more and more, and having given up Bar Harbour, I have seen more of this neighbourhood than I expected to see. The Dome is a really imposing and beautiful mass; I have seen it now from many points, and in many lights, and with ever-increasing admiration. But your Ashfield country has more variety of outline than Berkshire. How strange it will seem to be looking at Coniston Old Man and Helvellyn in a week or two's time! I was shown the Green River yesterday, the river "immortalised by the American Wordsworth," *i.e.* Bryant. But the Dome, at any rate, will live in my admiring memory.

I hope we shall see Sally. Tell Richard, with my love, that I have made out the third flower — *Gerardia* flower, the false foxglove.

Love from both of us to all your party, and let us see you in England before long. — Your ever affectionate
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

STOCKBRIDGE, August 30, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — We have had another hot wave, 85 to 90 in the day, and up to 70 all night. Of course, in New York it is yet hotter than it is here. I could not have got about among the hills here to fish the brooks even if we had had rain.

As it is, they are so low that to fish would be quite useless. Much is to be said for the certainty of fine weather in this climate, but I greatly prefer the English climate, on the whole. The great relief will be to cease seeing the American newspapers. Here one must read them, for through them only can one get the European news; but their badness and ignobleness are beyond belief. They are the worst feature in the life of the United States, and make me feel kindly even to the *Pall Mall Gazette* by comparison with them. The *P. M. G.* remark on my possible drowning was touchingly friendly. The accident was nothing: a wave carried me heavily against a taut rope under water, put there for the safety of bathers; but the shock exhausted me rather, and was followed by a week or so of troublesome attacks of pain across the chest. I am slowly getting back my powers of

walking, which is what I most care about. The heat is beginning to tell on the flowers, but we shall bring you a list of found plants which will make you envious. I must make an effort to get at the pitcher plant before I go, but it is in bad swamps. If we reach Liverpool on Sunday, the 12th, we shall, of course, sleep that night at Liverpool. I make out that the Croppers will be at Buxton. We will telegraph to you when we arrive. I hope we shall be with you either the 13th or 14th. How delightful it will be!—Ever, dearest Fan,
 your most affectionate M. A.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *October 21, 1886.*

MY DEAREST K. — I was going any way to write to you this week. I am afraid I do not watch South Africa very attentively just now, but it is very necessary that South Africa should be watched attentively by some one. I think Stanhope¹ is a good man, though a little defective in health, and therefore also, perhaps, in energy. On the whole, I think there is hope. Lord Randolph² has *freshness*—a great thing. The fatal thing at this moment, as I have so often said, is drifting. And the stale old hacks always love to talk plausibly and to drift. I do not wish to have anarchy in Ireland, or to disestablish the Church of England;

¹ The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1886, died December 21, 1893.

² Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886, died January 24, 1895.

but Lord Clanricarde as an Irish landlord, and Lord Lonsdale as the patron of forty livings, have become impossible. They must be seriously dealt with. The old hacks want still to leave them as they are, to talk plausibly about them, and to drift. The same as to Winans in Scotland. Lord Randolph, as I say, is *fresh*. He perceives that something serious must be done. Lord Salisbury's intellect is such that he perceives the same thing, perhaps with clearer and deeper view than Lord Randolph; but I doubt whether, without Lord R.'s freshness and go to stimulate him, he would act. I shall probably write one political article for Knowles at Christmas, simply to try to be of use by keeping people's eyes fixed on main issues, and preventing their going off on side ones. I should like to write one political article a year — only one — and an article of this nature. My leisure is delightful, but I can as yet hardly turn round, I have so many letters to answer and promises to fulfil. Then Ted¹ is at me for his magazine. I think I shall do General Grant's *Memoirs* for him. The Americans will like it. The book has hardly been noticed in England, and Grant is shown by this book to be one of the most solid men they have had. I prefer him to Lincoln. Except Franklin, I know hardly any one so *selbst-stündig*, so broad and strong-sighted, as well as firm-charactered, that they have had. But with all this, I cannot get to my own work, to things I had myself proposed to do, at all.

¹ His nephew, E. A. Arnold, editor of *Murray's Magazine*.

Horrid weather, not like October in Surrey at all; but the farmers say the water was failing with the August and September drought, and we want all the rain we can get. There is no colour in the trees. I go about the garden, and arrange little matters of planting. However bad the weather may be, it is good weather for planting. We have five or six dozen pears of the prime sort. We had many more last year, but these are something. I like gathering them and looking at them. They will not be eatable for ten days yet. We dine out too much — four days in this week! People hurry to ask us because we have been so long away. Has your beech hedge turned yellow? — Ever, my K., your most loving

M. A.

When you see Mr. Wemyss Reid, thank him from me for the book¹ of Stevenson he has sent me. It is not to be compared with *Kidnapped*, however.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, *Friday, October 29, 1886.*

MY DEAREST FAN — . . . I am in tearing spirits, simply from the weather. The east wind is gone, the south-west wind is come, and the thermometer is now (noon) 62 in shade to the north. The colour has come at last, and the horse-chestnuts and poplars are a sight. Yellows we can manage to perfection; it is the reds in which the States beat us. I send you some maple leaves I received from Stockbridge last night, and I send the note

¹ *An Inland Voyage.*

which came with them. I go about the garden — I cannot come in to work — examine the acorns on the Turkey oak, with their curly-haired cups, which I had never noticed before; they are very effective. Then I give Flu, who is driving to Lady Ellesmere's, a Duchesse pear to take to Lady Ellesmere, who says she shall carry it to her gardener to show him how much finer pears are grown at the Cottage than at Burwood. Then I go to pick up some Spanish chestnuts. At last I come in to work.

October 30th. — So far I wrote yesterday. To-day is again beautifully mild, but we have little sun to bring out the colours. Nelly and I have been cutting grapes, and then picking up acorns and giving them to the pigs. I have also been seeing some irises transplanted. Flu and Nelly drove with Mrs. Deacon to Ockshott to call on the Butts, who have just settled there. He is the Judge¹ of that name, and she is a very pretty and pleasing woman, an American — a Southerner. I drove out with the dogs and walked home, enjoying the country and the views and the air extremely. The lane I took is one where the spindle-tree grows abundantly, the berries on which are just reddening. I send you a flower I put in a book I was reading in America; is it not a kind of sorrel? How well flowers dry by being merely laid in a book! . . . We have three dinner-parties for next week, which is too much, but the dining will abate presently. Now I must wash my hands for luncheon.

¹ Sir Charles Butt, Judge of the Divorce Court.

Sunday Morning. — Again a soft, south wind, thermometer at 60, the leaves falling fast, and everything full of colour, but unspeakably soft and lovely. I had never noticed till this year the exquisite light yellow which the *Abele* turns. We have a row of them in the Mole island opposite to us. I walked yesterday afternoon, after a tiresome hour at accounts, with Fanny Lucy along the Walton Road, and wished for you. The plantations are mainly Spanish chestnuts, and that and the fern did indeed make a feast of brown and yellow. — Your ever affectionate M. A.

To his Elder Daughter.

COBHAM, November 13, 1886.

MY DARLING LUCY — I meant to have written on Wednesday, but I have had a horrid week with my speech to the Westminster teachers.¹ You know how a thing of that kind worries me. However, last night it came off, and very well. The things they have given me are very beautiful. I was afraid of a tea-service. Plate in general, and china, I do not care for so much as many people do. I could get through life with a wooden spoon and platter, but the jug and salver they have given me will look well on the sideboard. When Mr. Carrick Moore asked me, "But what would you really like, if you don't care about plate?" I answered, "A carriage, a pair of horses, and to have them kept for me! Not that I should use

¹ On retiring from his Inspectorship.

them much myself, but I should like to have them." The affection and responsiveness of the teachers was touching.

Noon. — I wrote the foregoing before breakfast; now the *Times* has come with a report of the meeting and a leading article. You shall have whichever of the papers is best. You can imagine the relief with which I have been going about the garden this morning and planting. It is a beautiful moment, a clear morning after days of rain, and the last colour on the trees showing charmingly. We have had no frost yet, and Dick's magnolia is still trying to come into bloom. Numbers of summer flowers — the red salvia, for instance — are blooming. The birds are happy in the open weather, and the sweet robins keep following Collis and me about as we open the ground to plant rhododendrons. Kai sits in the sun at the door of the greenhouse and watches us. The thermometer is 50, and in the night does not fall below 40. I so often think how fond the Midget¹ will get of this cottage. You cannot think how often Stockbridge and its landscape come into my mind. None of the cities could attach me, not even Boston; but I could get fond of Stockbridge. Do you remember our drive to Mohawk Lake, and the glorious briskness and brightness of it all, and Annie carrying the sweet Midget along the dyke and pulling everlastings as she went? What Virginian creepers trailed over the trees there! I cannot write a long letter to-day, things have accumulated

¹ His first grandchild, see p. 380.

on me so while I was worrying about my speech; but I send you a charming letter I have had from Henry Cochin, as my mind always turns to you when I am in relations with France and French things and people. Give me news of Mr. Whitridge *père*. My love to Fred and ten kisses to the Midget. — Always your own PAPA.

To the Same.

COBHAM, November 27, 1886.

MY DARLING CHILD—This is the last time a Cunarder takes the letters. Every one talks of the letters, and of the loss as to time for posting letters if the Queenstown route is given up; but I think of passengers, and the blessing to them of going on without break when once started, and I hope and trust the Cunard Company will *not* come to an agreement with the Post Office. As I was getting up this morning I actually heard your dear voice. Our expeditions to the muddy promontory for snow-drop bulbs came into my head, I don't know why, and I saw you raise up your head from the oozy ground and half-dug-up bulbs, and laugh merrily and call out to Nelly. These are the glimpses which give me delight. We have dark, foggy weather, but not thick fog any longer, and no cold: the thermometer does not drop below 40. The strawberry plant and borage are in bloom in the kitchen garden, and I have just brought in to mamma a beautiful rose off Lady Charles Russell's tree. Collis has been digging the border, and there

is a soft smell of earth, which a pair of sweet robins — the inimitable red robin, no American thrush — sit on the rails to enjoy. I am much pressed with work, but in good spirits, as it is work which is more or less congenial, and not school-inspecting. I have written a preface for the American edition of Mary Claude's stories which you will like, a short preliminary notice for an edition of Wordsworth, a preface for the popular edition of *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and now I have to write, rather against time, an article¹ for Ted on General Grant's *Life*, of which not three hundred copies have been sold in England. That makes it an all the better subject, as there are really materials in the book for a most interesting article, and no one has used them. Then I have promised Knowles a political article for the beginning of the session, and half a dozen pages on Tauler² (whom I was reading at Stockbridge) to help a poor ex-colleague who has translated him. There is also Amiel to be done, to fulfil a promise to Mary;³ so you see I have my hands full. Amiel has not taken here at all. . . . I did not much think it would; it is not a book for the general English public, and the few can read it in French. If you have access to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, read my article on Sainte Beuve in the last volume. He would have been pleased by it himself, poor dear man, I think. Now you have

¹ "General Grant," *Murray's Magazine*, January and February 1887.

² "A Friend of God," *Nineteenth Century*, April 1887.

³ Mrs. Humphry Ward, who translated Amiel's *Journal*.

had enough about my writings. Nelly is quite right that the photograph you sent of the Midget will not give a good impression of her to strangers, but somehow it reminds me of the darling, and I like it. How I wish I could go into her room of a morning and hold her little feet while she stares in my face!

I am quite my old self again — walked about London all yesterday in the fog without choke and pain. My darling, how good you were when I was suffering! — Your own always loving PAPA.

To M. Fontanès.

COBHAM, SURREY, *November 27, 1886.*

MY DEAR M. FONTANÈS — I was very glad to see your handwriting again. First, let me answer your literary question: the passage quoted in the discourse on Numbers is from a very good history of Greece by Dr. Ernst Curtius, a German professor. It has probably been translated into French.

I am sorry you cannot give a better account of the health of Madame Fontanès. I do indeed wish that we were all going to meet in Paris this winter, but that is impossible. I had four or five months of idleness in America this summer visiting my married daughter, and on my return home I find myself confronted by half a dozen editors, who allege promises made by me to give them an article when I became free; and, as I have at last resigned my inspectorship, they summon me to fulfil my

promises. Something I must do to satisfy them, and this will keep me busy up to Easter; then I shall be able to look round me and decide upon my future course. Perhaps we shall go to Italy for April and May, and then we should have a chance of seeing you on our passage through Paris. Politics occupied me much during the first half of this year. The chief work I have done was a political article for the *Nineteenth Century*. The title of the article will give you a notion of the line I took; the title was "The Nadir of Liberalism." In the last months of Mr. Gladstone's Government the Liberal party did indeed reach its lowest, its *nadir*. The result of the elections gave me indescribable relief. The political prospect, however, is still very anxious. I confess I do not look forward to any close alliance of this country with France, the character and aspirations of the two nations have become so different, and are daily becoming more so. But that is no reason why they should not live peaceably side by side. You mention M. Pécaut; if you see him, pray ascertain whether he received a copy of my *Report on Foreign Schools*. Much as I dislike the *jacobinisme autoritaire* of your Ministry of Education, I like and admire M. Pécaut, and have endeavoured to do justice to him in my Report. You do not mention Renan's *Abbesse*; he has been on the *pente* tending towards such a production some time. I suspect that outside of France he has almost annulled, by that production, his influence as a serious writer, which is a pity. I am republishing *St. Paul and*

Protestantism — that old friend of yours — with a new preface and some additional matter. I shall send you the volume.

We all send affectionate remembrances to you and yours. — Most cordially I am, your affectionate friend,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Miss Arnold.

BURFORD LODGE, DORKING,
· Sunday, November 28, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — Here we are at this pretty place under Box Hill, which looks really precipitous as it rises straight from the river at the back of the garden. The house has been rebuilt since we were here twenty years ago, and everything is the perfection of comfort. We have here the American Minister (Mr. Phelps) and his wife, a Mr. Reed (a philanthropist who gives away his fortune) and his wife, Sir Edmund and Lady Henderson, and Norman Lockyer. Sir Trevor Lawrence is one of the chief growers of orchids, and we have been through his houses with him and learnt something, though orchids are to me more curious than attractive. The fog hangs about, but is not so bad as it was; however, it makes breathing a little more difficult to me when I walk, so this morning, instead of going with the walking party to Mickleham, I went with the carriage party, Flu and Lady Henderson, to Dorking. Dorking church is a fine one, and of a kind that I like; I had not seen it since it was rebuilt. We had our reward: a man in tumbled Episcopal robes got into the pulpit;

I did not know him, but was struck with him at once. He preached a wonderfully good sermon on the text, "Take heed that ye despise not." One oratorical movement about the drunkard — not even the drunkard might be an object of contempt — was very fine indeed. A good deal of the actor, I thought, but the good actor, and plenty of thought, observation, and feeling. When we got out we met Mrs. Rate (Tait's great friend), and found that it was the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter) we had been hearing, and that he was staying with her. She wanted us to come with her to luncheon, and to be introduced to him, but we had the Lawrences' carriage and horses, and could not. But I am glad to have heard him. I did not know that I had such a good preacher still to hear. My love to dearest K. and to Francis. — Ever, my dearest Fan, your most affectionate
M. A.

To C. E. Norton.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *December 22, 1886.*

MY DEAR NORTON — I was very glad to get your long and kind letter, but when I got it I was hard pressed. A nephew of mine, who is starting a magazine for Murray, appealed to me for help in his first number, and I had also promised Knowles a political article before the meeting of Parliament. . . . As for me, I could not have believed that what they talk of "native air" and its benefits could have come so true; but indeed I began to mend

directly I got on board ship, and now am much as I was this time last year. If I go too quick, I am stopped by a warning in my chest, but I can go about as much as I like if I go leisurely, and I have no attacks of sharp pain. There were some nights in America when I thought that my "grand climacteric" — an epoch in life which I used to hear a great deal of from my dear mother — would see the end of me; and I think, by the way you looked at me once or twice at Ashfield, you thought so too. However, here I still am, and what is more, I found myself able to answer to the spur, and to produce my two articles under pressure, without any bad effects, and I think the stuff produced is of about the same quality as usual — not worse. Opinion here is entirely with you in the Carlyle case, and Froude's fretful letter to the *Times* did him great harm; unluckily, he *has* begotten a distaste for Carlyle which indisposes the public mind now to give him the attention which they eagerly gave him not long ago. The account of your Harvard celebration in the *Times* was too brief, but well done so far as it went; only a few sentences were given to Lowell's address, but we shall get that entire in a volume which Macmillan is to publish. The solemnity seems to have had a thorough public importance, and it is just one of those to which it is so good for America to give public importance, and to be proud of giving it. I suppose you are now be-snowed and be-iced for the winter. We have had a characteristic week of an English December: three days ago, after

open weather, a powdering of snow and a hard frost, the thermometer falling to 16; three days of this, the ice becoming strong enough to bear, and we all getting our skates out; this morning at breakfast Nelly looks up and cries, "Why, it's thawing!" and when we went to the window, so it was; dripping everywhere, and the wind southwest and the thermometer 42. I have been out a long walk, and it is like a cold, stormy day in April. But I do enjoy this Surrey country and climate, and even this small old cottage; we hope to show it to you some day, and do not let it be too long hence. Love from all of us, and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all your party. — Ever affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I am going to send you a new edition of my *St. Paul*, for the sake of a word of new preface.

To Miss Arnold.

COBHAM, December 27, 1886.

MY DEAREST FAN — It was no use writing yesterday, for my letter would have stayed all day in London. I got yesterday, the 26th, your letter, and John's, and Jane's, written on the 23rd. Thank John for me, and give a kiss to my precious Susy. My love to Walter also, and tell him to cheer up. To-day we have no post at all, the mail cart has been waiting all day at Weybridge for the mail from the South. To London the line is open, and letters will be sent there to-night. How much

farther they will get I know not, but Knowles will get the corrected proof of my article at his house in St. James's Park, and take it to the printer. I send you his note. That is being a good editor; to do everything to facilitate your contributor's task, instead of worrying him. Of course, it was an awkward circumstance, Lord Randolph's sudden resignation coming when my article¹ was already in type. Then came Chamberlain's speech also, to change the posture of things still further. But I have made everything right, and think the article will do very well, and, I hope, be of use. I am told the pantomime people are in despair. All their jokes and allusions have gone wrong. They were full of Lord Randolph, as the rising and powerful Minister. On Christmas Day we skated at Pains Hill—beautiful ice. Yesterday the weather changed to thaw. But, my dear Fan, the havoc! the cork-tree is a wreck; it has lost great limbs at the top and at the side. The ivied firs in the shrubbery have snapped off in the middle, half a dozen of them, and lie all over the evergreens. We have had a busy day. Dick has been sawing off the shattered branches of the cork-tree. I have been getting rid of the snow which was breaking down the evergreens. The hollies are terribly split and twisted. The yews and laurels have resisted better. Pains Hill lawn is a desolation, with the great limbs of cedars lying upon it. Even the oaks in the park have suffered,

¹ "The Zenith of Conservatism," *Nineteenth Century*, January 1887.

besides a number of trees that are down altogether. To-night it is a hard frost, with snow on the ground six or eight inches deep. It being Lubbock's holiday, no help could be got; but Dick has been a tower of strength. We dined with the Leafs on Christmas Day, and it was pleasant. We were to have dined with the George Smiths at Walton to-night, but can neither go nor telegraph. The roads are impassable and the telegraph wires broken. The Buxtons have theatricals to-morrow night, and how we are to get there I don't know. We dine out Wednesday and Thursday. A nice time for such pleasures! Susy ought to be at Cannes, but in the north of England their ideas of change do not go much beyond Blackpool. Good-bye, my dearest. I wish we were together at the top of Loughrigg in the snow, and had to get home as we could. — Your ever loving. M. A.

You have sent me a very pretty little book. Burroughs is a good writer.

To the Same.

COBHAM, January 3, 1887.

MY DEAREST FAN — A great disaster — a thaw has come on in the night, with wind. I suppose the frost has made the stems brittle, and on going out this morning I find the great head of the Souvenir de Malmaison rose-tree, of which I am particularly fond, blown right off and lying on the lawn. The cork-tree has suffered much, but can be trimmed into shape, and will still be an inter-

esting object on the lawn. The Pains Hill cork-tree has not lost a branch, but a great cedar near it, which probably you do not remember, has suffered more than any cedar in the place, and the ruin is really a grand sight to see, the trunk and boughs of big cedars are so vast and impressive. We have had very hard frost. I fancy you seldom have it so cold in Westmorland. It was at 12 on the lawn yesterday. Both that day and the day before the trees were more beautiful with rime than I have ever seen them. The Pains Hill lake and woods were a sight. I wished for you. The skating was good, and I still skate, though with a good deal of reluctance to try figures or skating backwards. Now we have a thaw, and I only hope it may continue, and not turn to snow. Travelling has been horrible, and I rejoice daily that I have not to go up and down to London. The Dicks leave us to-day; it has been very pleasant having them. The skating has been a great delight to him, and he is, and always has been, very fond of his home and its goings on. I send you the telegram we had from Lucy on Christmas Day, and one or two other letters. All may burn, unless you like to keep Goschen as an autograph. I declined the speech, and to-day have another letter from him urging me again. His last sentence makes me think he is going to take office; we shall know to-morrow.¹ I am sure Lord Hartington's taking it would have led to intrigues and to a wearing

¹ The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen succeeded Lord Randolph Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer, January 3, 1887.

down of the majority. I am inclined to think Goschen may join without inconvenience. He is isolated. And then on local government he will be a tower of strength to them. I am very much afraid of a weak bill there, if Goschen does not intervene. Lord Hartington will exercise a very great influence on Chamberlain's section of Unionists by remaining as he is. Chamberlain himself is *remuant* and dangerous, but his followers will feel Lord Hartington's influence whether Chamberlain does or no—that is, they will feel it so long as he holds his present independent position. I think we shall go to London early in February. I hope Ted has been bestirring himself about his second number.¹ Now would be the time to get Lord Randolph Churchill. I read your Burroughs through yesterday. He is a naturalist of great merit, and a good critic of men too. What a pity he has the American disease of always bringing into comparison his country and its things! They all do it, however, except you get a man like Emerson. He much overpraises the song of the American (so-called) robin.—Ever, my dearest Fan, with all New Year wishes, your most affectionate

M. A.

To Mrs. Coates.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 29, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. COATES— I had been thinking of you and your husband this Christmas, and had

¹ Of *Murray's Magazine*.

sent off to you a republication of one of my books, which contains some new matter, and would, I thought, interest you. Now comes your letter, which I am glad to receive, though it tells me of your grandmother's death. I remember her perfectly. She was a woman of great vigour of mind, and it was a pleasure to me to make her acquaintance. One should try to bring oneself to regard death as a quite natural event, and surely in the case of the old it is not difficult to do this. For my part, since I was sixty I have regarded each year, as it ended, as something to the good beyond what I could naturally have expected. This summer in America I began to think that my time was really coming to an end, I had so much pain in my chest, the sign of a malady which had suddenly struck down in middle life, long before they came to my present age, both my father and grandfather. I feel sure that the Philadelphia lecture had nothing to do with it. I do not think I enjoyed any days in America more than those I spent with you at Germantown; the heat did not oppress me and the beauty of your vegetation was a perpetual pleasure. Shall I ever forget your Pennsylvania tulip-trees? But the American summer I found trying, and I cannot resist the conviction that the climate does not suit the heart-trouble which I undoubtedly have; the tendency to pain in the chest diminished as soon as I went on board ship to return home; and now, in the friendly air of this dear, stupid old country, it has almost entirely disappeared. I am not likely, therefore, to attempt America again,

though I should like to have seen the South and West. Philadelphia and Germantown have already a secure place in my affections, and cannot lose it. — Always affectionately yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To Sydney Buxton, M.P.

3 WILTON STREET, *March 25, 1887.*

MY DEAR SYDNEY — I am refusing every invitation to lecture and to make addresses this year, or I shall never establish my freedom. It is the duty of a public man to appear in public, and he has many compensations; but I am not a public man, and the “saying a few words,” which to a public man seems the most natural thing in the world, is to me an artificial and unnatural performance, quite out of my line. — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM,
SURREY, *April 25, 1887.*

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN — Your verses touch with feeling a matter of real and sad concern.

We made acquaintance at Stockbridge with some relations of yours; one of them, Miss Emily Tuckerman, became quite a friend of mine, as we botanised together. I asked about you, and found you were abroad.

I have sometimes talked of ending my days in

Florence, but somehow when it comes to uprooting myself from my cottage and garden here, I cannot do it. But I think Florence the most beautiful place I know, and I hope to see it again before long. You may be sure I shall not come there without endeavouring to see you and Mrs. Tuckerman.

The Delanos¹ are now in London, and I hope to call on them the first day I go up there.

Lucy is not quite well informed as to the American rules for sending cards, but I am sure she has retained, as have we all, the pleasantest remembrances of our meeting with you, and would much like to meet you again. — Believe me, most truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George W. E. Russell.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,

April 28, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE—I am going to Aston Clinton on Wednesday 4th, and must return to my forsaken ones here on Friday 6th. Besides, — would certainly say, if I dined with you again, that it was because not a bone was left in the cupboard in Grub Street.²

We have designs on you for a Sunday here, but Mrs. Arnold will write. — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Delano, at whose house on the banks of the Hudson he passed several days.

² M. A.'s letters in *Friendship's Garland* purport to be written from Grub Street.

To Mrs. Forster.

COBHAM, *May 12, 1887.*

MY DEAREST K. — I do wish you were more within reach, but I will certainly try to have two or three days with you before you leave Fox How. I was always fond of Tilberthwaite and Yewdale, and now I shall be fonder of them than ever because you found abundance of flowers there. I have just ordered a fly, that we may take Fan to see a thoroughly good cowslip field, which I know she likes. It is a beautiful moment, the pear and cherry blossoms are abundant, and so will the lilac and laburnum blossom be in another week. But I wish it were brighter, or that we could have a few hours' rain. It is dull, and the wind is in the north. However, we had some rain on Saturday night, and we get so little in May generally that we may be thankful for that. We are going on a road to-day where the nightingales sing continually. You do not know what you lose by living out of the hearing of nightingales. I got a chill in going to Aston Clinton on Saturday, and have had a troublesome swelled face; however, it is better now, but it spoiled my enjoyment of one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, which was last Sunday. We drove to Chequers, a place in the midst of the Chilterns — hills crowned with beech woods, with combes full of box, and pure green spaces here and there among the box; one of these, Velvet Lawn, belongs to Chequers, and is so beautiful that people come from a distance to visit it.

The owner, a young Mr. Astley, is seventh in direct descent from Cromwell, his ancestor having married one of Cromwell's daughters, and they have many memorials of the Protector — his sword, his christening clothes, and the only authentic miniature of him, done by Cooper for his daughter. In spite of my swelled face I enjoyed Chequers. Cyril Flower, who married Constance Rothschild, was full of politics. He is one of the Gladstonian whips, the other being Arnold Morley. He has kept friends with Chamberlain, but says that the feeling against him on their side of the House is intense, and that his following is very small, the strong man being Lord Hartington. This is, of course, true, but I think the man with a future is Chamberlain. I have promised to go to the House one night with Cyril Flower, to dine there with him, and go through the whole thing. He says he can probably get me into the diplomatic gallery, where one is in comfort. It is years since I was in the House, and I should like to see the corps of Irish members as they now are. I hope they will not be always what they are now. Of course, you are quite right in saying that local government with these men to administer it is no pleasant prospect. But I think if their violence and disorder were fairly confronted and broken, and at the same time good measures were introduced, there would be a change in them. However, very cautious proceeding is requisite. But the Castle and its system are as surely doomed as Protestant ascendancy. Lord Emly has been greatly pleased

with my article.¹ He says the Pope is ready and willing to be dealt with, but the Government must frankly deal with him. Now I must get ready for going out. My love to Francie, and congratulations on the success of *St. Ignatius*. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

To C. E. Norton.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,
August 31, 1887.

MY DEAR NORTON — You will have received a little note from me, written to introduce a certain Perry, a devotee of casts from the antique; but that is no reason why I should not answer your letter just arrived. I am going to take Fred Whitridge a turn upon Loughrigg. I wonder if you remember the Fell behind this house; it stretches for several miles, and is the most delightful walking imaginable. The country is full of tourists — how many years is it since you came over here from Lowood? — but they keep on the roads and lakes, and you may wander over Loughrigg without meeting a soul. Ashfield is very pleasant to remember, and the newly bought hill where we found the “Creeping shallon” and learnt the name of the Roman wormwood; also the long drive afterwards, when the *Fillium* was found. I had some bad attacks of pain while I was with you, the worst I had in America, the worst I have ever had; but when they were not on I enjoyed myself, and your country, greatly. The streams I

¹ “Up to Easter,” *Nineteenth Century*, May 1887.

saw in that long drive with the Curtises (remember me affectionately to them) were the most satisfactory and natural I saw in America; that drive was altogether beautiful. And how is your poor invalid, Mr. Field? remember me most kindly to him and his wife. We have had a long dry summer, but this county is as green as emerald and never too hot. I have been for a week in Yorkshire, in Wensleydale — a county of purple moors and great castles — Richmond, Bolton, Middleham. Why do you not come over more, and Curtis too? It is as you get older that you feel more and more the charm of this old civilisation and history. I heard of your eldest boy in Switzerland, but young America does very well at home, and is sufficient to itself; it is men like you, and Curtis, and MacVeagh (what a charming fellow he is!), who should come over. I am very much better, but have to be careful in going up-hill; but directly I got on board the steamer and snuffed the Atlantic breezes I seemed to begin to mend, and have been mending ever since. I do not know whether I shall do any more poetry, but it is something to be of use in prose, and by coming out from time to time as the organ of "the body of quiet, reasonable people," I believe I do some good. You will probably see the *Nineteenth Century* when you get back to Boston, and my remarks¹ on Godkin's testimony. MacVeagh astonished Sir Charles Russell,

¹ "From Easter to August," *Nineteenth Century*, September 1887; in reply to "American Opinion on the Irish Question," by E. L. Godkin, *Nineteenth Century*, August 1887.

Gladstone's Attorney-General, and a very able Irishman, by boldly maintaining at a dinner-party in London that nine out of ten of the men he himself habitually lived with thought Gladstone's policy wrong. Russell was at once astonished and furious. And now, you see, one of the Bunsens is speaking to the like effect from Germany.

Every one agrees with you as to Froude and Carlyle, but there is no doubt that one of the bad effects of Froude's extraordinary proceedings has been to tire people of Carlyle, and disincline them from occupying themselves any more with him, for the present at any rate. We all send love to you, Sally, and the dear boys. My sister wishes to be most kindly remembered to you, and would be glad to see you here again. Lucy sails for New York at the beginning of October; do not be in New York without going to see her. — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George W. E. Russell.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
November 10, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE — Only imagine poor Sichel¹ writing the whole Christmas number of the *World*; well indeed may he desire a change! I would sooner be body-servant to the Hyrcanian tiger. I remember Sichel perfectly, and wish him very well, but to get him into partnership with a publisher is a pure business matter in which I can be

¹ Walter Sydney Sichel, editor of *Time*.

of no use at all; his lawyer or a business friend are the people to go to. A man called Butler has just left the Education Department to join Rivington, and my nephew was with Bentley — but how they managed it, I have no notion. Introduce Sichel to this and that publisher I can, but for the purpose of getting a book brought out, not of getting taken into the house. — Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
Christmas Eve, 1887.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN — I know by experience how trustworthy your information is, and I want to fortify myself with it in a matter where I am rather vague. The editor of one of the Conservative reviews has begged me to give him an article on Disestablishment in Wales.¹ A number of the Conservatives are becoming very reasonable, and this editor thinks they will be willing to hear reason about the Establishment in Wales from me. The Liberal party has no idea beyond that of disestablishing the Church and secularising its funds, the old-fashioned Tories have no idea beyond that of keeping things as they are. I am anxious that the endowments should remain for religion, that the Episcopalians should keep the cathedrals, since in the cathedral towns the Episcopalians are in a majority, but that the Nonconformists, who are all

¹ In the *National Review*, March 1888.

of the Presbyterian form of worship, should have the Churches and endowments, for that Presbyterian form, where they are in majority, as in many of the country districts. I know what is done in France, but this will not weigh much with people here. But I feel sure that in Protestant Germany, Establishment follows population, if I may so speak—that is, when you come in Saxony, for instance, to a town which is Catholic, the Catholics have the churches and are salaried by the State, just as, also, they have the public schools. What I am not sure of, is the manner in which this is accomplished; who decides that the Catholics shall have the churches and the stipends, and who satisfies this deciding authority that the Catholics are the majority? Tell me this, and you will do me a service.

As to appointment, I think I remember that the locality presents two or three names, and that one of these names is chosen by the Church authority—in Protestant parishes, at any rate. But who appoints where there are endowments left to trustees—or are there no such endowments?

Forgive my troubling you with these questions. Remember me most kindly to your wife, and to the daughter whom we have the pleasure to know, and believe me, dear George Bunsen, ever affectionately
yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A happy Christmas to you all.

To Lady de Rothschild.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 4, 1888.

MY DEAR LADY DE ROTHSCHILD — I ought not to come, for I have engaged to make a discourse at Hull on the 31st inst., concerning Life in America — a very ticklish subject — and I meant to compose my discourse¹ during the week of the 27th. But I *cannot* refuse you twice, so Mrs. Arnold and I, who were going to Dick at Manchester on the 30th, from whence I shall go on to Hull on the 31st, will come to you on the 27th, and go on from you to Manchester on Monday the 30th, if you will keep us till that day.

You know how I like to think of your reading what I write. In this article on Shelley² I have spoken of his life, not his poetry. Professor Dowden was too much for my patience.³

My love to Constance and Cyril, and believe me,
affectionately yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To George de Bunsen.

COBHAM, SURREY, January 8, 1888.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN — What you have told me is very valuable. But, as you kindly give me leave, I shall add a question or two. Did the

¹ "Civilisation in the United States," *Nineteenth Century*, April 1888.

² "Shelley," *Nineteenth Century*, January 1888.

³ *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. 1886.

settlement at the Peace of Münster give the Church property to Lutherans and Catholics only — to Lutherans in the Protestant regions, and to Catholics in the Catholic? Was there no recognition of the Calvinist Church? And cannot the United Church, in which the late King and his father took so much interest, enjoy stipends which, until the new form arose, were belonging to the Lutheran Church only?

Did the settlement after the Thirty Years' War recognise provinces only as generally Protestant or Catholic, and make no provision for isolated localities when the religion was not that of the province generally? For instance, I think some one told me, as we passed Bautzen in the train, that it was a Catholic place, and that the Catholic Church was rich there; but it is in a Protestant province. Have its Catholics, then, no endowments or stipends from the State?

I understand you to say that the State has taken possession of the Church property generally and pays stipends in lieu of it. But does not the Church, Catholic or Protestant, retain its property in some parts of Germany?

I was taken by Baron von Canitz near Görlitz, to visit the pastor of his village, whom I had heard in church previously. How is such a pastor appointed? I know how a schoolmaster is, but am not sure whether the *Gemeinde* has any voice in the appointment of a *Pfarrer*.

You say that the existing religions were recognised after the Peace of Münster, although the

majority cannot now alter the dispositions then made of endowments. But, at any rate the majority, the facts, determined those original dispositions. In England they never did; but the State devised a form supposed to be one in which all reasonable people could meet, and gave the endowments to that form only.

I am much interested in the reappearance of the name of Arnold in your son's family. You must make me acquainted with that son when you next come to London,—and from London, I hope, to Cobham. Come soon, and believe me, with kindest regards to your wife and daughter, and with cordial thanks to you for letting me learn of you, ever affectionately yours,
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To the Same.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
January 19, 1888.

MY DEAR GEORGE BUNSEN—I cannot enough thank you for the trouble you have taken and for the information which you have given me, and I promise that the two questions I am now going to ask shall be my last.

1. I find “es sollte der Besiz der kirchlichen Stiftungen, Kirchen, etc., der Religionspartei bleiben welche sich 1 Jan. 1624 im Besiz befunden.”

But you say that the majority's faith did not determine the disposition, but the ruler's faith. Surely the German words I have quoted seem to

show that the *community* using the Churches was to keep them.

2. On the principle *cujus regio, ejus religio* — how is it that the Protestants in Saxony have the endowments when the King is Catholic?

A postcard to your brother Ernest was put up with your letter to me, and I posted it to Ernest.
— Ever yours affectionately,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

P.S. — You see the point at which I drive is this: In Germany the persuasion of the community governs the disposition of the endowments. In Wales, or in a great part of Wales, it does not.

To his Elder Daughter.

COBHAM, *February 12, 1888.*

MY DARLING LUCY — I had thought of giving up my letter for this week, I am so busy with an article promised to the Tory review, the *National*, but I told mamma that I found it would do me good to scratch a line to you, only it must be a short one. Well, my darling, and so we are to see you in April, and the Midget too; how delightful! I love to hear of the sayings and doings of my Midget; I pity Fred for losing her, hardly less than for losing you; but he will know that you are both of you in a climate better for you than that of New York. It was very kind of Fred to telegraph to me about the Milton address¹; I will send it

¹ At the unveiling of a memorial window to Milton, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, February 13, 1888.

straight to Gilder to-morrow, after I have delivered it. I hate delivering things, and I hate to have a subject found for me instead of occurring of itself to my mind; still, I think the Milton will read pretty well in print. Nelly is in London, with the Deacons; I shall see her at the function at St. Margaret's Church to-morrow, where mamma is going up with me. How I wish my Lulu was to be there too; my faithful follower at Brooklyn, the first time I succeeded in making myself heard. I have just finished reading the *Pioneers* aloud to mamma and Nelly; a good deal of it is boring, but it is wonderful how the topography and manners gain in interest by having been in the country; the country described in the novel is round the Owego lake, in western New York; I cannot find it in the map, but it must be near Binghamton, where I have lectured, and where I insisted, though they thought me mad, in going out in the awful cold, when I arrived just before dark, in order to see the youthful Susquehanna. I am reading to myself the latter volumes of G. Sand's correspondence, and find them so interesting that I shall write an article on "the old age of George Sand." We have regular March weather here; cold north and north-east wind, and sometimes a sprinkle of snow, but the thermometer never below 30, and up to 35 in the daytime. In the north of England they have had heavy snow and severe cold; thermometer at Fox How down to 6, the lowest I ever heard of there. Now I must stop, and if you knew how my article pressed me you would say, "Poor old papa, it was

not bad of him to write me even this stupid scrap of a letter!"

Love to Fred. — Always your own PAPA.

I send you two notes, one of Froude, one of Millais, because they may be useful to you as autographs, if you have autograph-collecting friends.

To Mrs. Coates.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
February 24, 1888.

DEAR MRS. COATES — We were all glad to hear of you. The weather here reminds me of our first visit to America, we are so wintry; not that we have more than two or three degrees of frost, but we have that day after day, and driving showers of sleet, though it does not lie, and a north-east wind which dries one up. How kind you were to us both in winter and summer! My remembrance of our last visit and of your tulip-trees and maples I shall never lose.

I had a special reason for writing about Tolstoi,¹ because of his religious ideas; in general I do not write about the literary performances of living contemporaries or contemporaries only recently dead. Therefore I am not likely to write about Tourguenieff, though I admire him greatly, and am going to read two of his novels this very year.

I think you will have been interested by a review I lately wrote of the *Life of Shelley*. I believe you

¹ "Count Leo Tolstoi," *Fortnightly Review*, December 1887.

get sight of the contents of the English periodicals not unfrequently, although my daughter in New York writes me word that there is difficulty about it, and begs me to send her any periodical I want her to see direct from England. And when are you coming over here? We are not likely to go again to America, the climate tried my heart too much the last time, so we are the more desirous that our friends should come over here.

We all three, Mrs. Arnold, Nelly, and I, send affectionate remembrances to Mr. Coates, Alice, and yourself; think of me when the tulip-tree comes into blossom in June, and believe me, dear Mrs. Coates, your affectionate friend,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

To his Elder Daughter.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, COBHAM, SURREY,
March 3, 1888.

MY DARLING LUCY — We have had your charming long letter this morning. I like to have you pleased with your warm house, but I wish you had not to write your pleasure in it from your bed, to which you are confined with a cold. I went over the other day to dine and sleep at the Durdans, Lord Rosebery's, and very pleasant it was — the house the warmest I have found in England. But they all had colds, and that pretty little Peggy, whom Millais painted, has inflammation of the lungs. Lady Rosebery says she doubts whether the warm houses are expedient in this climate, and

Lord Rosebery declares that he has ascertained that furs are not. But it is a delightful house, and I found him very pleasant company — so pleasant that I did not regret having driven the five miles into Leatherhead in the teeth of a bitter east wind. We have none of us had a cold, so we can match you. We have Alice Benson¹ with us, which is very pleasant; and Nelly's London friends invite her so faithfully that she need never be at home if she did not like; but she is a very good girl; I don't think any father ever had two girls who were quite so good in going out walks with him as you and Nelly; you both do it as if you liked it. We have quite fallen back into our old way of using the park as if it were our own; we took Ally there yesterday, and she was perfectly delighted; the lake is all frozen, but the ice is rotten. The weather has been curious; no rain, and only a slight occasional flurry of snow which does not lie; the thermometer at about 30 in the night and 34 in the daytime; but a persistent north-east wind. However, the glass is falling at last. I long to have the Midget here; I am quite sure the moderate cold will do her no harm — nay, will do her good if she is warmly clothed. I sent you an absurd newspaper which sells much at railway stations, because I thought the Midget might be interested in the picture of me; mamma thinks it very *weak*-looking, but upon my part I am well pleased to be made to look amiable. — Your ever loving

PAPA.

¹ His wife's niece.

To Miss Arnold.

PAINS HILL COTTAGE, April 10, 1888.

MY DEAREST FAN — We have since had a telegram from Fred to say they all went off by the *Aurania* safe and well on Saturday afternoon. They can hardly be at Liverpool before next Sunday evening. Both of them say the baby is more fascinating than ever. We have a flock of sheep — Southdowns, with fine black-faced lambs — in the paddock; what a sight for the Midget!

I had a pleasant visit at Wilton,¹ which is a place of immense interest and beauty. Goschen was in good spirits, as one might expect. I found Lady Charles Beresford enthralled by *Robert Ellesmere*, tell Mary; and Lady Hilda Brodrick has promised to introduce her to Mary. Goschen had read only one volume yet. The rest at Wilton had not begun it, but were all meaning to read it. George Russell was here a day or two ago; he was staying at Aston Clinton with Gladstone, and says it is all true about his interest in the book: he talked of it incessantly, and said he thought he should review it for Knowles. They had it at Wilton that the book was by a sister of mine; by *you*, that is!

Now I must stop. The Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Wordsworth dined at Wilton, and I had Mrs. W. on one side of me; she spoke with warm affection of Lucy Selwyn — indeed of Mary too — but Lucy Selwyn in particular. — Your ever affectionate

M. A.

¹ Lord Pembroke's house near Salisbury.

On the 14th of April Matthew Arnold left Cobham and went to Liverpool, where he hoped next day to meet his elder daughter on her arrival from America. That meeting never took place. He died suddenly on Sunday afternoon, April 15, 1888, having lived sixty-five years and three months.

To have known him, to have loved him, to have had a place in his regard, is

“Part of our life’s unalterable good.”

THE END.

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